DELPHIAN TEXT

PART FIVE

DELPHIAN TEXT

Prepared by

THE DELPHIAN SOCIETY

for

THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF ITS MEMBERS IN THEIR
CHAPTER PROGRAMS

PART FIVE

Copyright, 1930
BY
THE DELPHIAN SOCIETY
Chicago

Printed in the United States of America

W.B.CONKEY
COMPANY

DELPHIAN TEXT

by

I. E. WING, M. A.

and

CONTRIBUTING EDUCATORS

among whom are

Dr. Edward M. Hulme	Leland Stanford University
Dr. Henning Larsen	University of Iowa
Dr. A. A. Stomberg	University of Minnesota
Dr. Alexander Kaun	University of California
Prof. Angelo Lipari	Yale University
Prof. Fred Ernst	New York University
Dr. Antonio G. Solalinde	University of Wisconsin
Dr. Joaquin Ortega	University of Wisconsin
Prof. E. H. C. Oliphant	University of Texas
Dr. A. T. Murray	Leland Stanford University
Dr. Paul Perigard	University of California
Dudley Crafts Watson	Art Institute of Chicago

PART V

MODERN ART

PAGE
X. SCULPTURE 379
Illustrations:
The Lion of Lucerne.—Thorwaldsen 382
Pauline Bonaparte as Venus Victorious.—Canova 382
Fountain of the Observatory.—Carpeaux . . 386
Charity.—Dubois 386
Tolstoi.—Troubetzkoy 390
Monument to Labor: The Port.—Meunier . . 395
Horace Mann.—Bush-Brown 399
Death and the Young Sculptor.—French . . 403
Lincoln Monument, Chicago.—Saint Gaudens . 407
Fountain of the Great Lakes, Chicago.—Taft . 411
Fountain of Time.—Taft 416
Brief Characterization of Illustrations 420

XI. IMPRESSIONISM 422
Representative Reproductions:
Music.—Monticelli 425
Sunday on Grande Jatte Island.—Seurat . . 425
Baignade.—Seurat 429
Danseuses.—Degas 433
Mother Playing with Her Child.—Cassatt . . 433
The Dancer.—Degas (Color) 436
Place de la Trinité, Paris.—Raffaelli 440
The Water Lilies.—Monet 440
St. Lazare Station, Paris.—Monet 445
The Music Lesson.—Manet 445
Pine Tree, Cape of Antibes.—Monet (Color) 448
Christ Reviled by Soldiers.—Manet 451
The Flower on the Hat.—Renoir 451
The Balcony.—Manet 452
The Fountain.—La Touche 456
Representative Pictures Briefly Characterized . 458

PAGE
XII. CÉZANNE, VAN GOGH, GAUGUIN 460
Representative Reproductions:
Mont Sainte Victoire.—Cézanne 465
Landscape with Cypress Trees.—Van Gogh . 465
The Garden at Arles.—Van Gogh (Color) . . 470
Days of the Gods.—Gauguin 475
The Basket of Apples.—Cézanne 475
Barbarian Tales.—Gauguin (Color) 480
Sun Flowers.—Van Gogh 487
Self Portrait.—Van Gogh 487
Representative Pictures Briefly Characterized . 491

XIII. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES, WHISTLER AND RODIN . . . 493
Representative Reproductions and Illustrations:
Detail of Mural; Sorbonne.—Puvis de Chavannes 498
St. Genevieve's Childhood.—Puvis de Chavannes 504
St. Genevieve's Watch over Paris.—Puvis de Chavannes 504
The Mother of Whistler.—Whistler 510
Old Battersea Bridge.—Whistler 516
Bust of Victor Hugo.—Rodin 516
The Hand of God (Front).—Rodin 521
The Hand of God (Back).—Rodin 521
Representative Pictures and Illustrations Briefly Characterized 525

XIV. ZORN, SOROLLA, SARGENT, BESNARD 527
Representative Reproductions:
Kari.—Zorn (Color) 528
Portrait of Daniel Burnham.—Zorn 533
Flowers and Turtle Doves.—Besnard . . . 533
Saint Gaudens and His Model.—Zorn . . . 537
Swimmers.—Sorolla 537
Beach of Valencia.—Sorolla 541
On the Canal.—Sargent 545
Mending the Sail.—Sorolla 545
Carmencita.—Sargent 549
Mme. Carl Meyer and Children.—Sargent . . 549
A Cup of Tea After the Bath.—Besnard . . 554
At Benares.—Besnard 554
Representative Pictures Briefly Characterized . 558

PAGE
XV. REALISM 560
Representative Reproductions:
June Morning, Lake Orta.—Grover 561
Four Types of Women.—Casorati 561
The Open Sea.—Carlsen 564
Christmas of Those Left Behind.—Morbelli . . 564
Ninfee.—Tito 567
North River Shad.—Chase 567
Occupants of a Theater Loge.—Monnickendam 570
A Little Girl at the Piano.—Simon 573
September Morn.—Chabas 576
The Winter Sun.—Symons 579
Silence; Winter.—Fjaestadt 579
Rush Street Bridge.—Hornby 582
Albin Polasek.—Hawthorne 582
The Conqueror.—Lie 584
Herself.—Henri 584
My Daughter.—Benson 586
Macedonia: Portrait of a Girl.—Henri . . . 586
The Authorities of My Home Village.—Zubiaurre 589
Representative Pictures Briefly Characterized . 592

XVI. POST-IMPRESSIONISM, CUBISM, FUTURISM 594
Representative Reproductions:
The Port of La Rochelle.—Signac (Color) . . 596
After the Fiesta.—Anglada-Camarasa 601
La Cascade.—Rousseau 601
Composition Five.—The Wind.—Jonson . . . 605
Woman Looking at Aquarium.—Matisse . . . 605
King and Queen Surrounded by Nudes.—Duchamp-Villon 609
Dance at the Spring.—Picabia 613
Representative Pictures Briefly Characterized . 617

XVII. GERMAN AND SLAVIC EXPRESSIONISM 619
Representative Reproductions:
Altar Piece.—Faistauer 623
The Guitarist.—Picasso 623
Crucifixion.—Stuck 628
Flowers and Woman.—Anisfeld 628
The Battle of Morat.—Hodler 633
Portrait of James Vibert.—Hodler 633

PAGE
The Fortress of the Blue Horse.—Franz Marc 637
Caravan at Rest.—Baer 637
St. Francis Preaching to the Birds.—Laske . . 640
Portrait.—Salcia Bahnc 640
Representative Pictures Briefly Characterized . 644

XVIII. SCULPTURE SINCE RODIN 646
Illustrations:
Study of a Boy.—Maillol 648
Indian.—Manship 648
Herakles, Archer.—Bourdelle 652
The Mask.—Lovet-Lorski 652
Diana.—Lovet-Lorski 655
Saint Francis.—Faggi 659
Kramer.—Epstein 659
The Great Relief.—Willumsen 663
Stens-Sture Monument.—Milles 663
Victory, November 1917.—Minerbi 667
Detail of Stens-Sture Monument.—Milles . . 667
Detail from Brotherhood of Man.—Barnard . 669
Marble.—Nadelman 670
Danse Egyptienne.—Milles 670
Equestrian Indian.—Mestrovic 673
Representative Illustrations Briefly Characterized 674

XIX. INFLUENCE OF MODERN DESIGN IN THE HOME . . 676
Illustrations:
A Bedroom and A Dining Room.—John A. Van Bergen, Architect, and George Niedecken, Furniture Designer 679
A Modern Sitting Room and A Modern Fireplace.—Mandel Brothers 683
Drawing Room and Home Theatre.—Grace and Howard Willett, Designers 686
Barn Loft Converted into Studio.—Grant Wood 686
Dining Room and Kitchen.—Liludgren and Saarinen, Helsingfors 689
A Conference Hall.—Haubold and Magne, Architects 689
The Little Clay Cart.—Goodman Theatre Production 693
Gas.—Goodman Theatre Production 693
Representative Illustrations Briefly Characterized 698

PAGE
XX. THE NEW INTERNATIONALISM 700
Representative Reproductions:
- *Geese.—Botke (Color)* 700
- *The Rivals.—Botke* 703
- *Primitive Indians.—Jemne* 703
- *The Toilers.—John* 706
- *Setting the Hens.—Knaths* 706
- *Fisherman's Family.—Bellows* 709
- *Maya, Mirror of Illusions.—Davies* 709
- *Smiling Woman.—John* 712
- *The Elements.—Gathering Grapes.—Brangwyn* 712
- *Talmudists.—Schwartz* 715
- *Passing of the Indian.—Heldner* 718
- *The Lost Atlantis.—Roerich* 718
- *Krishna.—Roerich* 721
- *Moonlight, Hebron.—Tanner* 721
- *Patty.—Greenman* 723
- *Agni Yoga.—Roerich* 723
- *Morning, Great Smokie Mountains.—Ingerle* . 726

Representative Pictures Briefly Characterized . 727

SCULPTURE

X

THERE are three visual and two audible fine arts. Architecture, sculpture and painting the visual, and poetry and music the audible. Three are well supported and generously promoted in America. Sculpture of the visual and poetry of the audible are still beggars for attention. Poetry is at an unusually low ebb, as attested by the fact that a poet seldom gets more than twenty-five dollars for an output. A painter who has put no more effort into a single work than a poet may get as high as five thousand dollars. Musicians are paid fabulous sums, in America at least, for single performances, and composers reap heavy royalties for their compositions. Some American architects are now rated among the rich men of the country. Most of them now earn more than a comfortable livelihood. Many painters who have gone into the commercial fields figure their annual income in five digits. Even painters of landscapes and portraits are succeeding today as never before.

Sculpture has been the slowest of the arts to rise in favor, and even now its support in the western world is meager. Thousands of names are on the roster of American painters, while only a few pages enumerate all the sculptors of prominence. As we have already noted, Puritanism has been one of the reasons for this slowness in accepting and understanding sculpture, but the glory of the art itself has been so little exploited in the past hundred and fifty years that few people among the world's culture know what good sculpture means, and no one outside of the cultured realm has any comprehension of it. We do not know how to use it in our homes. We have been surrounded by such atrocious examples in our public parks and on our public buildings that we have become quite nationally indifferent to it. Recent developments in building have given new life to certain phases of it, however. Moving picture theaters, hotels, and so forth, have employed commercial versions of it in their new structures.

Sculpture is the art of all others through which Life itself may be expressed. It is the art that most successfully attunes us as human beings to the world of creation. Through it the most vital and profound thoughts regarding life upon this earth may be transmitted, and in its perfect employment, beauty superior to all else in the human comprehension may be revealed. There are many very good reasons why sculpture during the nineteenth century reached so few heights. The century gave it a very bad beginning. The late Renaissance in Italy had given to the world of sculpture Bernini, who was the first of the romantic sculptors. While many of his florid and baroque compositions and figure treatments were quite impossible as good sculpture, he did do some magnificent things, most of them in the spirit of classic revival with ornate additions. Bernini does not, however, come within the circle of the mighty in sculpture. After Bernini, from the end of the seventeenth century through the eighteenth century, no names appear that are worthy of consideration. But toward the very end of the eighteenth a disciple of Bernini's, as it were, conquered not only Italy but the whole Christian world.

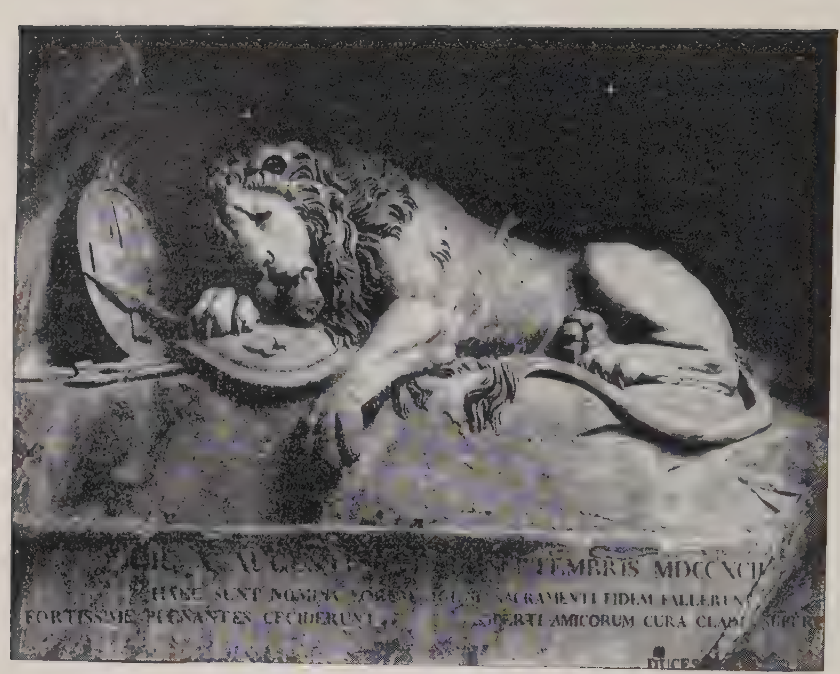
He was Canova,* and we find him at the beginning of the nineteenth century a veritable idol of the Napoleons and the Popes. It seems that all the official world of Europe depended upon Canova for its sculpture. Our principal regard for him is that he handled marble with a native Italian comprehension. He could make it do all sorts of undreamed and outlandish things. He made it breathe and sigh, fly and float. In his hands, it took wings as easily as if it were feathered. He made the marble he chiseled tell the story of diaphanous draperies and sweet curls blown in the breeze as easily as he made it tell the story of bone and muscle. He produced untold quantities of intolerably cheap, sentimental romantic sculpture, but his craftsmanship in the actual chiseling of the material was beyond even the magic of Bernini. The Canova monuments and tombs in Venice, Florence, and Rome are among the horrors of art. In fact, there is nothing quite so bad in the whole of the art of this beauty-loving country. When Canova had monumental pieces to do, he went amuck most pitifully. There is no exception, for every one of his monumental pieces, including his own tomb in Venice, is beyond defense. When he did groups or single figures in pure classic style, he attained distinction at least. His *Three Graces* are among the most beautiful women in all art. They have not the chaste beauty of the Venuses of Greece but they certainly have exquisite loveliness of poise and contour. When he did Greek gods and goddesses, he very nearly failed because he made them feminine or sentimental human types. Some of his portraits, however, are classic and magnificent. He never did succeed in modeling men as if he were himself a Roman. The vigor of Roman portraiture in sculpture had influenced him not at all. But when he did portraits of women, it was a different matter.

---

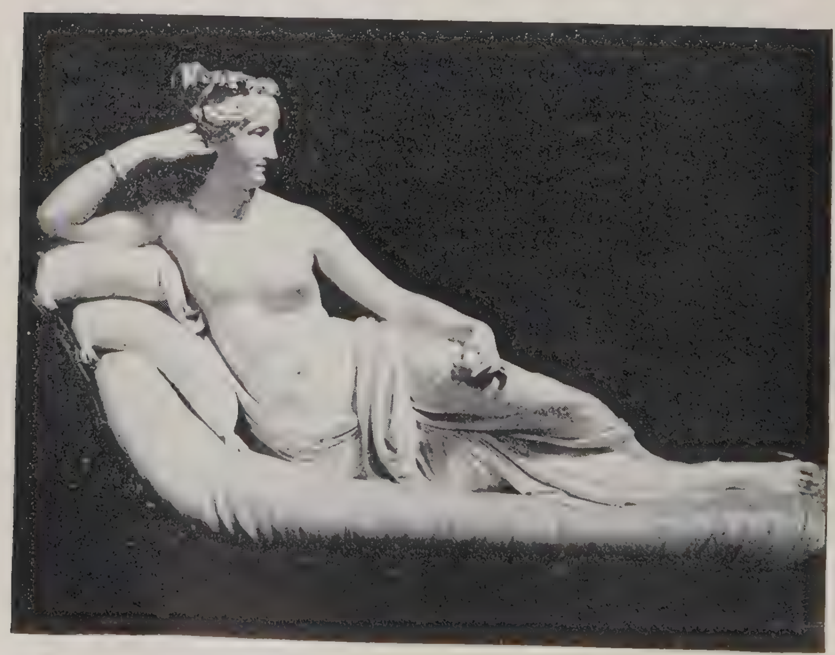
*See page 382.

His altogether most successful and most nearly sculptural creation is one of the prettiest things in the history of the craft. It is in the Borghese Palace in Rome and is the renowned Pauline Bonaparte as *Venus Victorious*. We reproduce it with this text, and even in the photograph we can see the exquisite texture that Canova gave the marble, and the very delightful composition of it. This fascinating sister of Napoleon Bonaparte is seated upon a chaise longue, in impersonation of Venus at the temptation of Paris, and she has received the apple indicative of her acceptance as the favorite of this somewhat fickle hero. Pauline wears a smile of coy triumph, one of the most fascinating expressions in all sculpture. Canova found her really very beautiful in both body and face. She is not a bit abashed that we as well as Canova are looking at her loveliness, and she returns our gaze with the most sophisticated, knowing, and self-satisfied smile ever worn by any charming lady in the world. We straightway forget the Venus part of this interpretation and sum up the exquisite Corsican damsel as the very reincarnation of the Goddess of Love. There is no undue sweetness about it but there is a deal of fetching fascination.

Since Canova once attained a composition so elegant


TEMBRIS MDCCXCII
HAEC SUNT NOMINA
SACRAMENTI FIDEM FALLERENT
FORTISSIME PUGNANTES CECIDERUNT
AMICORUM CURA CLADI
DUCES

THE LION OF LUCERNE.—THORWALDSEN



PAULINE BONAPARTE AS VENUS VICTORIOUS.—CANOVA and charming as this, what a shame that he could not have done it many times! Of course, there is a question as to whether marble should be employed to represent the velvety skin and the sheen of rich satin which this does—also whether the art of sculpture should be the assembly of a lot of ideas, like beads upon a chain, or whether it should be a unified mass, each part wholly dependent upon all the rest. We could invite the lady to rise from her couch, and the couch would still be there and worthy of our admiration, for it is a very lovely one. The sculptural unity of this whole design does not at all depend on the elaborate coiffure of the Borghese lady, upon the upholstery of the furniture on which she is seated, upon the nail heads that were used in attaching it to the wood, nor upon the character of the tapestry. Even the dimples about the graceful but plump figure of the charming creature have nothing to do with the sculptural emotion of the whole mass. They are nice little additions set into the piece to make it more elaborate or arabesque. Canova could not leave well enough alone; he did not know how to stop until he had completely over-finished. Yet, with all its faults, we admire and quite adore the beautiful Pauline as interpreted by this romantic sculptor.

Europe was just ready for Canova. He satisfied the tastes perfectly. There was enough of the Latin warmth in him to give his art a highly personal appeal. We instantly admire his subjects and think of the beauty of the world as he saw it, but when we depart from this enjoyment and begin to consider his contribution as sculpture, we pass along with regret that almost nothing commendable can be applied to the criticism of this man's clever craftsmanship. He himself was seldom conscious that he was making works of sculpture. He was deliberately imitating nature or making fantastic bonbons in a medium which he was gifted enough to use with abandon. If marble hadn't been so easy for him, or if he had had to struggle in any way to get what he did, his art might have been much bigger; but he could toss off one bauble after another to fetch the applause of a silly age. He evidently delighted in the "ahs" and the "ohs" that were wafted to his ears from all over the world.

Canova was the classic revivalist of the Mediterranean at the beginning of the nineteenth century, while Thorwaldsen* filled a similar place on the Baltic.

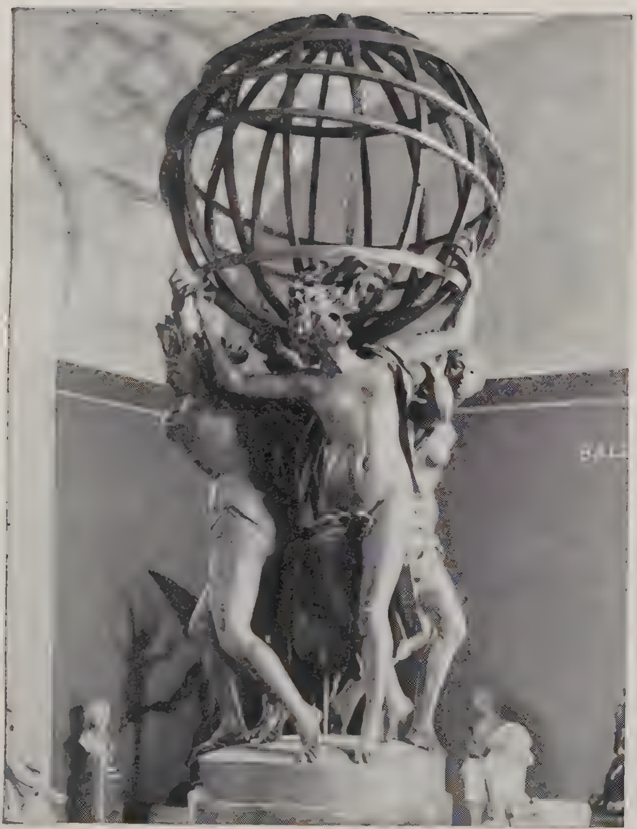
Thorwaldsen of Denmark came under the Canova spell. He was only thirteen years younger than Canova, but fell at his feet, worshiping the whole classic world through Canova's eyes rather than seeing it for himself. Just as Canova never once attained the pure idealism of classicism because he was too ardently a romanticist, so Thorwaldsen failed to reach even the charm of the romantic classicism of Canova, for he was evidently a sentimentalist of the softest type. Thorwaldsen's art is about as far below that of Canova as Canova's was below that of Praxiteles. The handling of sculptural materials is never easy, and unless one is virtually born to it, he must find the laborious craftsmanship of it difficult. Thorwaldsen knew nothing about the handling of marble. He tried to imitate Canova but failed, and where his Italian prototype's success lay almost wholly in his clever handling of the medium, an analysis of Thorwaldsen's marble reveals clumsiness, inadequacy, and a ruinous touch, with resulting distorted forms and applied elements that look as if they were stuck on rather than brought forth from the solid rock.

Fifty years ago, a critic anywhere in the world would have been slain for writing in this vein about so beloved an idol as Thorwaldsen. Copenhagen, his home, erected a glorious museum to his memory and in it today we find every work he ever did. Those that are not there in the original marble are there in copy or in plaster cast, and it is a sickish task to wander through the many rooms of this museum to behold the endless array of silly work by this over-sweet, boneless and bloodless artist. If he had, like Phidias, created sheer beauty, we could easily forgive him his sentiments, but he never did attain real beauty. His forms fail; his accents are meaningless, and with the exception of a few rather original and somewhat successful bas-reliefs, there is nothing to commend his art. It is not sculptural because there is no symphonic organization, no continuity of form, no rhythm of line or ideas. Flaxman and Wedgwood of England, who worked in practically the same style, succeeded more because one drew it upon a flat surface, and the other put it upon fragile little porcelain dishes, where such charming loveliness seems perfectly appropriate. Even in his greatest effort did Thorwaldsen fail hopelessly. He tried to do a great Lutheran Christ, and the success of his effort is not to be measured at all by the popularity it attained. The Lutheran faith has never been in sympathy with graven images. Most of the Lutheran churches are sparse in their art treasures, especially in sculpture, and the Calvinist churches of southern Scandinavia and Holland entirely forbade sculpture. Thorwaldsen knew this limitation and consequently clothed his Christ in an extravagant abundance of garments. It is heavily laden with skirts and mantles. Thorwaldsen again overcame any possible criticism by treating his Christ in a gentle moment, with outstretched and welcoming arms. He implores the world "to suffer the little children to come unto me." His treatment of the figure is somewhat noble. It is a tall, strong man but the countenance is unreasonably feminine, and the beard and hair are too delicately coiffured to be convincing.

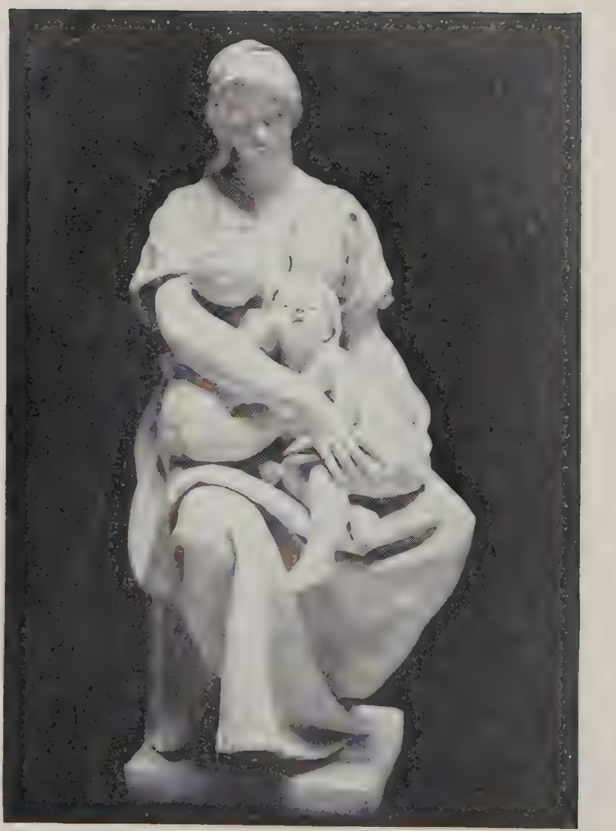
---

*See page 382.

Thorwaldsen did *Three Graces* much in the manner of Canova. But where Canova made his dimpled forms graceful and exquisite, Thorwaldsen made them merely naked. His most successful work was a little bas-relief called *Night*. It is in circular form, a companion to the relief called *Day*. Night is represented as a very lovely angel floating through space with gracefully flowing draperies and outstretched wings. In her arms, pressed close to her breast with their little heads asleep against her shoulders, are two tiny babes. The complete relaxation, and sleep in confidence and without fear, are quite sweetly told. The angel, too, is fine, with a very noble head and a fine sense of protection about her. It is a delightful interpretation of night and the only criticism to be brought is against an unnecessary symbol affixed to the otherwise successful composition. Against the background and behind the floating figure an owl flies toward us. But his wings have become fixed, and he looks as if he were trying to alight upon the



Fountain of the Observatory.—Carpeaux



Charity.—Dubois

heel of the lady angel. He is an absurd little comic, quite out of place in this scene.

Thorwaldsen is most noted for the famous *Lion of Lucerne,* which he himself did not chisel. The design was his, but when he died in 1844, only small models and a few sketches for the work were in existence. The spot had been selected and Thorwaldsen had been commissioned by the French government to do it. Doubtless, if Canova had been alive then (he had died twenty years before), he would have been favored with the order. But Thorwaldsen, in going back and forth between Denmark and Italy, had become tolerably well known in Switzerland, and was considered worthy of the trust of this noble enterprise. France consulted the recipients of the gift and found Thorwaldsen the choice rather than any Frenchman who could then be mentioned. A sheer wall polished by the glacier stood above a small stream at Lucerne. Glorious tree growths stood around the stream that formed a tiny natural lake directly at the foot of the sheer rock. One came upon it almost at the very heart of Lucerne, and it seemed the most natural theater, but with its curtain lowered upon the stage. There was nothing but the blank stone wall in the center of vision. France had wanted to do a memorable gift for Switzerland in honor of the Swiss guards who fell in defense of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette the terrible night of the great Revolution when their palace was sacked and they were taken and imprisoned. The palace was then guarded by Swiss mercenaries, every one of whom is said to have fallen in the defense of the royal pair.

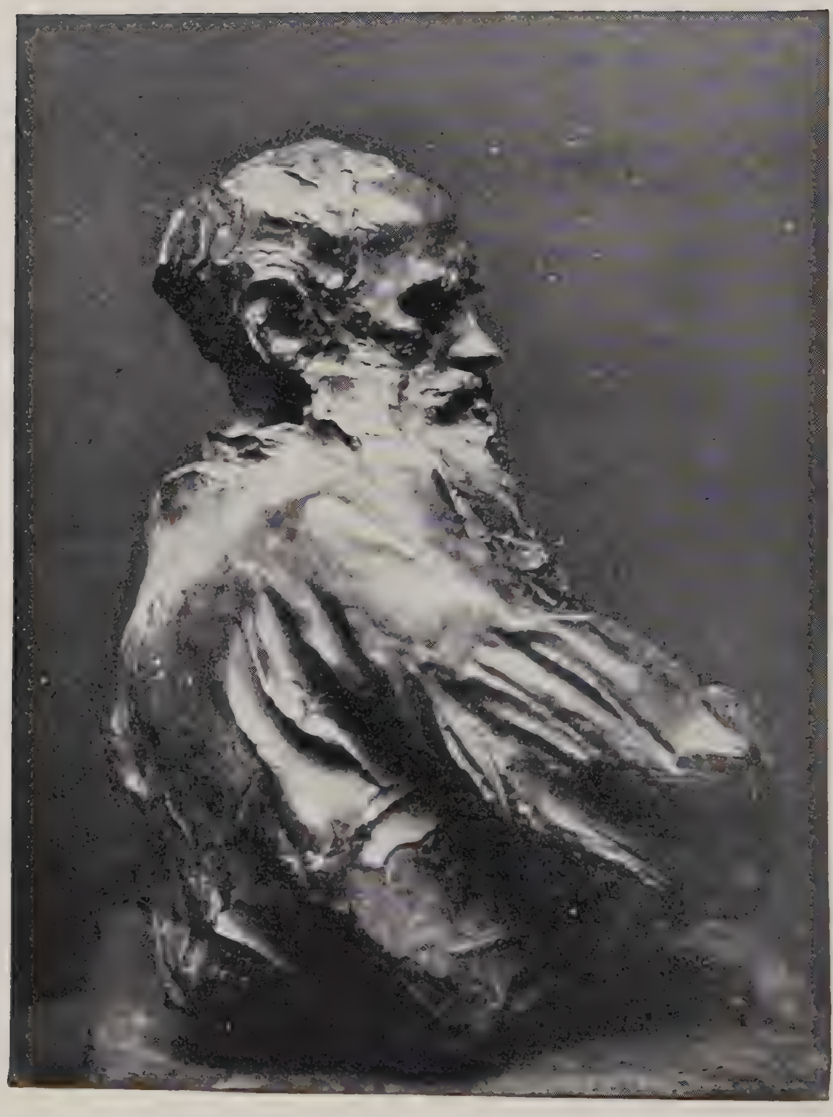
Just whose idea it was that this particular natural wall at Lucerne would be an admirable place for a sculptural memorial, we do not know, but the upshot of the idea was that Thorwaldsen was commissioned to chisel that wall into a memorial. His model was made, but he passed away soon after, and the actual scheme fell into the hands of an expert French sculptor. Thorwaldsen's conception was a very happy one, but we feel the final work is much finer than anything of which he would have been capable. A niche was gouged in the wall above the water and into that niche was chiseled a great, splendid lion in the agonies of death, lying across a shield on which appear the fleurs-de-lis of France. A spear pierces his side, reaching his heart, and yet in his death agony he places strong paws across the shield in its defense. The lion is very well done and the thing is so perfectly placed and such an ideal conception for an ideal setting, that it has become one of Switzerland's great treasures. But we believe this became so in spite of Thorwaldsen, rather than because of him.

There were no highly important names in France, England, or Germany during the first part of the century. Flamboyant decoration under the influence of the Louis had brought the century in on extravagant wings. France was especially addicted to extravagance in sculpture. The limit of the craft as a medium of art was not recognized. Figures and forms were made in designs entirely out of the realm of stone. Theoretically, sculpture is the lifting of the clay at our feet to exalted heights and breathing it into form. It is almost impossible to imagine sculpture without the form of something visible upon the earth. Naturally, the great subject is the human figure, though animals have proved to be of inspiration to the sculptors and even vegetable life at times has lent its rhythmic, unified, and ever varied contour to the art of sculpture. It is not possible to do in sculpture what is done in other mediums, and there are things that sculpture can do which can be done in no other medium. The sturdy qualities of life are more easily interpreted by the weight and gravity of stone, wood, and bronze than the delicate or evanescent qualities. Many sculptors have triumphed over their medium and have made it convey soaring ideas, but the best and greatest of sculptors have always been those who recognized the medium as of the earth, and have kept their forms solid and weighty, firmly fixed upon the ground en masse.

The sculptors who have successfully handled dancing figures, angels' wings, prancing horses, figures in battle, and so forth, are rare. Most of the successful ones in this direction have been French. There is naturally a feeling of triumph in doing the seemingly impossible, and up to 1880 in France, no sculptor seemed willing or interested in doing the normal, natural thing. They carried their extravagances always toward the impossible, and sometimes attained it. One has but to go through the Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris to see how ridiculously the art of sculpture was employed during these eighty years. To be sure, there were a few great things done, but most of them are amusing to the point of being absurd.

The Paris cemetery is not to be considered the only place nineteenth century French sculpture may be observed. From the tremendous bas-reliefs on the Arc de Triomphe to the smallest waterspout at a Paris curb, sculpture is in evidence. Paris, as we know it today, is almost wholly a nineteenth century product. The buildings of greatest importance precede that date, but the arches, memorials, fountains, and the very streets are of this century's vintage. More sculpture was produced and put to use in Paris from 1830 to 1893 than in all the rest of the world put together. It is not sculpture alone that has made Paris the most beautiful of the modern cities, but the sculpture used is indicative of the beauty-loving spirit and the regard for art that expressed itself in every possible way. Paris boasts of some of the most beautiful parks in the world. The great Bois stretches for miles beyond the city limits, and many of the boulevards, particularly the Champs Elysées, are veritable parks. Then the smaller parks or gardens, as they are called, such as the Luxembourg, Monceaux, Buttes Chaumont, are perfect gems of landscape gardening and architecture. Sculptural adornments enrich the scene with the final jewel throughout all of these, and most of them are of nineteenth century design. The long list would be neither entertaining nor enlightening, since very few of these names mean anything in the development of sculpture.

On the gigantic piers of the Arc de Triomphe there are huge panels filled with reliefs that are the best sculptural elements of the huge pile. Quadrants, isolated figures, ornamental moldings, festive symbols, and all that go to make up the great arch, were created by the best sculptors of the first half of the nineteenth century. The arch as a whole is really triumphant but many of the group sculp-



TOLSTOI. TROUBETZKOY

tures are very bad, and the analysis of the parts of the whole work brings forth more criticism than praise. The most splendid panel, a full relief by F. Rude, called *La Marseillaise,* is the greatest work of sculpture on the arch, one of the most dynamic, dramatic creations in all sculpture. Rude succeeded in keeping marching warswept figures following a great French *Victory* which is symbolized by a majestic woman swinging the French colors high in the air, well within the decorative limits of the rectangular area he was to fill. The movement of arms and legs, of upflung heads and swirling banners, is in the very rhythm of the great song it symbolizes, or, we should say, of the great moment in the action of the troops of Marseilles which is also symbolized in the song. Rude died in 1855, and his work still stands very high in French attainment.

Mercié and Marceaux were two other French sculptors of middle century triumphs who demand more than passing attention. Mercié was particularly romantic and Marceaux a little too grand. Fountains and other sculptures by them adorn the streets of Paris. Dalou came a little later and it was his talent that produced the famous monument to Delacroix, which is in some ways highly characteristic of this whole French period. Mercié's monument to Baudry and Barrias' monument to Victor Hugo are all of the same vintage. They are combinations of bronze and marble, four or five different kinds of marble sometimes being employed. In each, the full figure or at least a bust of the personage to be memorialized, appears in absolute realism. Each is surrounded by whirling, sweeping, flying, reaching, human symbols in the guise of Art or Peace, Triumph or Love, Sacrifice or Power, as the case may be. The Delacroix monument by Dalou is a tall, rather badly proportioned pedestal, built up in two or three parts of white marble rising from a platform of white marble. On the top is a high chinned, very realistic green bronze bust of the artist. His nostrils dilate; he seems to be breathing; the wind blows the ends of the scarf that is wrapped around his throat. He is so real that it is a bit of a shock to find the poor man cut off just below his chest.

At the base of the pedestal, the gaunt tragic figure of a very ponderous tall old man with huge bronze wings and skimpy draperies which barely cover his aged frame, symbolizes Father Time. He raises the symbolic figure of Victory who is placing a palm branch on the top of the pedestal before the bust of Delacroix. Father Time is struggling terrifically to lift Victory high enough to perform this act, but we are overwhelmed with fear that the poor old man will not succeed, for the Victory in his arms is an over-sized and quite over-fed beauty. Seated at the base of the pedestal is a very feminine interpretation of Apollo. One is not quite certain whether he is rising or being seated. One leg is stretched backward, the other forward; the head is turned all the way round and upward to see what goes on, and arms are extended with vigorously applauding hands. These arms have been held out for many a decade, and while no one has every really beheld the hands in actual clap, Apollo must have clapped them at least a few million times. Arms, legs, wings, palm leaf and scarf, all stand out away from the mass in most unsculptural fashion. It is French. Fortunately, no other country tried to do these things in just this way. If it were not for the French spirit within them, they would be hopelessly bad as art, but the French somehow bring a subtlety and a grace, a charm of material, a festive spirit of design, and a love of life to all they do which make their very bad concepts sometimes really acceptable.

Paul Dubois,* who did the renowned *Joan of Arc,* the solid peasant girl crouched on the ground with hands clasped over her knee, gazes upward, a startled expression in her eyes. She beholds her great vision, her inspiration, and you know that she will soon arise and stride on to the fulfillment of her intuitive dream. This is an example of numerous sculptures of this period.

Jean B. Carpeaux* rose above the romantic sense that permeated most of the sculptures of the 1870's and came forth with a great and powerful *John the Baptist,* a gaunt, tremendous figure clothed in a skin, almost equal in its spirit to the *John the Baptists* by such great Renaissance sculptors as Donatello. Carpeaux' greatest success and one of the real achievements of the centuries, was his *Fountain of the Observatory,* which is placed in a garden at the University of Paris. It is fantastic and flamboyant with figures and champing horses. The center of the fountain is a huge sphere of meridians of longitude and latitude. It is, in fact, a skeleton of these lines and around it swing glorious groups symbolizing the movement of the heavenly planets, but in its mass and composition, nothing quite so complete was done in that century. The group of nude figures holding the globe and the sea horses riding out of the great fountain basin are magnificent in action and power.

---

*See page 386.

Out of Russia there came a few very interesting sculptors. Most of them succeeded in making Paris their center of activity, and not all of them expressed a Russian spirit. Aronson may be considered the leader. He did types in a more or less doleful way. Tolstoi was his subject half a dozen times. He was extremely successful with two figures in a composition—a mother finding the dead body of her son on a battlefield, a lover carrying his sweetheart across the stream—always, always romantic subjects. His portrait heads and sometimes the single figures were done with force and restraint, sometimes with just a little too much lining of the wrinkles in the countenance. Nevertheless, he was an important sculptor and far above most people of his time. Vasnetzoff was the chief portrayer of Tolstoi, doing him a number of times, full figures, seated and standing, and occasionally the head alone, sometimes in meditation, sometimes in animation.

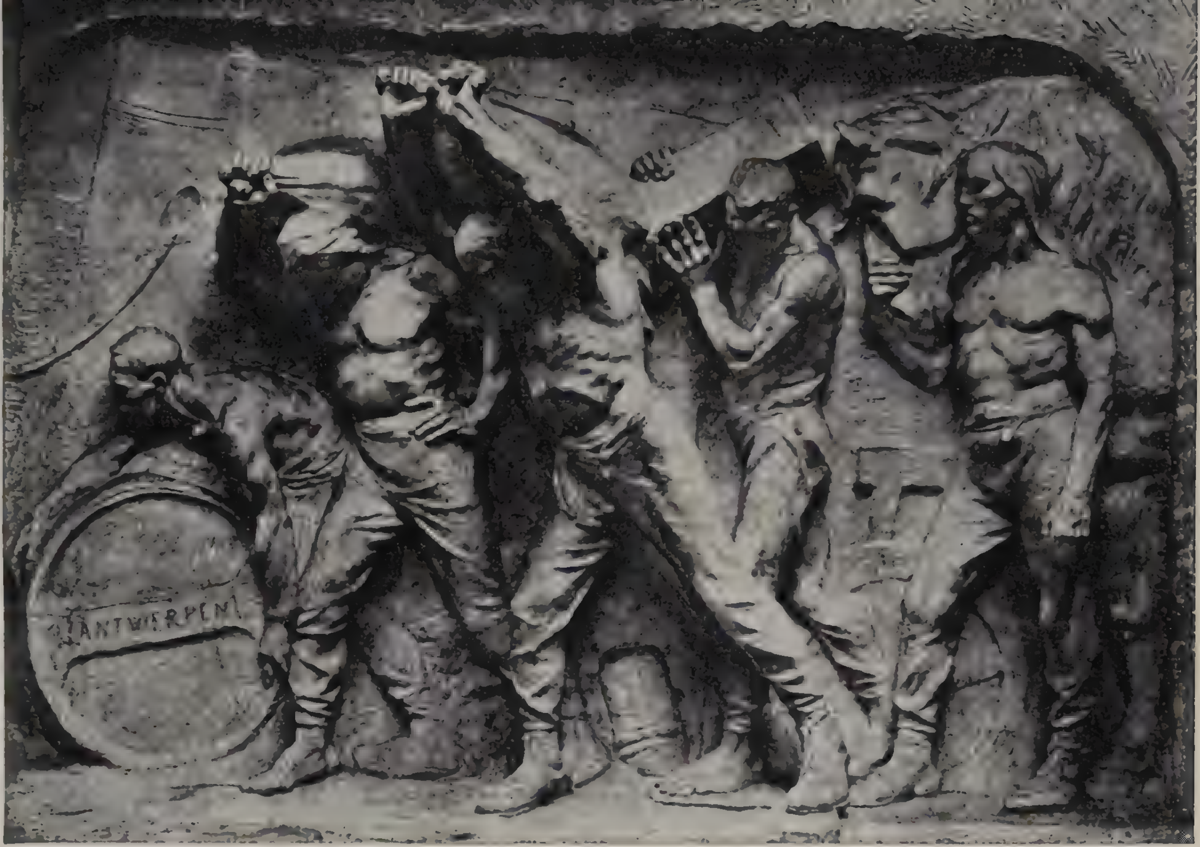
Prince Paul Troubetzkoy* is the third Russian of the latter part of the century and the one who is closest to us in America, because he married a leader of Chicago society, and is often a visitor in that western city. Troubetzkoy still maintains a studio in Paris and one in New York. He is the society sculptor, but is never quite so interested in heads as in figurines. Girls with Russian wolf hounds, sportsmen upon magnificent steeds, notable personages lounging easily in great chairs, are his pet subjects. There is an aristocracy and a verve about his production that have made him internationally fashionable. He never fails to please the taste of the moment. Most of the American museums have examples of his fetching sculpture.

---

*See page 390.

Scandinavia made no small contribution late in the century, but the finest of the group was doubtless Stephan Sinding. He was so superior to his Danish predecessor Thorwaldsen that we almost feel that the first true climax in Scandinavian sculpture came in Sinding. He had a classic touch similar to the Dane's, but had also a Norwegian regard for the trials and loves of life as they moved about him, which gave his art a distinctly nineteenth century air. His sculptures are often much too finished, and the subjects are without exception within the romantic spirit. He chiefly delighted in doing figures in the nude to express the great contrast between feminine delicacy and masculine strength. One that is called *Dream Fancy* reveals the back of a sleeping man. He is barely merging out of the rock in which he seems to be lying. Rising rapidly from him, quite obviously from his very being and yet just a concept of his brain, is the figure of a beautiful woman, her eyes closed, head aloft, and a reaching, groping, fearful gesture of hands and fingers. Thorwaldsen never did a thing so spiritual or so human as that. In the Carlsberg Glyptothek in Copenhagen, there is Sinding's famous *Adoration*. The figure of a young girl in the full flower of innocent maidenhood has been enthroned upon an altar. Crouching before her with lips pressed to her knees is Youth, a boy grown into young manhood. There is a fine roundness, a sculptural unity to these things by Sinding which makes them vastly better than most nineteenth century romantic sculpture.

His most famous piece is a huge mass of limestone placed against a palace wall at Copenhagen. Out of the rock there emerges in very slight suggestion the gigantic figure of a seated woman. She typifies *Mother Earth*. In her lap, encircled by her protecting arms, are seated a man and woman, asleep. The symbol is perfectly obvious. The work reproduced more often than any other and found in most museums of sculpture, is *The Captive Mother*. It made a great sensation at the Chicago World's Fair. It portrays a woman kneeling upon the earth with hands tied behind her. She bends over so that a tiny babe sprawling



Monument to Labor: the Port.—Meunier

upon the ground may nurse, the mother almost losing her balance in the attempt to reach her child. Does this subject belong to the Stone Age? Is it an incident of medieval warfare? Possibly Sinding himself did not know. It is indicative of the mother instinct under the most oppressive conditions. No other sculptor until the beginning of the twentieth century has added much to the Scandinavian sculpture.

From Germany there came the art of Max Klinger and his very flamboyant and sentimental school. In fact, there is no other sculptor of the middle or late nineteenth century Germans with whom we need concern ourselves. Huge and rather militaristic monumental sculpture became the vogue in Germany in the 1890's, and such monuments as the *Bismarck* at Leipzig which are chiefly important because of their size, were the mode.

The most superb of the nineteenth century masters was the Belgian, Constantin Meunier.* Of course, this statement is made excepting the greatest of them all, Auguste Rodin, whom we treat as a twentieth century master, although the whole of Europe was well aware of him before 1890. Meunier, who was a painter as well as a sculptor, has already been somewhat analyzed in chapter two, and, while he was an important painter, his great achievement will always be considered his sculpture. He was parallel with Millet of France, and while he knew nothing about the Barbizon movement and worked more in sculpture than in color, his art is certainly in close sympathy with Millet's. Meunier exalted labor in industry, while Millet glorified toil in the fields. Meunier worked in his Brussels studio, representing the most ponderous physical beings he could dream of, the husky men and vigorous women who worked in foundries and mines. In Meunier we find art the expression of suppressed desires, for the sculptor himself was a fragile little person whose body and soul hung together by a mere thread. He was born in 1831 and lived until 1905, which was a veritable miracle because it seemed most of his life that he was near the end of his road. In such a powerful creation as the bas-relief called *Miners,* a moving mass of men, their bodies stripped to the waist, crouching under the shaft structure of a mine lead, lumber across the marble slab before us. His single figures express more perfectly his wonderful sense of sculpture. *The Iron Worker* shows a big, loose-jointed fellow in leather apron and moist, clinging shirt, resting upon the great tongs with which he swings hot pieces of iron. Every line moves inward; nothing takes attention away from the mass itself. Another composition called *Dock Hand* reveals a healthy Belgian specimen waiting to toss ponderous freight about. He seems a veritable giant.

---

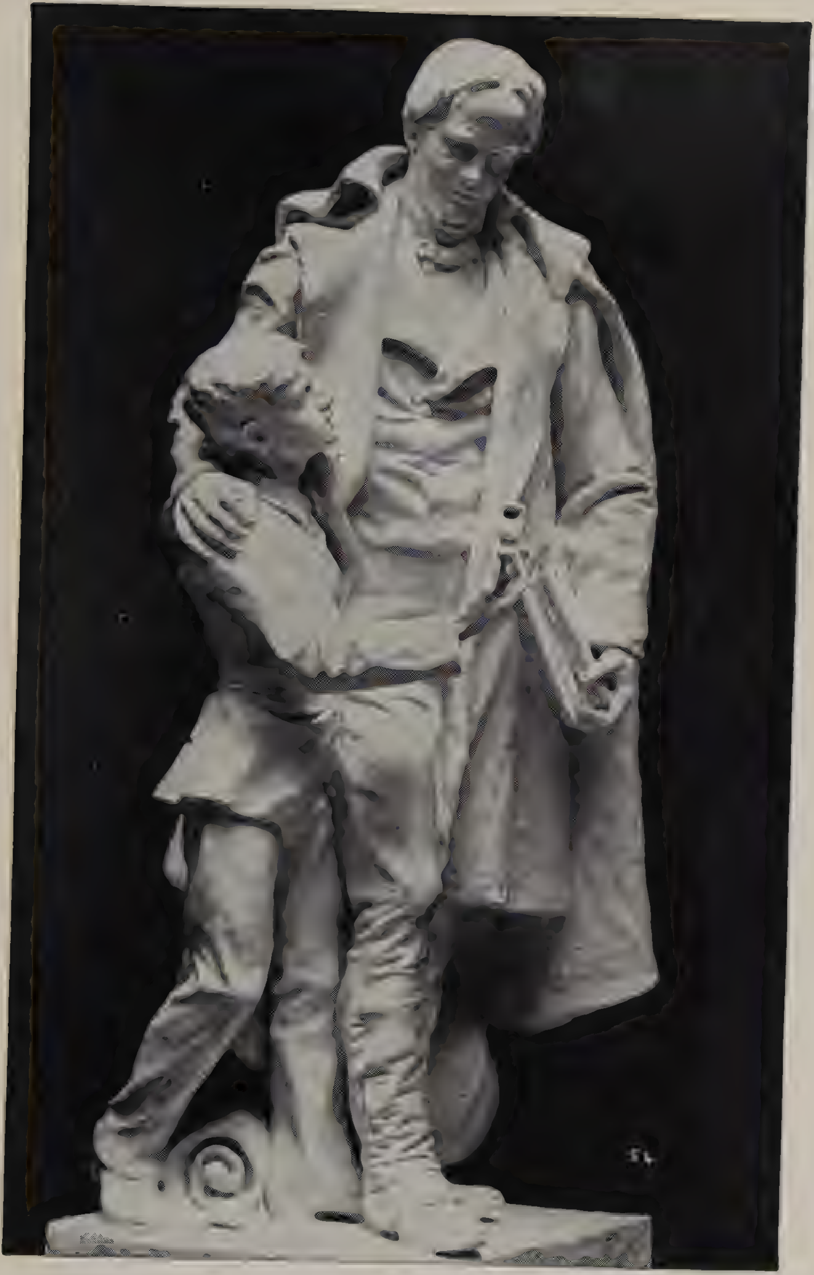
*See page 395.

When one looks at these things by Meunier, he hardly thinks of their clothes, even though the figures are completely clothed in almost every case. The nude did not interest Meunier very much, but he certainly mastered the sculpture of clothes better than any sculptor who has ever lived. Most sculptors, even the great Michelangelo, have found the manipulation of garments difficult and almost insurmountable at times, as good sculpture. This is particularly true of the American school. There is no one in all the western world who overcame garments as Meunier did by simply recognizing them as coverings of the body beneath. One of his best figures is *The Puddler*, the man who works in the heat of the foundry at the great ladle. The body is dripping with sweat, and yet the man's whole being tingles to be at his work. It is magnificent.

What was it that made Meunier's sculpture so great? First of all, he recognized the limitations of his medium. He never once tried to do anything that was inconsistent for stone and bronze. He worried not about the texture of his surfaces. He did not consider that he was working in leather or silk, hair or skin; he was ever working in stone. He understood perfectly the anatomy of the figure and never failed to give us the full importance of the body under the garment. But it was more than this. He conceived the body in sculptural unity. When a certain rhythm or spirit was used to begin his work, he carried that on to the last touch and did not introduce a wrinkle or a button, an ornamental touch of any sort to distract from the magnificence of the mass. He treated horses in precisely the same way. We can almost feel his fingers dragging through the clay, and when he had fully suggested what he had in his mind, he stopped, content with his suggestion. Sometimes he had great feeling for the subtle expression of the face, and so he went on and on until that expression was fully realized. But no part of any one work was overdone in relation to others. He managed to carry each piece that he did well through to a unified thing. He never left chunks of clay untouched. He did not allow his figures to half emerge from the earth. He had no fanciful tricks. In these respects, he was even greater than Rodin. He modeled laborers in their ugly clothes with all the elegant simplicity and chaste refinements that had been used by the great sculptors of ancient Greece. And yet his subject matter was so far removed from the ideal that it is never thought of as classic.

The difference between Thorwaldsen and Meunier is just this—the former was a poor imitator of the purely classic, while Meunier had deep in his soul the classic spirit, and with that created the truly classic sculpture of the nineteenth century. Some have called him an impressionist. This is not quite possible, for he was ever a perfect realist, leaving out only those things which were non-essential to the sculptural whole. He did not just grasp at a fleeting impression and record that. His sculptures seem the summary of careful classification. Each stands as a symbol for the entire class, not merely one of the delightful incidents of life that chiefly concerned the Impressionists.

If one wishes to have his taste for good sculpture elevated to the acceptance of only the best and greatest, Meunier is the subject to study most carefully. There are only a few mighty sculptors in all history. This man was one of them. In one respect did he fail. In most of his bas-reliefs which were big, the figures being nearly life-size, neither sculpture in the round nor sculpture in the flat is well realized. He made the mistake of trying to do a harvest scene with tall bearded wheat falling before the scythes and sickles of the harvesters. This seems silly to us today, for grain fields and such do not belong in representation in stone. We wonder how this almost perfect



Horace Mann.—Bush-Brown

artist could have fallen before such temptation, for they are bad in design and bad as sculpture.

The Italians, who have ever been superb marble cutters, did little in the nineteenth century but carve marble. Their sculpture is practically negligible and, sad to relate, most of the effort was put into making small replicas of Renaissance masterpieces largely for American trade. Shops sprang up all over Italy, especially at Pisa and Florence, where miniature replicas in pure white marble of everything in the known sculptural world could be bought, sometimes at very fancy prices. Dianas and Venuses, Davids and Mercurys were distributed over the whole world. Everybody had one standing on the mantel, on a pedestal in the front parlor window, or in place of a newel post on the stairs. Most of them were extremely bad copies, conveying only in the most general measurements the idea of the original. The whole spirit was lost and with the exception of a few *Venus de Milos* and Michelangelo *Davids* carved by that excellent craftsman but misguided artist, Trentanove, they are all worthless and have been a deliberate hindrance to the development of the appreciation of beauty. The worst things these carvers did were the smiling dimpled heads of sweet young girls with masses of curls, picture hats, and roses or cherries held between the teeth—the straw and ribbon of the hat, the lace of the gown, the hairs of their tresses all worked out in the most elaborate embroidery of stone. This sort of thing is hopeless as art and deadly in its lack of beauty.

Bistolfi was something of an exception, although his groups and masses are certainly rococo and flamboyant. His *Garibaldi* monument at San Remo is the one exception. It is big, simple, and massive. This is in bronze. There is one marble, *The Spirit of the Snowy Alps,* erected at St. Moritz in memory of Segantini, the painter, which is chaste and lovely. From the top of a great pointed mass of white marble rises a beautiful female figure, emblematic of the purity of the snowy peaks. The rest of his memorials are absurd and claptrap.

Spain, however, did worse, and the nineteenth century sculptures in the city of Madrid are the world's worst, even beyond that of the Civil War period in America. Agustin Querol was the best, but his ornamentation and his flamboyant unsculptural figures will never give him a place in the real world of sculpture. In Switzerland, the Bouchard monument to the reformers in the great reformation movement is placed against a cliff with an exquisitely lined lagoon in front of it, and is immensely effective as a ponderous decorative attainment. The figures, most of them in medieval costume, are colossal and are handled in a very architectural fashion, that is, they have a sculptural relationship to the wall against which they are placed. The handling of the drapery, the dignified posing of heads and hands make them almost more architectural than sculptural. The great reformers are all represented and the entire monument is a full city block long, and some forty feet high.

England's contribution, with the exception of the sculptures of George Frederick Watts, was also negligible in the nineteenth century. Alfred Gilbert alone seemed to have a place, but of all the fantastic, outlandish sculptors that ever were, Gilbert was the most extreme. If he had worked in wire and glass, there might have been some sense to his undertaking, but to do it in bronze castings or even in carved wood was almost a ridiculous effort. Nothing was really sculptural. Baroque ornamentation smothered everything. Wings, fingers, dancing feet, and prancing horses made his sculptural works literally fly to pieces. Fortunately, most of it was small and the persistent way in which he did the really impossible arouses our admiration for his courage at least. As a gold or silversmith, he might have been a great success. Toward the last of the century, Alfred Drury did do some rather noble portrait studies. Now, we come to the story of American sculpture from the Revolution to the Chicago World's Fair.

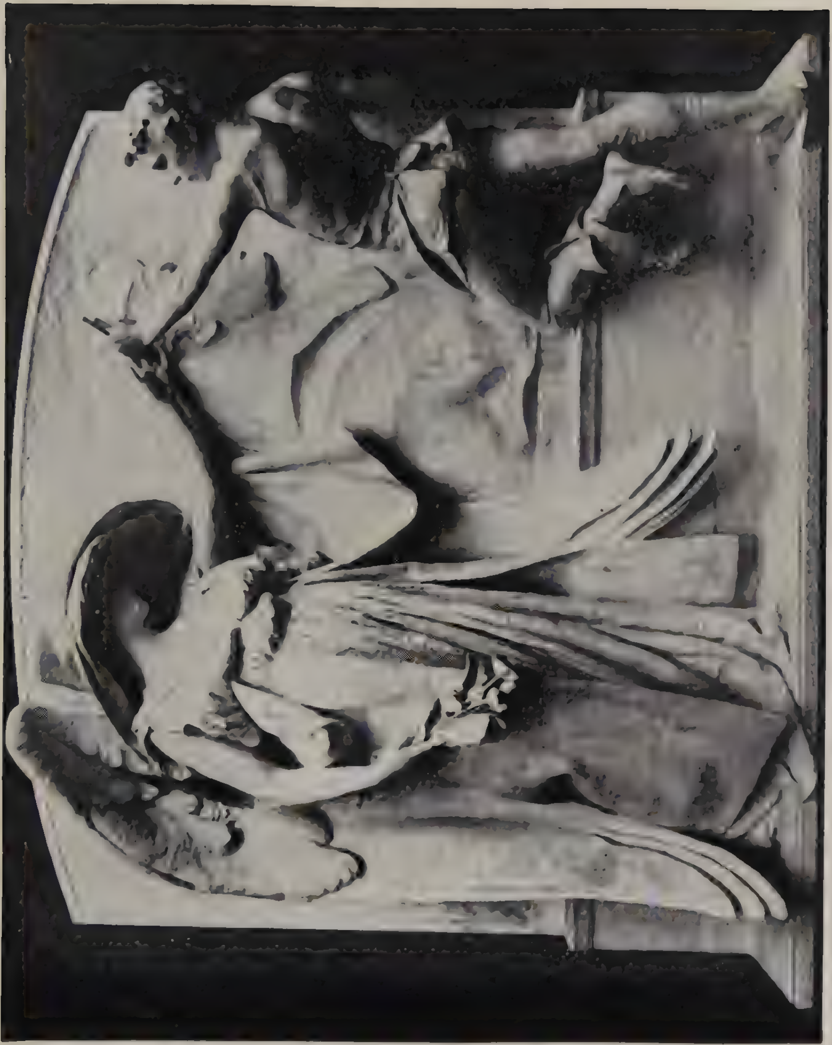
May we reiterate that Puritanism has been the most detrimental factor to the development of the appreciation and practice of sculpture in America. It is not to be supposed that a total lack of emotional restraint and an utter delving into the pagan life may be considered essential to the full growth of sculpture, but the doctrine of straight

Puritanism with its declaration against all things of the flesh, does make the lot of sculpture a hard one. There are no sculptures to the credit of any highly Puritanical era, so it is not amazing to find the first hundred years of colonial life upon this continent totally barren of this expression. There were painters of marked ability both in portraiture and in landscape during the period of the American Revolution and immediately following it, but there was no sculpture whatsoever. Not until the city of Washington was well under way and there was demand for noble sculptural embellishment of the new government buildings, did there arise a demand, and the first outputs had to be so chaste and well mannered and unsensual that the real mission and message of the art of sculpture did not figure in the program. If the human figure was used in anything but the cumbersome garments of the Empire, it had to be most apparent that they were symbolical and had nothing to do with reality. But at that, nothing was erected in New York. Washington, Philadelphia, or Boston in those early days of the century quite to equal the absurdities that were created around the Civil War period.

Mr. Lorado Taft, in his admirable book "American Sculpture," refers to the art up to the 1820's as "early efforts" and the lack of success makes us feel quite definitely that they were mere efforts. At the very dawn of the century, when official sculpture first became desirable, there were no Americans to commission such things. We find, as early as 1785, that Benjamin Franklin sailed from Havre with the notable French sculptor, Houdon, to go to Mount Vernon for the purpose of modeling George Washington. The portrait still remains in the state capitol at Richmond.* The next influence came from Italy in the person of Ceracchi, who was the teacher of Canova. Congress commissioned him to do a colossal monument a hundred feet high, symbolizing Liberty. It was to be a great group with allegorical as well as symbolic figures. Ceracchi returned to Paris to go to work on this, but he became a victim of the Napoleonic Revolution and the work was never done, perhaps fortunately, because it probably would have been a monstrosity. A New Yorker by the name of Dicksee seems

---

*A replica on steps of Art Institute of Chicago.



DEATH AND THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.—FRENCH

to be next on this theme, and the figures of Justice on the old city hall of New York were done by him. They were quite worthless as sculpture.

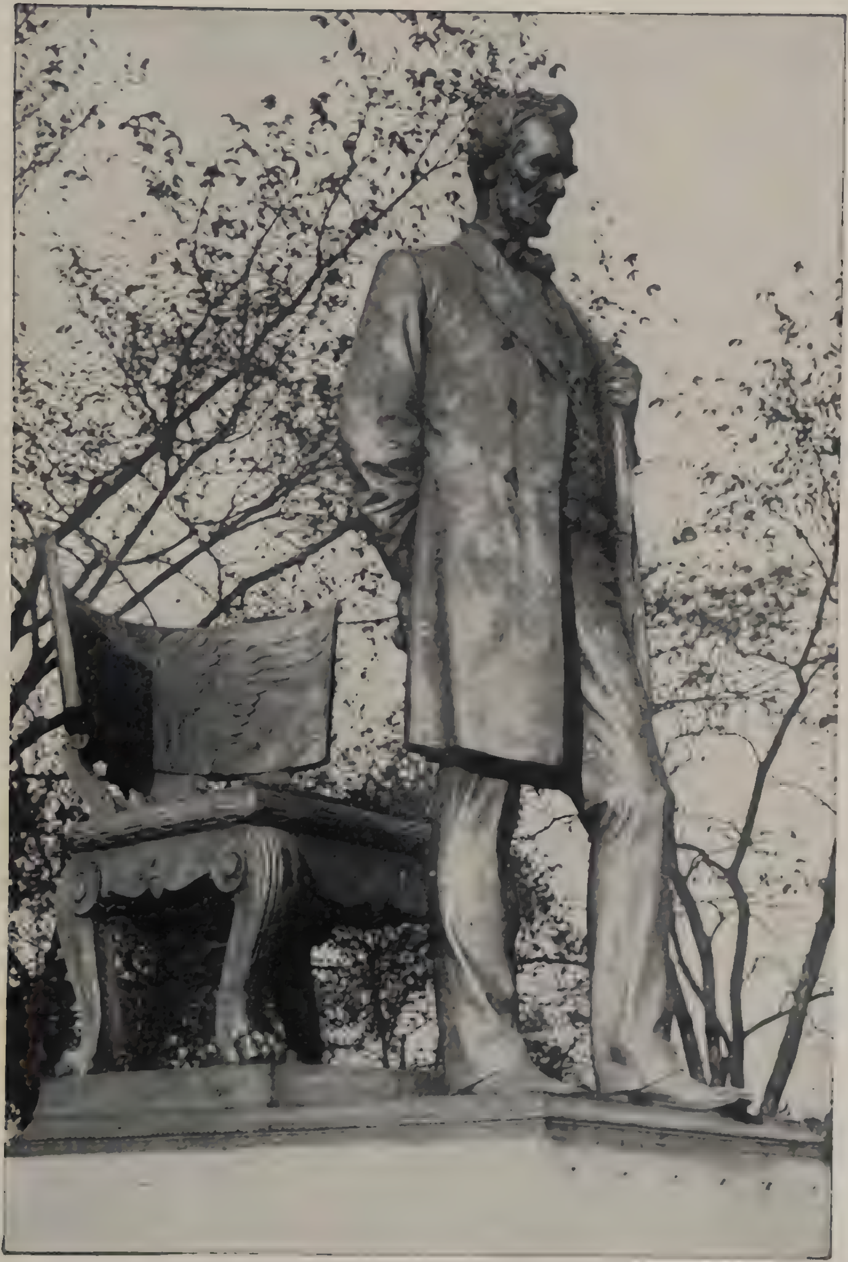
A Philadelphian, William Rush, showed the first marked talent. He was primarily a wood carver but developed clay modeling as well. We do not know just where this man got his wonderful grace of line. He was tremendously industrious and never felt he had the time to delve in marble cutting or bronze casting. Mr. Taft describes his *Nymph of the Schuylkill,* which stands near the waterworks in Fairmont Park, as follows: "This ingenious work, for which it is said a celebrated belle of the time consented to pose, represents a young woman holding a bittern upon her right shoulder. The plump arms are most gracefully posed, the left hand grasping one of the feet of the bird, the right steadying a half-lifted wing. The bill threw a vertical stream of water which must have frequently deluged the maiden's abundant chignon, but otherwise her clinging attitude is not ill fated to such mishaps." The figure is charmingly clothed in a garment that is almost Greek and she has a most beautiful French coiffure, while her profile is as chaste as a Greek Venus. But otherwise, she is thoroughly American. Just why she should be holding on her shoulder a squawking bittern while she is clothed in the most elaborate and exquisite of boudoir robes, we cannot quite make out. It is the beginning of western fountains, though, and oh, what a merry and amusing tale it has all been! However, American fountains are no worse than French. In fact, there are not quite as many American people and lions and horses and birds affected with a mal-de-mer as there are in France. The only expectorating subjects that seem moderately desirable for garden ornamentation are fish, because the endless streams of water that flow from a fish's mouth into a fountain basin do not necessarily indicate a process of disgorging.

Just how many more of these early men need to figure in one's appreciation of sculpture is a question. It might be well to mention the name of John Frazee whose excellent bust of himself stands in the Pennsylvania Academy alongside of the bust of William Rush, by himself. Frazee became the first important marble cutter in the west. He had worked with engineers in building a bridge and had there learned the use of the chisel. He was the one who chiseled the busts of Daniel Webster, Andrew Jackson, John Marshall, and others. These men do not intrigue us through these representations for they are hard and stilted, utterly void of gentleness and are shockingly formidable without being one bit noble. They are not really good caricatures—just portraits "hard as nails." A lot is then written about Hiram Powers, Ball Hughes, and Horatio Greenough. The latter was probably the first of our geniuses in sculpture. He went to Italy, caught the classic and the Renaissance spirit, and came home to do a lot of allegorical compositions largely in marble. They are baroque, uninteresting and certainly far from sincere as American expressions. He had more equipment than any of his confreres, yet he did not put it to good use. Hiram Powers modeled a *Greek Slave* which our authority, Mr. Taft, believes highly important. In reality, it was no more classic than Thorwaldsen's things, nor more original. It was simply a recapitulation of all his studies of the classic sculptures in the Louvre in Paris. He did a few fine busts that are quite magnificent in their chaste, simple, surface handling, especially in that of the young *Daniel Webster,* which may probably be the finest portrait bust of the first half of the century.

Thomas Crawford, during that first half, did many of the sculptures on the state capitol at Washington. His pediment of the Senate is the best known, and then his rather absurd and altogether unsculptural Washington equestrian monument in bronze at Richmond, Virginia, added to his fame but certainly not to his lasting glory. It is the city of Richmond and the Pennsylvania Academy which give us the best examples of all these early men. It fell to Henry Kirk Brown and J. Q. A. Ward to put the American spirit into sculpture. Brown's equestrian *Washington* in Union Square in New York, on a perfectly magnificent base which was also designed by him, is the first great work of American sculpture and gave him the first preëminent place. It is not great sculpture but it is sturdy and painstaking, and honest without furbelows. If a standing portrait of General Greene, which is in the capitol at Washington, had not been worked out so minutely in portraying the gold braid of the epaulettes, the handle of the sword, and the boot tassels, it might have approached greatness. There is a lovely solidity to Brown's work, and a fine texture. He did say something in sculpture, too smooth, too finished, to be sure, but he touched lovingly the material with which he worked, and he quite adored the splendid beauty of his subjects.

John Quincy Adams Ward did become a thoroughly American producer. He had few of the mannerisms brought over by the rest of the sculptors from their European studies. He was occasionally a little too grandiose, but when he was sturdily American, as he was in his great statue of *Henry Ward Beecher*, we admire him deeply. His well known *Indian Hunter* in Central Park is not as fine. The dog is too literal and the bow and arrow, the headdress and the loin cloth of the Indian suggest living statues in the side show at a circus. His *Shakespeare* was nothing like as fine as the seated figure by Partridge which is in Lincoln Park in Chicago. But his big, buxom *Pilgrim* has much of the primitive simplicity that should be expected from early sculpture in the west. His most spirited and beautiful work is the equestrian of General Thomas in Washington. The horse is magnificently understood, the rider beautifully balanced and his character excellently felt. There is just a bit of regret that the whole thing couldn't have been more sculptural. The hairs of the wind-blown tail, the bridle reins, and the detail of the general's clothes are unsculpturally handled, and yet we must agree that J. Q. A. Ward was one of the foundation stones of sculpture in the West.

W. W. Story, a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard University, lived much of his life in Rome where he made a considerable ripple over the sea of European art. A survey of his subjects reveals his viewpoint: *Salome, Sappho, Judith, Little Red Riding Hood, Moses, Jerusalem in Her Desolation*, et cetera. In every way did these things belong to the grandiose era. Julian Story, his son, married Emma Eames, the great opera



Lincoln Monument, Chicago.—Saint Gaudens singer, and theirs became quite definitely a grand opera life. W. W.'s sculptures are of the same grand spirit—too many costumes, too much posturing—splendid for its own time, but not long lived. Randolph Rogers, though not as good a sculptor as some of these people, nevertheless wielded a tremendous influence over American taste. He was a native of New York, but his youth was spent at Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he showed great promise as an amateur sculptor. He went to Italy when twenty-three years of age and sought the instruction of Bartolini. Later, he joined Mr. Story, becoming a resident of Rome. His *Nydia* and The *Lost Pleiad* are the best known. They are so feminine and gracious and appealing. The *Nydia* became his best known piece of sculpture after its first exhibition in Philadelphia. It is now in the Art Institute of Chicago and shows the blind girl of Pompeii making her way through the devastation. How the whole world could have gone mad over so prosy and sentimental a piece of modeling we cannot understand. The *Lost Pleiad* is a semi-nude figure floating through space. The marble cloud on which she rests is a bit soapsudsy, and her coiffure has been well fixed with bandoline. Otherwise, she is all right. In the light of our present day understanding of sculpture, we cannot think of these things very seriously, but their influence over the sentiment of the hour was marked. Rogers was the first to present the nude figure in an acceptable way, and he opened the path for much adventure in this direction.

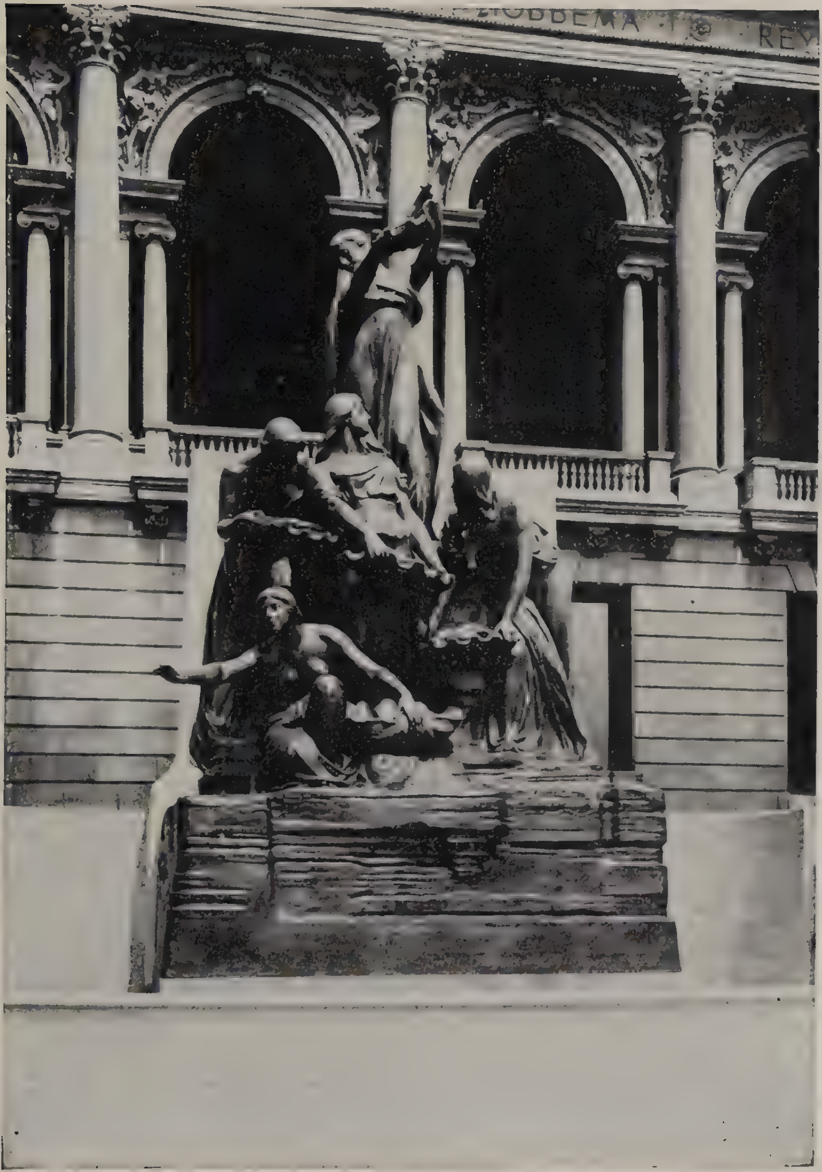
We must not confuse him with the later John Rogers, whose name became a household word, for this man did the groups which are known America over as the Rogers Bronzes—small groups cast in bronze and terra cotta with all the paraphernalia that could possibly be added. We know well enough *Weighing the Baby at the Grocer's, Checkers on the Farm, The Return Volunteer or How the Fort Was Taken, The Town Pump, Union Refugees, Campfire, or Making Friends with the Cook, Wounded to the Rear, or One More Shot.* These things are so well known that not even a description is necessary to an American public. They were just a lot of sincerely done figures grouped together in tableaus which had to do with the sad or humorous incidents of life. Sometimes the groups were not cast as a whole, but came apart in separate pieces. The glasses were removable from the doctor's nose, the carrots from the box at the grocer's, the weights off the scales. They were all so human, so "touching," these groups, and everyone liked them. Most of the bay windows of Americans during the middle of the century were adorned with these Rogers groups. They were not over-expensive and they appealed immensely to a world that loved detail. John Rogers' work is the most perfect expression of Victorianism in America. Through him, sculpture made no advancement, but he was at least un-European and he helped hundreds of Americans to purchase art objects in the round.

If there had been anyone to carry on Rogers' principles, with improvements, there might have been some valuable results, but with him the thing passed out. And today, most of the groups have vanished. Private homes do not have them. They were given to the schools long ago, and somehow, they have even been lost there. After Rogers, came the post Civil War sculpture which is one of the most amusing tales in the whole history of art.

Patriotic animation always stirs the desire for noble art. Heroes and national events of importance must be recorded and immortalized. Mural paintings, sculpture, and monument building are the results. If there is unlimited wealth, great structures arise. If not, then sculpture or mural painting must be sufficient. Occasionally sculpture is used to monumental proportions and assumes a preëminent place in civic beauty. Throughout the century, the impulse for this was national patriotism; civic pride or community love of beauty never figuring at all. Today such things are often done purely for city beautification.

The most stirring event of the whole century was the Civil War, after which the whole rich, successful North spent itself lavishly in the erection of soldiers' monuments. Taste for such things was at a low ebb all over the world at just that time. The unstructural, false ornamentation which we sum up as Victorian, was paramount. It warped the viewpoint and distorted the taste. Every northern town of importance melted up Federal gun metal and made cast iron statues which posed heroically in village squares, on college campuses, and in cemeteries. It is hard to find one in the whole great array that is acceptable as sculpture. A poorly done soldier standing with one foot on the fallen enemy waves a huge flag in the air, shouting lustily that the Lord has been on his side. No merit of sculpture marks this. It is merely poor acting and stage tableau. Many a soldier simply stands singly or in phalanx at attention, or in presenting arms. Medallions adorn the base which is generally stone or marble. Symbolic figures may be grouped at various elevations on piers that show a resemblance to bandboxes. Even the city of Washington became cursed with monstrosities of this type. All of the Great Lakes cities, and Philadelphia, Washington, and most of New England, fell under the spell. More than two-thirds of those that were erected from 1870 to 1890 have already vanished, and the rest, almost without exception, will go sooner or later.

There is one supreme outstanding exception. At the entrance to Central Park in New York, *General Sherman* in gold bronze rides a wiry, uncouth American horse, quite of the Indian type. Sherman is a gaunt man, unbeautiful but fine, his clumsy cape floating with spirit from his shoulders, and he holds the bridle reins like a master horseman. Before them a figure of *Victory,* graceful Greek symbol of the guardian goddess of *Triumph,* moves swiftly, guiding the way. The group is placed on a pedestal of stone, done by the architect, Stanford White, and this pedestal is so perfectly designed that it alone is a great work of art. There is not a flaw, not a possible change for betterment, a triumphant work of beauty, the most magnificent and graceful statue so far erected in the western hemisphere is this group, and it is one of the greatest equestrian statues of all times. Not many European nations can boast of a single equestrian statue worthy to stand with those of the Italian Renaissance, but this is certainly as great or greater than even the *General Colleoni* by Verrocchio in Venice, or the *General Gattamelata* by Donatello



Fountain of the Great Lakes, Chicago.—Taft in Padua. It is the work of the first name in American sculpture, Augustus St. Gaudens,* a New Englander whose fame is above all others in the sculpture of the West.

A second Civil War memorial by St. Gaudens is in Boston and is a bas-relief on the Commons showing the colored troops under Shaw moving by in battle formation. It is a magnificent, sturdy, beautiful thing. The third and possibly the most noted, although not the greatest of the St. Gaudens' Civil War triumphs, is the standing *Abraham Lincoln* in Lincoln Park, Chicago. It is the gaunt Lincoln, the reticent, hesitant, timid Lincoln standing in dignity and humility as he delivers the Gettysburg address. Behind him was foolishly placed a Roman emperor's chair, which has nothing to do with the Emancipator, the spirit of the moment, or the noble sculpture of the figure. It is a distinct marring of the whole attainment. However, it has been given a beautiful setting, at the junction of many boulevards in this great playground of a great city, and has been surrounded by a huge circular stone bench, placed upon a delightful, soft-tiled platform which is reached by a small flight of steps. It is simply a masterpiece within its particular setting. Children play about it; old men are seated upon the bench. Democracy, all those born free and equal, gravitate toward it as to a magnet.

Another Lincoln by St. Gaudens, which is also in Chicago, may some day be regarded as above the full-length standing figure in Lincoln Park. This one is placed in Grant Park in a curiously empty, unsympathetic setting of two widely separated columns and no background except a hopeful growth of young trees. Lincoln is seated, and so alone. He seems small in relation to the height of the columns and is utterly detached from the world about him. But St. Gaudens is credited with the design of the setting, although the statue was not placed until years after his death. He called it *The Lonely Lincoln,* and certainly if that was the aim the result is perfect.

A fifth work by St. Gaudens, that has won international renown, is the *Adams Memorial* in Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington. A colossal seated figure swathed in bronze robes meditates in deep silence; the mystery of the beyond is suggested—the unfathomable secrets of the grave epitomized. Other things by this sculptor are interesting without always being great. The *Admiral Farragut* in New York, the *Amor Caritas,* a winged angel holding a large tablet with these letters printed upon it (which is in the Luxembourg Galleries in Paris), the pompous Puritan, *Deacon Chapin,* and the bronze bas-reliefs of Edward MacDowell and Robert Louis Stevenson, are not quite within the first realm of sculpture. A touch of over-sentiment, a lack of sculptural freedom, and an intellectual mind that sometimes suffocated the emotional mind, were St. Gaudens' drawbacks, but with all that he still stands at the head of the American school and his art was American. Only in his technical equipment did he show his long French training and the influence that he acknowledged from the French and Italian schools.

---

*See page 407.

A review of his life would be very fascinating, but would fill many pages. It was a lovely life, one of great receiving and great giving. He was most happy when he was with his own family in their beautiful retreat in the New England hills, but he could not stay away from Paris, the place he loved best on earth. There he worked hard and brought his influence strongly to bear upon French as well as American sculptors. Very nearly every American sculptor of prominence of the last decade of the century and the beginning of the twentieth century came under his influence either in New England or in Paris.

Daniel Chester French, Frederick MacMonnies, Helen Farnsworth Mears, Hermon MacNeil, Paul Bartlett, Herbert Adams, Karl Bitter, Phimister Proctor and Lorado Taft were among them. They were not all necessarily pupils of St. Gaudens, but his master spirit influenced theirs and it was this magnificent group of hopeful, energetic young men and women who made the Chicago World's Fair the dream city of classic glory that it was. If the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 did nothing else, it crystallized and made splendid the American school of sculpture. All these people worked for the glorification of the buildings that Daniel Burnham and his group of architects had conceived. Everything that had been begun in Greece 400 B. C. seemed to reach its termination in 1893 at the foot of Lake Michigan. That fair was such an impulse that sculptors and architects sprang up on all sides. Work at last, work abundant was there for all, and how they did work! Months and months of preparation, then hours and days and weeks climbing upon scaffolding, throwing plaster of Paris upon lathe skeletons, sleepless months these master sculptors and their young protégés gave. Finally, the last touch had been put on, the doors were opened, and the world beheld with a never ceasing wonderment the glory of the greatest exposition that man has ever staged, clothed in the beauty of a setting of pure white splendor in forms of Greek perfection.

Leaving Lake Michigan and passing under the peristyle, which was the gateway to the lagoons, one first beheld Daniel Chester French's* colossal statue of *The Republic,* the bronze replica of which is now to be seen near the spot where its stucco original stood. At the end of the lagoon stood the fantastic imaginative symbolic fountain by MacMonnies, the most successful composition of baroque sculpture the world has ever seen. It was a ship, neither galley nor sloop, propelled by eight goddesses who dipped flamboyant oars. Standing upon the prow, the winged figurehead of Fame, with a trumpet announced Columbia, who was enthroned high upon the deck of the ship. A seated, exquisitely beautiful figure of a woman only slightly draped symbolized Columbia. This fountain was lost at the end of the fair. It was never done in permanent form and this is one of the tragedies of American art. If some great art patron were wise he would see to it that every sketch and study remaining of that fountain were put in the hands of competent craftsmen who could reërect this great work in permanent form. MacMonnies later did the great bronze figures on the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Arch in Brooklyn. His *Shakespeare* in Washington is excellent without being notable, and his *Bacchante* dancing coquettishly in the Metropolitan Museum prove that this sort of thing was not his forte. Of his single figures the *Nathan Hale* was probably the best.

Daniel Chester French has had a most brilliant career, doing the Gallaudet group in Washington, the O'Reilly monument in Boston, collaborating with Potter on the equestrian *George Washington* which is in Paris, and he did the well known *Alma Mater* at Columbia University, also the figure of *Wisconsin* on the dome of the Madison Capitol. He is ever a classicist, doing things that were always within the realm of Italy's splendor, Rome's grandeur, and Greece's beauty. The work of his that will probably carry his name longest into fame is *Death and the Young Sculptor.* Martin Milmore, a brilliant young man who held the greatest possible promise and who had already produced one or two most notable things, was snatched away by death in his early twenties. The art world was much moved by this, and French created a memorial with this sad incident in mind. A glorious young sculptor kneels upon a ledge as he chisels away upon a relief of a sphinx. Sweeping quietly across the panel of the relief, comes the noble figure of a silent angel, her face shadowed by heavy veils, her right hand carrying a spray of poppies. With her left hand she arrests the chisel which the young artist holds. The whole composition is beautiful, dignified and sculptural. It, too, is one of the American achievements in sculpture. French did the great seated figure of Lincoln for the classic Lincoln Memorial in Washington. It is a fine, noble piece of work, wrought through superb material craftsmanship, but is not overwhelming as a spiritual revelation.

---

*See page 403.

One of the women of this group, protégée of Augustus St. Gaudens, hailed from Wisconsin. Helen Farnsworth Mears was a mere slip of a girl when she worked on the great stucco groups at the Columbian Exposition. Later she went to Paris and, under the guiding hand of her master, produced a most delightful children's fountain of a baby Pan piping away upon reeds as rabbits scamper and tumble around the rim of the fountain, and then she did a colossal three-panelled bas-relief entitled *The Fountain of Life.* In the left panel a sleeping angel stands at the roots of the vine—she is Alpha. In the center a man and woman reach into the vines for its fruits, and in the third a winged male figure lifts the cup of fulfillment toward heaven—he is Omega. St. Gaudens pronounced this the most important

Fountain of Time.—Taft

work of sculpture ever accomplished by a woman and one of the most beautiful reliefs of all time. Helen Mears, fraught with timidity and New England pride, found no way to popularize her art, and she died of starvation in New York in 1918. This was the most startling testimonial to America's negligence of sculpture. Here was the most brilliant woman that Wisconsin had produced, an artist of international recognition, a daughter that any state in the Union or any country in the world would be proud of. It should be somebody's business, in a great rich nation, to go about in search of the fine talents and to preserve them and help their owners to bring forth the great harvests of beauty which add so largely to the world's wealth. But no, this crass and unfeeling land let its first woman sculptor die of starvation. Her memory should be maintained and her art prolonged by the erection of *The Fountain of Life* in her own State. Now it is in crumbling plaster, hidden behind screens in a gallery of the Milwaukee Art Institute.

Possibly the dean of all American sculptors today is Bush-Brown* of Washington. He has done heroic sculpture all his life. He did magnificent figures for the Columbia Fair and has done heroic things for many fairs since. We reproduce here his *Horace Mann*, which is very characteristic of the dignified portrait sculpture of the American classic romantic period. Bush Brown's studio in Washington is still one of the centers of the artistic activities of our Capital.

Paul Bartlett lived most of his life in Paris, and we believe he is today more beloved and better known as a French sculptor than as an American. He is the first American sculptor to receive the recognition of a whole great memorial exhibition of his works. In the summer of 1929 the Orangerie in the Tuileries contained a survey of his entire life work in conjunction with the important memorial exhibition to Claude Monet. Bartlett gained his first preëminent reputation through his highly successful statue of Lafayette which the American people gave to the city of Paris. He did a number of important groups, including the great pediment for the Congressional Library, but his finest work was certainly his Michelangelo, accepted today as the best interpretation of the Renaissance giant in sculpture. At the Pan-American Exposition we found his highly original fountain, *The Genius of Man,* and his portrayal of the American Indian ghost dancer, in the Pennsylvania Academy, marks the height of his originality. He did many portrait busts of notables of France, and his life associations and ideals were so definitely French that we do not find his American contributions either many or highly national.

---

*See page 399.

The most important midwestern sculptor and the one of all to wield the greatest influence, to give most generously from his talents, is Lorado Taft.* A country boy, finding his way to the great city only when he had reached young manhood, became one of the most energetic and enthusiastic workers on the sculptures of the Columbia Exposition. Shortly after that he became the head of the sculpture department of the school of the Art Institute of Chicago, and he has never lost the rare ardor and the deep-hearted love for beauty that arose in his youth. His teaching promptly made him one of the authorities on sculpture, and his lectures given far and wide have been the only prominent ones upon this subject in the whole of America. His giving through his teaching ability has been generous and wide-sweeping. Thousands in every corner of America owe their enjoyment of beauty to his teaching, and his influence within the borders of his chosen city, Chicago, is beyond measure. But not alone as teacher and authority may we estimate him. His studio, near the University of Chicago, has become the center of the most important sculpture colony in all America, and around him have arisen such splendid workers in this medium as Leonard Crunelle, Nellie Walker and Agnes Fromen. Sculptors are rising into prominence everywhere in America who have come under the gentle, loving sway of this learned master of the sculpture colony on the Midway. His chief works, aside from his lectures and his writing, are the *Columbus Fountain* in the plaza of the Union Railway Station at Washington, D. C.; *The Fountain of the Great Lakes* and the *Fountain of Time,* both in Chicago, and *The Black Hawk Monument* at Oregon, Illinois. He has done memorial tablets, a notable Lincoln, Indian groups, and is at work on a great symbolic fountain to transcend in size and magnificence the *Fountain of Time. The Fountain of Time* shows Father Time, a mountain-like being, forever stationary while figures representing every phase of life, surge by. They rise from the waters in great waves, reach pinnacles of power and energy, and fade again into the waves from whence they came. The *Great Lakes* are symbolized by five female figures placed in the correct geographical relationship. Each holds a shell from which water falls. Superior and Michigan pour the water from their shells into Huron's, who in turn gives it all to Erie, who passes it on to Ontario, from whose shell it flows out to the sea.

---

*See pages 411, 416.

The Black Hawk was the first colossal monument to be erected in concrete. It rises from a wooded hill overlooking the Rock River at Oregon, Illinois, and marks an epoch in sculpture, for the opportunity of working in this medium is unlimited and brings new possibilities to sculpture. Probably Taft's most enjoyed and altogether subtle work is the beautiful marble group at the Art Institute of Chicago, entitled *The Solitude of the Soul.* Four standing nude figures emerge from a rugged marble column; their hands grope toward each other; they touch each other without feeling or without response; each soul, after all, lives in solitude. This work from Lorado Taft and the work of his colony belong to the new century, but it is so definitely the fulfillment of the promises of the nineteenth century and of that new support accorded this art at the Exposition of 1893, that we feel justified in concluding this chapter of our study with it.

BRIEF CHARACTERIZATION OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE Lion of Lucerne by Thorwaldsen, the great work of sculpture credited to this Danish Romanticist. It appears to have been chiseled in the side of a mountain. The agony of the dying lion even in his defeat, protecting the shield of France, is highly symbolic of the Swiss Guards who fell in the defense of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Page 382.

Pauline Bonaparte as Venus Victorious by Canova, one of the most graceful and beautiful interpretations of the loveliness of feminine beauty in all sculpture. Canova made marble breathe charm, loveliness and life. His textures of flesh, satin, etc., are entirely elusive in their limitation. Canova was a greater artisan than he was artist, the most perfect imitator of nature in sculpture. Page 382.

Fountain of the Observatory by Carpeaux. This is one of the really great works of French romantic sculpture. It is merely the central detail of a huge fountain on one of Paris' most beautiful avenues. It is obviously a subject for bronze and not for marble. It is flamboyant without being unsculptural. Page 386.

Charity by Dubois. This is a portion of the Lamoricière tomb in Nantes. Beautiful and real is the modeling of the sturdy woman and the lovely children. All of the lines lead inward and the mass is as beautiful from one viewpoint as another. Dubois was one of many French sculptors who could imbue his noble and allegorical subjects with the human interest. Page 386.

Tolstoi by Prince Troubetzkoy, a magnificent piece of free modeling. This is a bronze casting from a clay model and the fingers of the sculptor seem to have just left the clay. One of the tendencies of the new sculpture is to avoid textures and only suggest real forms when they are most essential. In this the features of the face are the sum total of accurate modeling. Page 390.

Monument to Labor by Constantin Meunier. In many of Meunier's bas reliefs we find the spirit of the painter. In all of his paintings we find the spirit of sculpture. This arrangement is almost too stage-like to be thoroughly successful as a work of sculpture, but in his single figures we behold a strength, a power of characterization and a magnificent virility that no other sculptor has attained. Page 395.

Horace Mann by Bush-Brown, a good example of the thoroughly academic, romantic-classic sculpture of America. This arrangement is a particularly happy one with the gentle love of the great educator toward childhood done with beauty and restraint. The garments may be a bit unnecessary in detail but the figures are well understood beneath them. Many another statue by this sculptor is not as successful but his equestrian of George Washington is one of the real achievements in American sculpture. Page 399.

Death and the Young Sculptor by Daniel Chester French. This is a preëminently great achievement of the Western World, considered by many one of the three great statues of the nineteenth century. It is inspired in composition, noble in sentiment and highly sculptural in its execution. The treatment of the Angel of Death places it definitely within the realm of the classically grandiose. Page 403.

Lincoln Monument, Chicago, by Augustus Saint Gaudens. Lincoln has become the most sculptural figure of American history and in this interpretation Saint Gaudens set a mark so high that few sculptors will ever excel it. To know it well one must see it in its setting, for there the superfluous accessory of the chair is not as apparent as in this photograph. Page 407.

Fountains by Lorado Taft, Chicago's foremost sculptor and America's leading sculptural art educator, has used the geography of the Great Lakes for one fountain subject and a theme from Maeterlinck for the other. In the latter Father Time is represented as an immovable rock standing forever fixed, while life rises in great waves to reach human climaxes, only to recede and vanish again in waves. Time remains, life moves by. Pages 411, 416.

IMPRESSIONISM

XI

ALL nineteenth and twentieth century painting is Pre-Impressionism, Impressionism, or Post-Impressionism. In other words, Impressionism is the reservoir of modern art into which all of the bounty of the century was collected and from which modernism in all its phases flowed. It is not to be construed that Impressionism was only a storeroom or a carrier. It was infinitely more, really a magnificent piece of engineering, without which none of the new supply for the abundant age of mechanical mastery would have been possible. Impressionism came into being as a natural unfolding. Its crystallization came within the minds of a few individuals, geniuses fired with new power, equipped with tireless energy, and inspired by the adventure of new worlds to conquer.

Realism is theoretically at the antipodes of Impressionism, and we have seen, through these many chapters, the growth of realism to its perfection, a perfection rivaling any mechanics that have been brought into being. The new mastery of the visual world through the absolute reality of photography is no more perfect than the realism in drawing, form, construction, and color attained by European and American painters between 1840 and 1895. As we have seen, the first amazing climax of realism in painting came in Paris under the impulse given by the annual Salon, a government project held under the supervision of the Ministry of Fine Arts each spring, officiated by the connoisseurs and the leading masters of the world, patronized officially by the government of France, and privately by the affluent of all civilization. Up to the 1890's there was never a question but that the Paris Salon was the most important social and official function in the world of æsthetics. The Salon was ever primarily an endorsement of the Academy, that rigid, prescribed school of art training and art expression whose prescriptions had almost wholly to do with vision and its representation.

The working out of a formula in art from theories and the attendant manifestation in production is like the building of any structure. When the whole thing is complete it stands as a finished product, and the worker goes on either to duplicate or to begin afresh at a new foundation and build on it with an original scheme a wholly new creation. It's easy enough to take the old plan and duplicate and this is not to be entirely scoffed at, for in going on with well-proven plans, failure is reduced to the minimum possibility, and very worthy, serviceable and even beautiful things may result. But enthused and courageous youth does not propose to tread beaten paths, and when the paths are not only well beaten but well paved and equipped with luxurious means of transportation, as was realism in the 1860's, only the lazy and luxury-loving are willing to ride on.

We have seen that most of the art movements of importance began as petty revolutions instigated by youthful dissenters, and that two highly important schools of the nineteenth century, the Barbizon and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, were thus motivated. Now we come to a third, the most significant of all, but one that was not so definitely a revolution as a departure, based not upon theory or spiritual relief but upon evolution of thought and scientific advancement.

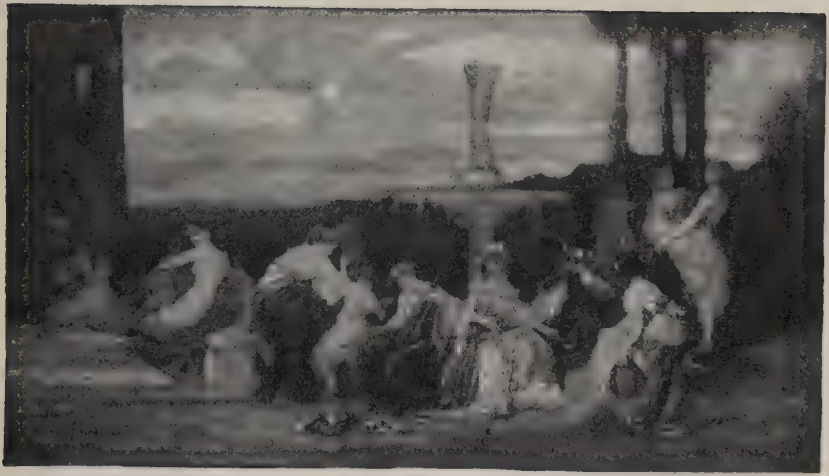
We think of art and science as being wholly apart from each other, one the means of expressing the soul, the other the intellect, but in the theory and practice of Impressionism, art and science went hand in hand, altogether to the glorification of art, to be sure. In the new developments of theater and home decoration, as we shall analyze them in program nineteen, science got even through industry, for since the World War hardly a thing for utility has been manufactured without borrowing generously from art.

Impressionism is a great theory, an inclusive principle, in its largest sense precisely the thing that the name implies —an understanding and presentation of the essential impression of life, not necessarily a first or fleeting one, although the time element is a consideration. The laborious working out of unessential or insignificant detail was chiefly what Impressionism aimed to avoid.

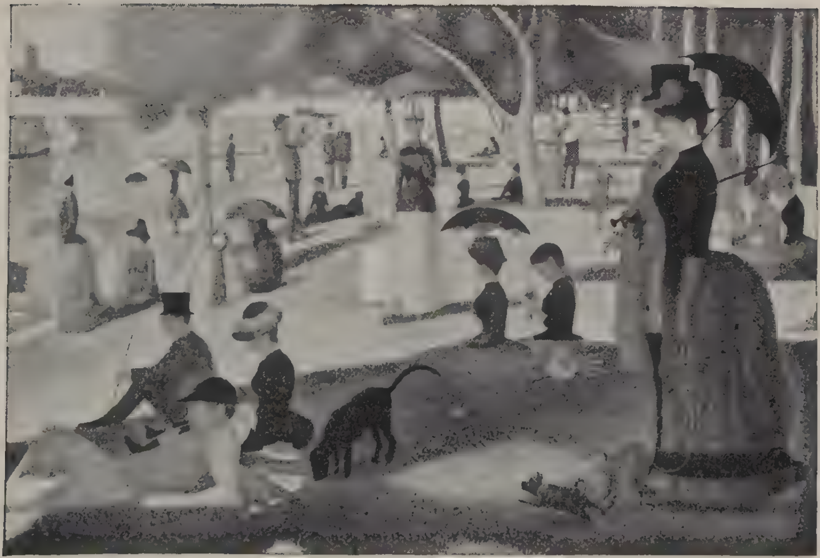
In the first place, the word itself is a good one, for it has a similar spelling and an almost identical meaning in more than one language. It was instantly understood by cosmopolitan Paris. The story goes that the name came to be applied to the school of painting from the title of a particular picture by Monet exhibited at the Salon in the middle of the century. It was *Impression—Sunset,* and it so excited the risibilities of Parisians they went about adjusting their monocles and asking the rest of the world if it had seen the absurd painting called *Impression.* The whole story is as follows:

It was during the reign of the last emperor of France that a group of young people, including Claude Monet, Sisley, Pissarro and Renoir, approached the Jury of Acceptance of the Salon with a group of paintings which they wished hung together, the further to strengthen their new-found theory. It was one that had been evolved as much from the laboratories of the Sorbonne as through any artistic endeavor. The Latin Quarter of Paris had become the mecca of all students, and these young people, sitting shoulder to shoulder, talking the night through in terse conversation, learned a thing or two from students of other schools than their own. The artists chatted with the scientists, and both discovered the need for new experiments in the hope of arriving at new conclusions. Ideas were becoming hackneyed and unoriginal, and not much was left for youth to do.

An instrument for measuring light had been set up at the university, and this had proved that all things in the world seen by the human eye were only visible by their degree of color, that nothing was seen without color, and that wherever there was color there was light. It was found that each of the parts of light, the colors of the spectrum, had measurable vibrations, and that it was the degree or speed of these vibrations that made the particular colors. So home went the artists at dawn, after talking these matters over with the scientists, humming the new tune that light



Music.—Monticelli



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

Sunday Afternoon on La Grande Jatte Island.—Seurat was color and color was light, and that all color was wholly a matter of vibration. It was only a step in thought to the conclusion that the sense of life in a painting depends primarily upon the vibration of color, as it impresses itself upon the eye of the observer. So vibration became the goal of this group of Paris youngsters.

Monet was the most vigorous in his attack of the proposition. All color is more or less included within three primary colors—red, yellow and blue—and he found that by painting streaks or daubs of yellow and blue side by side, a greater sense of green in vibration resulted than by mixing the yellow and blue into a flat green. Pissarro and Sisley followed Monet's experiments with some of their own. They soon came to demonstrable conclusions, and their first pictures were the ones they desired to exhibit en masse at the Salon. Drawing or form had little to do with them. They were simply expositions of this new theory of color and naturally the most colorful subjects were sunsets, flowering spring orchards, June flower gardens, and the bounty of August harvests. But their paintings were rejected by the jury with considerable openly expressed indignation. The staid mind of authority was unable to perceive any merit whatsoever in this seemingly childlike, absurd daubing.

But more than ever were they convinced that their aim was justifiable. They went over the head of the Ministry of Art straight to the Emperor himself. They were denied an audience, so proceeded to camp upon the palace doorstep in relays, night and day, until they got in. It took the best part of a week, but the audience was granted, the Emperor's interest and sympathy were aroused, and he requested the Minister of Art to hang the work of the group under his authority, providing there was room left in the art palace. Word came back that every inch of wall space was occupied except in the sweep room, a good sized, well-lighted stock room where brushes, pails and sawdust were kept. ''Very well,'' commanded Napoleon, ''put the brooms under the stairs and give the boys the space.'' When the Salon opened, the story had already gone about and Paris rushed to see the new art endorsed by the Emperor. It was the sunset impression by Monet which aroused the most laughter. This at least is the way the story goes and it gives us an amusing introduction to the school of painting known as Impressionism.

The theory of vibrating color is not by any means the extent or circumference of Impressionism. It was simply a technical scientific method which aided the painter in gaining a new and very real impression of the visual world. Some of the ablest of all the men who became advocates of impressionistic painting took no recourse in this broken color system. The name Manet is used as freely with the Impressionist movement as Monet, and Manet gained his impression through very different means. Vibration of color did not interest him but he reduced everything to its essential in tone value. He felt that the quality of gray of each main surface or essential object was as important to see in relation to all other qualities of the picture as any color that he could reveal.

This method of gaining an impression was followed very ardently and successfully by the American, James McNeill Whistler, who became the greatest of all champions of simplification. Without Whistler, the Impressionistic movement might still be a matter of general discussion. But in Whistler's art, its theories were brought to such masterful conclusions that they could no longer be questionable. He made what he painted so final that it is beyond discussion. Just as we have found influential advocates and important defenders of other movements outside of the actual school of their practice, so Whistler was a bit apart from the Impressionist school. He did not fraternize, and his life and work were so utterly independent of that of his fellow men that he stands forth as the most conspicuous individualist of the century. He could well be included within this chapter, but the space left for others would be small, and his contribution was so unique and important that we treat it in connection with the art of two other individualists of giant proportions.

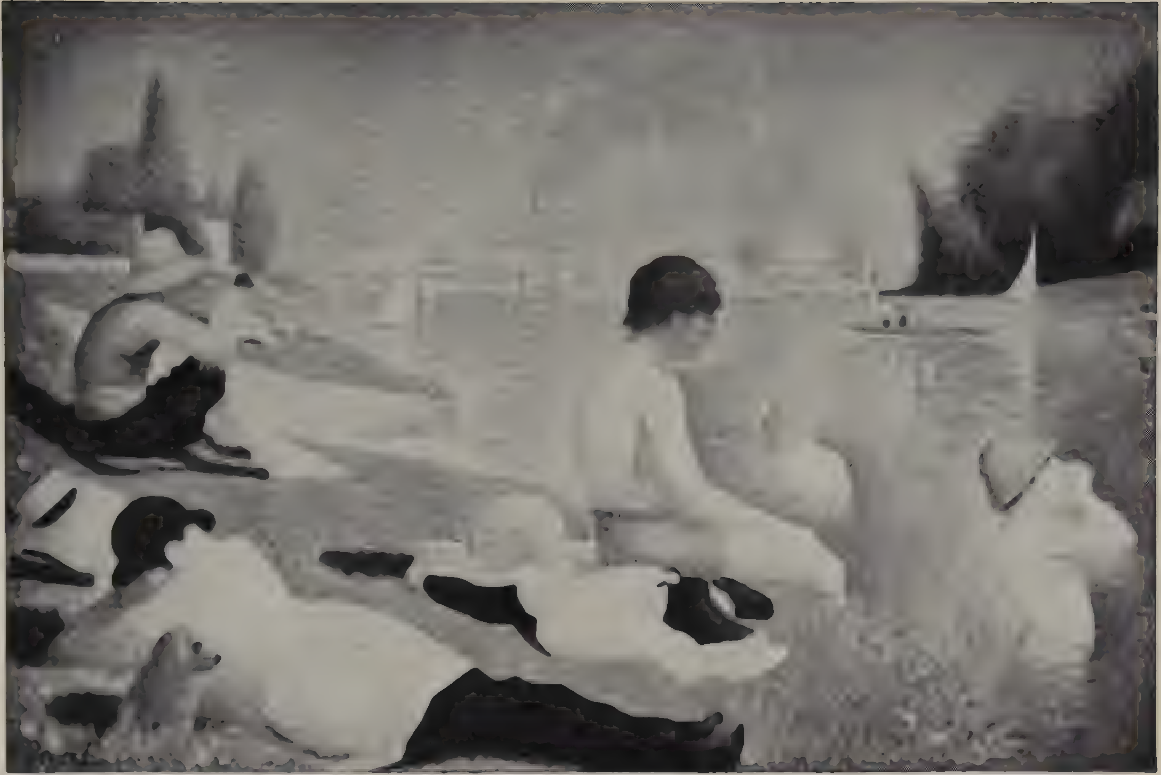
Monet, Sisley, and Pissarro were landscapists. Renoir, Manet, Degas, and Mary Cassatt were essentially portrait and figure painters. The landscapists were devoted to the broken color theory, the portraitists following it with moderation. Sisley was so ardent in it that he painted nothing except in broken color. Sometimes these men dragged their primary and secondary colors together without obliterating or mixing it; sometimes they daubed it on in various sized strokes side by side in different juxtapositions, even suggesting mosaic. But Sisley and Pissarro were the fathers of pointillism. Small brushes, one for each color, were employed and the paint was placed in clean little dots or points, darker or lighter, cooler or warmer as the gradations of tone and color led between black and white and toward red or blue. Pointillism was a totally new scheme of painting. It was based on scientific theory, not at all on the observation of nature. It broadened the performance of painting more than any other craft development in a thousand years. It brought changes in observation and changes in taste more radical than any in the history of painting. It might be said to have completely overthrown the traditions of painting and to have established a new technique upon which all painting thereafter was more or less based.

Today, whether or not a painter observes it ardently—and very few do—the effect is quite evident. And hardly a painter in the world today fails to recognize it in some way. Monet was never a slave to it, but he employed it with the greatest of freedom when he wished. Sisley and Pissarro, and eventually Signac and Raffaelli, seldom departed from it. Seurat,* who was generally rated with the post-impressionists, carried pointillism so far that his large canvases are like elaborate tapestries of petitpoint. He took his craft and his mission to paint so seriously that he only succeeded in doing six important pictures in his whole life. The general result of Impressionism was to lessen the effort and to shorten the time necessary to produce, but a large Seurat painting, while absolutely masterful in its revelation of the great impression of the subject, is so specifically and accurately created through elaborate and painstaking pointillism that it is evidently not only the work of hours but of years.

The work of Renoir and Manet was often evolved through laborious hours of thought and struggle but the

---

See pages 425, 429.



BAIGNADE.—SEURAT

evidence testifies to ease, not labor. With these exceptions, most of Impressionism was a shortening of the road and a more direct and forceful language than had ever been employed in art. At least the various forms of technique employed by the impressionists had nothing to do with the methods before used. One can scarcely imagine in painting anything so far apart as the art of David and the art of Monet, and yet scarcely half a century stands the gulf between them.

Monet is generally spoken of as the father of Impressionism. This is not wholly so, for Goya, Monticelli, and Menzel lived and worked before him. None of these three produced any important schools or movements but their art was certainly impressionistic. Goya's etchings, Monticelli's allegories, and Menzel's theater and concert pictures would make any impressionistic exhibition very proud. Each of these men employed vastly more direct methods and saw the essentials of his subjects much more clearly than anyone in their respective times or countries, and they had no consciousness of theories or ''isms'' of technique. All the French Impressionists from 1857 on were most conscious of it. The Post-Impressionists were conscious of it, especially their great forerunner, Cézanne, who knew first of all his technique, then his subject, and not a method employed by him or a stroke that he used could be improved. Manet had no method; he simply did it in his most direct way. This was true of almost all Spanish painters but of none to the extent that it was of Goya.

Menzel, the German who did the glorious concert at Sans Souci with the glittering light of a thousand candles flecking over the brilliant scene, was extremely conscious of his method and brought the idea of broken color into his pictures to make them glimmer and move, but he knew nothing of the scientific theory of color which prompted Monet and his school. According to the French Impressionistic theories, Menzel went at it in the right way, for the light in his pictures vibrates excellently. But in his attempt to make the shadow enhance the light or to reveal depth, he failed to use the right colors.

The theories of complementary and opposed colors were first evolved for Monet to use. For instance, in Monet's lights there appears in broken colors the entire spectrum, but in any one picture the chief color desired is most evident. These colors, as he knew, were merely the result of light, and where there was no light, instead of painting black or gray he used the color that was absent from the light areas for the adjoining shadows. If his scene was bathed in yellow sunlight, the shadows would be the absence of yellow, and the colors not found in yellow are blue and red. Blue and red combined make violet, so if the lights were yellow, the shadows would be violet, or if the lights were cream or buff or orange, the shadows would be blue. If the lights were a soft delicate spring green, the shadows would be a deep rich earth red. Red is the absence of green, blue the absence of orange. Menzel knew none of this; he did not see it or feel it, so his shadows generally become dull and black and uninteresting. In a Monet painting the same kind of light-shot air which moves between us and the lights, moves between us and the shadows. The picture is bathed in a unity of light and atmosphere. With Menzel the lights tell one tale, the shadows another. It seemed real enough until science gave law and reason to Impressionism.

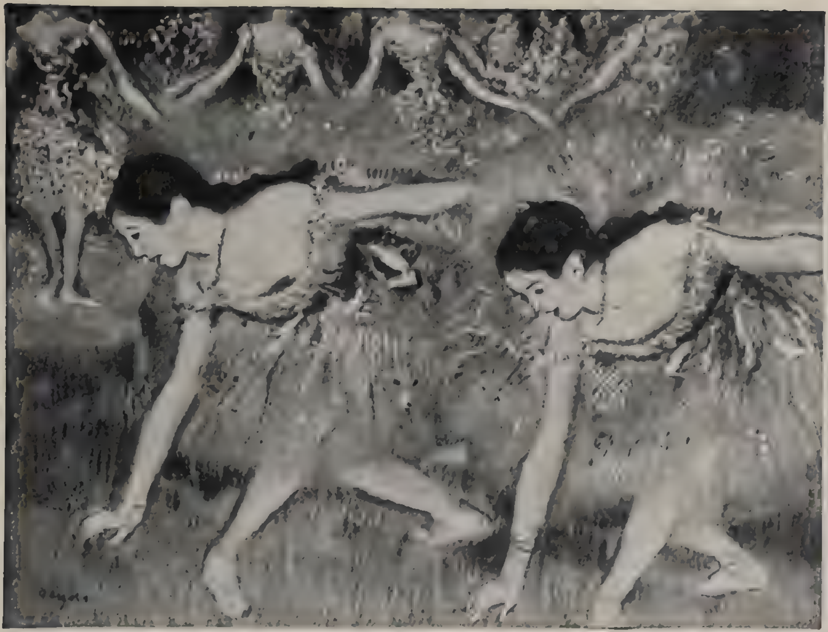
Monticelli* cannot be well discussed in any other relationship than with the Impressionists. He was born at Marseilles, lived a hectic, misunderstood boyhood there, eventually beating his way to the art schools of Paris, where he reaped untold treasures from his masters in the few short months in which he studied. He found that nothing was being taught in the ateliers which could be food for him, so back he went to Marseilles, and tried to live the life of a painter, but died in an insane asylum in his thirties. Monticelli preceded by years the other men under this discussion. Years after his death, many of his finest paintings were found in a store room above a miserable restaurant in Marseilles. He had evidently exchanged these pictures for meals. Not until about 1890 was his work known at all in Paris. Few art histories even today contain references to him.

Monticelli sometimes used single figures against mythical backgrounds. There is something almost akin to William Blake and Ralph Blakelock in the somber mysticism he enjoyed, but he had a method of painting that was entirely his own. He played with it as a miser with his gold, or a vain woman with her jewels. He literally poured it upon the canvas, smearing it about with his fingertips as well as his brushes. As it dried, he laid on more with a palette knife. As the forms evolved and the picture design became apparent, he would finish with clear, crisp touches or edges of brilliant, lucid color. One critic has said that Monticelli painted "as if with crushed jewels." Most of his compositions were allegorical and music was the chief theme. Two women in the voluminous skirts of 1830, before an open fireplace, are the subject of one composition. One of them is evidently playing the 'cello, and the other either sings or listens. It is all quite vague. There are no outlines; forms seem to come and go as we look. Sometimes we must peer long at his canvases to see if there is anything represented by the swirls of luscious color.

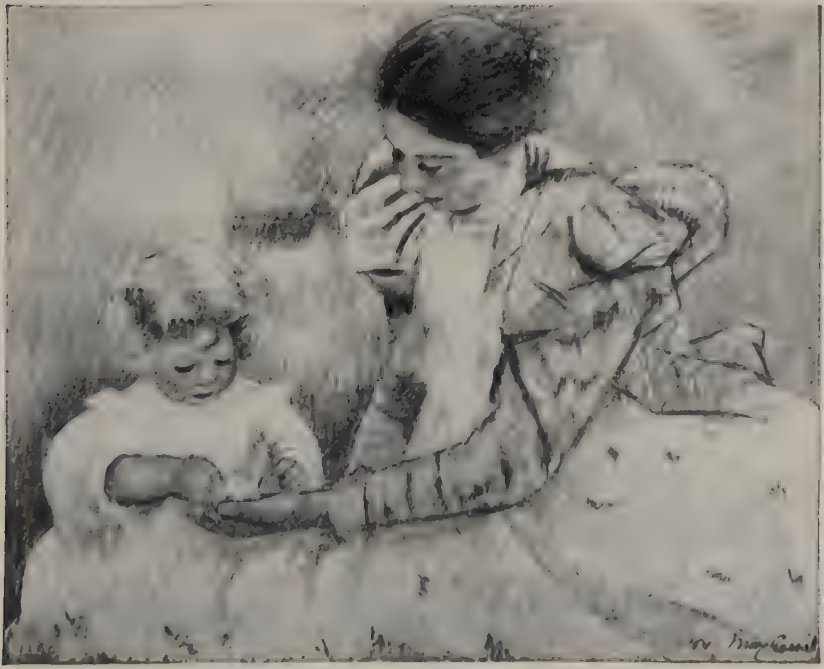
---

*See page 425.

A most famous composition is simply entitled *Music.* Twilight is suggested in opal light and stratified clouds lying low upon a golden horizon. Purple mountains raise their shadowy silhouettes against the dome of the heavens. An undefined world stretches a vague panorama of rich colors between this distance and the foreground of the picture. This foreground is evidently a hilltop, occupied by a formal garden. Marble balustrades cut almost across the picture from left to right. A very beautiful fountain sends one spray softly into the air and several basins beneath catch the silvery water. About this fountain and along the balustrade is grouped a very gorgeous gathering of women. They wear the elaborate costumes of the Empire. The faces and arms make lovely warm light spots in the rich peacock colors of the gathering twilight. Their features are not discernible, their costumes only suggested, but they fill this garden with a flowerlike loveliness. Musical instruments are in evidence; some are playing them; again there is the 'cello and the violin and other stringed instruments. It is quite possible that some one person is playing the harp. Some may be singing, but surely some may be



DANSEUSES.—DEGAS



MOTHER PLAYING WITH HER CHILD.—CASSATT

listening. Oh, it is as if all the jewels of a royal collection were run through gloating fingers to fall into dark velvet cushions.

What was the impulse that gave this amazing and altogether original art to this astonishing isolated individual? What quirk of nature was it that set him apart from his fellow men, that brought his loneliness upon him to his total effacement? Those around him could not understand nor sympathize. There came starvation, anaemia, and eventually insanity. He was one of the art souls—endowed genius, who never found his social place, or the friend to help and inspire, to comfort and protect, who found outside of his art only a world of hatred and suffering. Again we must believe that the artist who stands too much alone either through egotism or by the hand of fate becomes maladjusted. Only when he can coördinate his life and his art with the time in which he lives and the people amongst whom he has been placed, can his art render a service and his life find its blessings.

Today a music room anywhere in the world could have no greater treasure or more beautiful adornment than a Monticelli painting. He seemed to catch color and use it as a great composer uses sounds. Flashes of variations in lights and shadows, rich clear notes of color running up and down the whole scale—such was the art of this man who was certainly a master impressionist, but who lived in such isolation and died in such oblivion that his art did not become known until long after all its lessons had been well learned and demonstrated elsewhere. Few of his pictures were larger than two by three and one-half feet, but he evidently made hundreds of small sketches, embryonic compositions, thoughts gradually coming into being, which may be found in the private collections of France, England, and America. Because of the lack of standards for his time and the vagueness of his own concept, we fear many a poor imitation has been put upon the market recently by unscrupulous dealers. A real Monticelli can never be mistaken. It has a veritable flame within it that no one could counterfeit. With these divergencies from our prescribed program, let us now return to the primary subjects of this study.

Agree we may in the main with the critics who call Monet* the father of Impressionism. When we summarize all that has happened in French art since the inception of Impressionism with at least ten of the most important art movements that have ever taken place, Impressionism seems to be almost of the old schools, and yet its originator lived and worked until the end of the World War. To be sure, he was not a young man when he died. He was born in Paris in 1840, and was one of those precocious children who obey no one. He was the trial of his teachers and spent all his time decorating his school books with drawings and caricatures. His father settled in Havre when the boy was five years of age. When he was fifteen, a sea painter of Havre, Boudin by name, became his teacher and helped him to love and understand nature. At the age of twenty, he went to Algiers with his troop, serving there as a soldier for two years. A Sahara fever caught him, he was sent home, and we find him at the age of twenty-three in Paris in the studio of the painter, Gleyre. Gleyre was a classicist, which Monet discovered was the last thing in the world he wanted to be. So he left that studio, and, in the company of fellow-impressionists, Sisley, Renoir, and Pissarro, went out, to become a ''plein air'' painter.

This was the title they gave themselves. The world soon began to call them Impressionists, as we have seen. Manet presently became a member of the group, and in 1869, when Monet was twenty-nine, Cézanne and Degas joined the group. In 1870, Monet withdrew to England instead of remaining to fight in the absurd war, and in 1872 came the greatest event of his life. Daubigny, the very accomplished painter of the Barbizon school, had become a great friend of young Monet during evenings in the cafes of Paris, where they had met. Daubigny introduced him to a dealer who had taken a deliberate stand against the output of the Barbizon school. He avowed himself only interested in the newer things, and Daubigny felt that this young radical, Claude Monet, might be just the material for which M. Durand-Ruel was searching. It proved an electric meeting. Durand-Ruel saw in these young men, in Monet particularly, a great future. He recognized with that sensitive French perception the progressiveness of their step and the entire reason for their art. He opened his gallery to them almost immediately, and practically every Monet canvas that has ever been shown to the world was first exhibited in the gallery of this dealer.

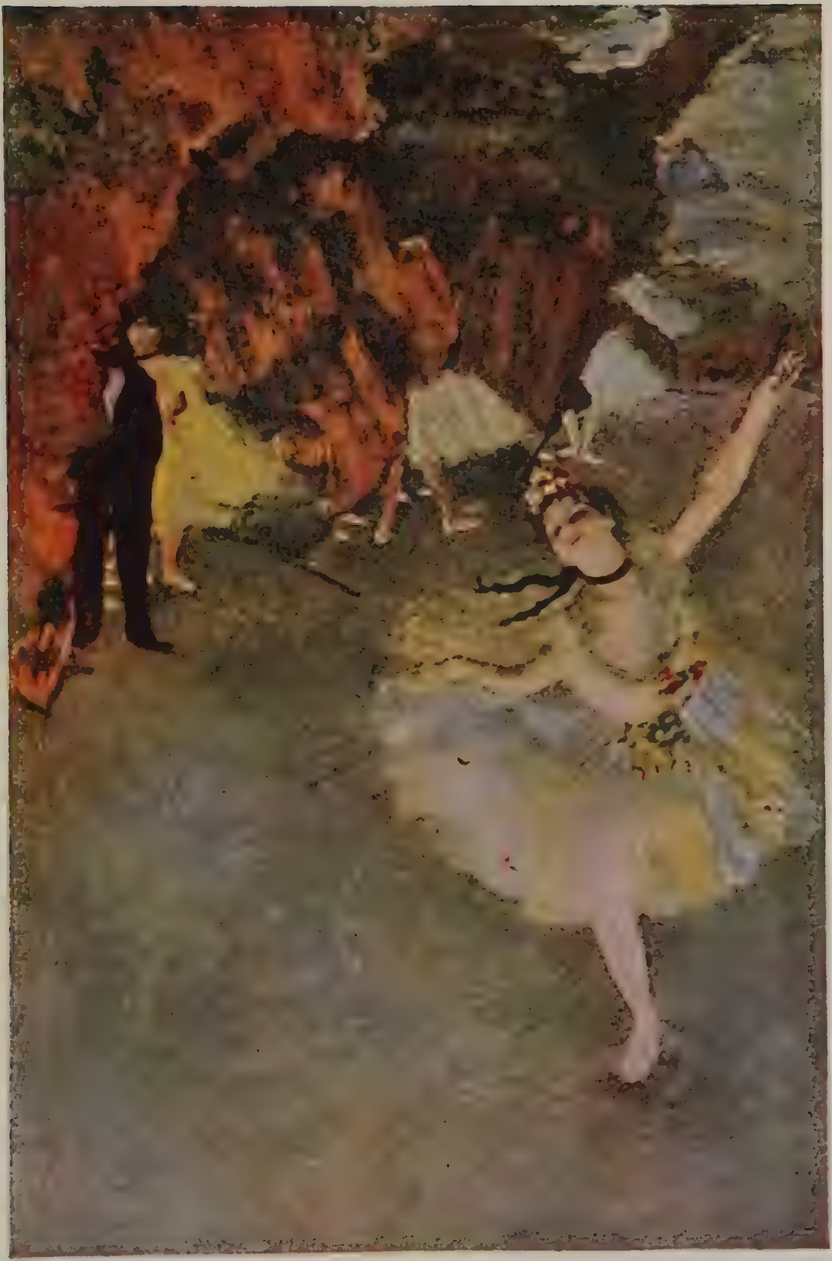
---

*See pages 440, 445, 448.

M. Durand-Ruel was a gentleman and a scholar. He lived in a very commodious apartment overlooking the Gare St. Lazare, the busiest railway station in all Paris. For a while he stood alone as the only friend these young painters could claim. For years continuously, he exhibited their paintings without success. He spent all his talents, the best output of his business, and a very great genius for advertising, almost entirely in the interests of the Impressionist group. At times they were so hard pressed for funds that had it not been for their benefactor, M. Durand-Ruel, these painters would have starved or have had to give up the struggle.

Cézanne found another outlet. He and M. Durand-Ruel were evidently not so congenial, and it may be this very fact that caused Cézanne to work irrespectively of the group, and which made him the first Post-Impressionist and one of the mightiest painters that ever lived. Degas, Monet, and Sisley all found long years of congenial companionship and charitable support within the home as well as within the gallery of M. Durand-Ruel. At times, they lived at his apartment and decorated its walls, painted screens, window shades, and furniture. When there was nothing more to decorate, bathrooms were invaded and today, the lily-pads and blossoms painted in the bottom of M. Durand-Ruel's old-fashioned bathtub make it about the most valuable bathtub in the world, unless the gigantic tubs chiseled from single blocks of marble for the Cæsars, which are now in the Vatican gallery in Rome, might claim more value. Nearly every door in the apartment has a flower panel painted by Monet.

Fortunately, the son, who is the present head of the International firm bearing the Durand-Ruel name, maintains his father's apartment, and opens it as a museum



The Dancer — Degas

to the public many months each year. The senior Durand-Ruel gambled well with the young Impressionists. He must have found them very costly to begin with, but his return was eventually complete for, by 1890, he had succeeded in making the Impressionists known far and wide, and the patrons were innumerable. Today, the house of M. Durand-Ruel is not only one of the most reputable in the art world, but one of the richest. A vast fortune has been built up from the work of the Impressionists, and it must be said to the credit of the firm that a magnificent generosity toward the painters has ever been maintained.

Monet lived the last years of his life on a beautiful small estate at Giverny, down the Seine some thirty miles from Paris, a lovely spot of sunshine and beautiful growth. Around it French and American Impressionists have hovered. The notable French school considered it practically their official home, and the American school of Impressionists have had representatives in near-by villas, one after another, for some thirty years or more. In 1910, it was definitely known as the school of Giverny with such distinguished American plein air painters as Frederick Frieseke, Richard Miller, and Karl Albert Buehr as members of the group.

At Giverny, Monet did the last and most glorious of his pictures. His garden grew down as far as the bank of the river, where a little bayou came in, forming a lily-pond of considerable dimensions. This was somewhat landscaped; a bridge was built across it in Japanese fashion. Weeping willows and birches were urged to grow around it, and it became an exquisite spot of silvery green lines, yellow, lavender, and white blossoms, and beautiful effects of water reflections, fragrance, and gentle sunshine. Monet maintained his fine vigor through his life, but after he had reached the age of sixty-eight, he suffered from a nervous malady which made him more irascible than genial, and we find him living practically alone those last ten years in this garden. But even at this advanced time in his life, he put into practice every theory that he had ever learned, and we suppose that no spot on earth has been so immortalized by a painter as this lily pond of Monet's. Every phase of light, every mood of nature, as the hours of the day and the seasons of the year slip by, are recorded through the impressionistic color and the beautiful sense of atmospheric envelopment *(plein air)* of which Monet was supreme master. These paintings are now in the possession of the French government and will hang permanently in the Monet museum when it really comes into being. It will be a museum planned as a separate unit, a small, perfect expression of the man and his art, just as the Rodin museum is today an expression of the great French sculptor and presents a survey of his entire art output.

During the summer of 1929, the Monet lily-pond pictures were shown in the Orangerie, off the Place de la Concorde in the gardens of the Tuileries. Even in these days of Post-Impressionism, the interest aroused by this exhibition was tremendous. Thousands upon thousands of people flocked to it, and delighted anew in the genius of this man. Now what is it that makes the art of Monet what it is? What was it that made valuable every picture that came from his prolific brush through sixty-one years of industrious painting? Few of Monet's pictures have unusual design, and many are hardly acceptable as compositions. The very fact that we can scarcely find any which are good in photographic reproduction is one of the strongest proofs that outline, drawing, form, and composition, or any of the departments of photography, had little or no interest for Monet. Color was his theme and his success was ever through his schemes of color. There isn't a black spot or a colorless touch in a Monet canvas. Every inch of it melts and flows in beautiful pure color, generally in a very high key. When he was living at the Durand-Ruel apartment, he did a number of paintings of that railway station with its arched shed and the puffs of steam and smoke. They are stirring pictures of light and air in motion. The steam engines, the trains of cars, even the people rushing back and forth, are only accessories to the theme. Even they are rainbow pictures of light shot through heavy air.

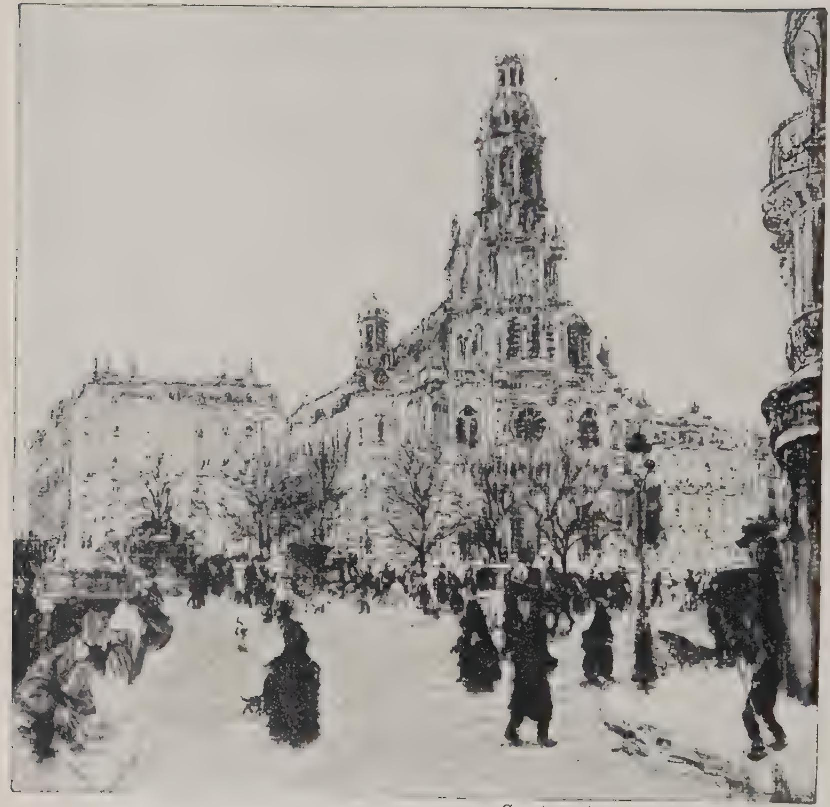
His first greatly successful series was of cathedrals, chiefly of the elaborate lace-like façade of the Cathedral of

Rouen, painted in silhouette against the early morning yellow sky, seen at noon with the glare of the white sun beating all about it, with the golden rays of the later afternoon sun shining strong upon it, the twilight welling up with lavender evening shadows from the narrow streets around it, and even in the quiet calm of cool moonlight sending little silvery rays through its lacy trellises, and with people carrying lanterns, moving quickly up and down the square, and lights shining from near-by windows. None of it is photographically done, not one stroke being architecturally explicit, and yet it is the living mass of the Cathedral with all its eloquent glory and the jewel-like facets of its thousands of sculptured surfaces sending little rays of light back to us through the vision of color that Monet had mastered so perfectly.

Another series was done in London. Monet loved the Thames quite as much as he did the Seine, and he found in London a richness of atmospheric development that the valley of the Seine had not. He gloried in the towers of Parliament, Westminster and Waterloo Bridges coming out of the morning mist or looming through a London fog.

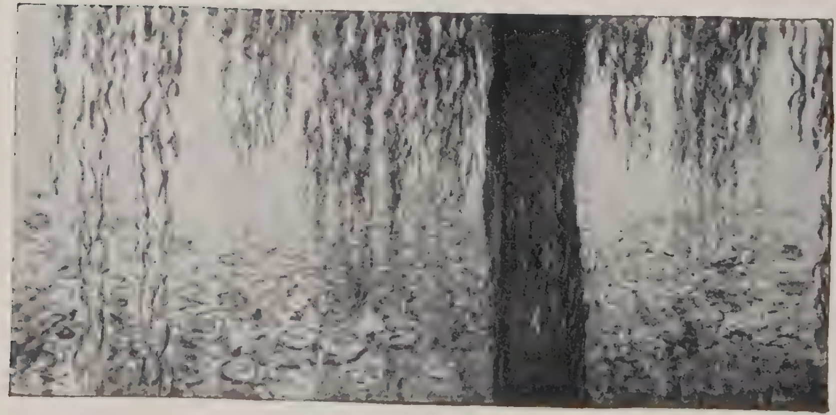
There are wonderful Monets to be seen in the United States. In the city of Los Angeles, in the museum of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco, in the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, in the St. Louis, Detroit, Cleveland, and Buffalo museums, as well as in the greater museums of Chicago and New York. But nowhere can Monet be better studied, not even in France, than in the Potter Palmer collection and the Martin Ryerson collection in Chicago.

The three of the *Thames at London* series in the Martin Ryerson collection are explanatory of Monet's whole art series. Seen together as they are, we instantly know what above all else moved this painter and delighted his vision. Glancing quickly from one to the other, we become more and more conscious of atmosphere. There are bridges, there is Westminster Tower, Parliament Tower, rising up from the mist. People in omnibuses surge across the bridge; barges move up and down the river. But all these things are insignificant. The great impression is one of air, moving in various degrees of thickness between us and these



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

Place de la Trinité, Paris.—Raffaelli



The Water Lilies.—Monet

objects. We see that one picture, evidently of early morning, is all in cool, soft blue, with little coral-like high lights on all the objects being touched by the slanting rays of the new sun. Another is entirely lavender and yellow. The sky sends its yellow afternoon glory over the scene. Thick mists prevent its coming through but there, indefinitely silhouetted, are bridges and towers and reflecting waters, all in lavender shadows. Another with green as the chief note gives us the color of deep waters rushing quickly beneath bridges and the city rising from the river banks, delicately rose against a greenish blue sky.

Whether he was painting the coast or the forest, the city or the mountain stillness, Monet was ever, ever interested in the one subject, air and light as it is revealed to us through color. Ah, but one might ask, are not these subjects and was not this theme old to the brush of Turner? Not exactly, for Turner saw everything in line first. His clouds and mists, forests and waves, are first of all confined within definite areas of the canvas. It is fluid and dynamic, and there is an abundance of color and light, not always well observed and never scientifically understood color, but the shadows are far from Impressionism. Turner caught a great impression always but it was evolved from his own mind more than from observation. The Impressionist school is never for one moment a school of imaginative painters. They paint what they see and only what they see. What distinguishes it above all else is that they refused to see the thousands of little nothings that have bothered all the painters from the beginning of objective painting. Inasmuch as their medium was color and the one message they could give to the world that no others could was color, they saw to it that every idea they presented was one pertaining to color, and that form and design and all the rest which might belong to mechanics or other art forms bothered them not.

There is never in Turner that "plan of sun and shadow, all the wandering reflections in their network, and the variations of the season, of the hour, and of the second, impressed by the passing of the wind, or the interposition of a cloud, sweep over the surface of the object a thousand changing and mobile tones which turn the husk of the world into a vast moving drama. The shadow itself is light, transparent, airy, and the colors of the prism according to the thousand tones standing next to one another, and according to the angle of the light, are decomposed in the shadow and transmuted there into gamuts of ever subtler shades which no one had ever observed before,'' as told us by Dr. Elie Faure in his ''Modern Art.''

Monet did winter as well as spring, summer, and autumn. An old haystack, rotted in the wind and rain and seasons, stands in a winter snowdrift, purple against a yellow glint in a hazy winter sky. Ice clogging the river under a traffic bridge of indifferent architecture, was one of the subjects which engaged his attention. We almost always think of Monet as the one Impressionist who painted silent places. Pissarro and Sisley were much more interested in applying these same theories to rivers choked with traffic, bridges teaming with life, factory chimneys belching forth smoke. Sisley loved the gay spots with bathers and white sails. He was the summertime painter of the three. But somehow neither of these men nor any of their many, many followers have ever reached the profundity of light and color that Monet did. What has been said of method and principle in general applies to them. They are outdoor, *plein air* paintings. Their chief successors are Henri Martin and J. F. Raffaelli. Both these men were the big prize winners in 1910, although both had made their first reputations in the 1890's.

Martin has used pointillism with great fervor and does more pictures of the grand type, drawing with a greater decorative feeling and more objective reality. He has even carried the practice of pointillism into mural decoration which seems at the outset to be almost impossible to attain. The only answer is that he has enough of the knowledge of the art of Giotto and the art of Puvis de Chavannes to insure his not going entirely a cropper. In fact, he is a very happy combination of Sisley and Puvis de Chavannes, if two such diametrically opposed artists could be happily combined in one individual. Sometimes you do wish that Martin would paint more flatly and easily, or again you wish that he wouldn't try so hard to make grand subjects, that he would be content just to paint the atmosphere rustling through the woods or hovering over the mountains which he does paint so splendidly, rather than to put the white-clothed figures symbolic of the various phases of music winging their way down through the tree trunks to play their lyres at the Temple of Apollo, or to place either side of the majestic mountains the guardians of peace and plenty. Martin is the only painter of importance in France who has employed the Impressionist method and theory in the exploitation of the grandiose. Even when he does rustic villages with their church spires, lovely surrounding meadows and clumps of age-old trees, he gives them an air of importance that is a bit out of key with Impressionism in its most sincere purposes.

Raffaelli* is of a different type. He is essentially a draughtsman, drawing, with great deftness and dash, the buildings and traffic of Paris. Street life is almost entirely his theme. He has sometimes done Notre Dame from down the river or up the river, but there are people along the embankment, boats on the river, booksellers arranging their stalls, omnibuses trundling across the bridges. Raffaelli always caught the living impression. He dealt shortly with each subject that he touched, explaining nothing much about it—merely saying that it was there. He had done lithographs and etchings, the former with great success, adding color to each. His color etchings are among the most successful in the market. He always applies the color at the end of his process whether it be drawing as a foundation for painting or for printing. Few of his paintings were done with paint and brushes. He was the inventor of an oil stick, a combination of oil paint and wax put up in a form twice the size of an ordinary pencil. This may be applied to the canvas with great directness and precision. It does not flow or run, but would naturally become hard and mechanical in the hands of any but an impressionistic painter.

Frank Rutter, a present day English writer, in his admirable study of modern painting, calls Impressionism the last great departure from classicism, and our comparison of David and Monet shows our sympathy with this viewpoint. He summarizes Impressionism thus, "Greek art, like Greek religion, was finite and definite. Impressionism is indefinite and infinite." Through the very indefiniteness of impressionistic painting do we feel infinity.

---

*See page 440.

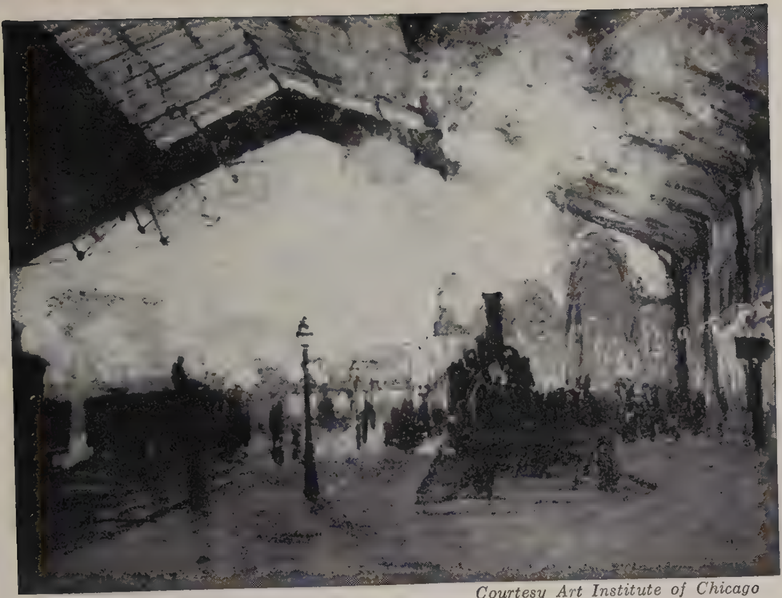
Manet* brought as great a departure to the portraiture of his moment as Monet had to landscape painting. But Manet based his findings of Impressionism very considerably upon the art of portrait painting as it had been practiced in Spain. Manet was a special devotee of Goya and, like him, endeavored for characterization even to the point of caricature. In our study of Goya, we considered his famous painting of the *Maja nude,* which is in the Prado gallery, and likened it to the Manet *Olympia* which is in the Louvre.

Manet was the first Frenchman who had the courage to paint one thin flat tone over another, filling the entire area of the essential spaces of his picture to raise or lower the tone a slight bit. Manet had the fine ability to see the refinements rather than the extravagances of color relationships. He was able to reveal the essence of what he saw without ever becoming verbose or aggressive. He could be astoundingly dominant in his realism if he so wished, but fortunately he did not wish to be so very often. Manet doubtless influenced James McNeill Whistler. He also greatly influenced the contemporary Spanish master, Zuloaga. In fact, Manet learned no more from the Spaniard, Goya, than Zuloaga took back for Spain from Manet. A comparison of the pictures by these three men, here reproduced, is convincing enough of this.

Manet was eight years Monet's senior. As a youth he was precocious in drawing, was given a staunch education in a Paris monastery, and when sixteen years old, was sent on a sailing ship to Rio de Janeiro. This journey took him three years. He came back and went into Couture's studio where he showed his great independence, just as Monet had. He did not stay there long for he had the wanderlust. He went pretty much all over Europe, making his way as he went and finding himself supremely happy in Spain. When thirty-four years of age, he decided to devote himself ex-

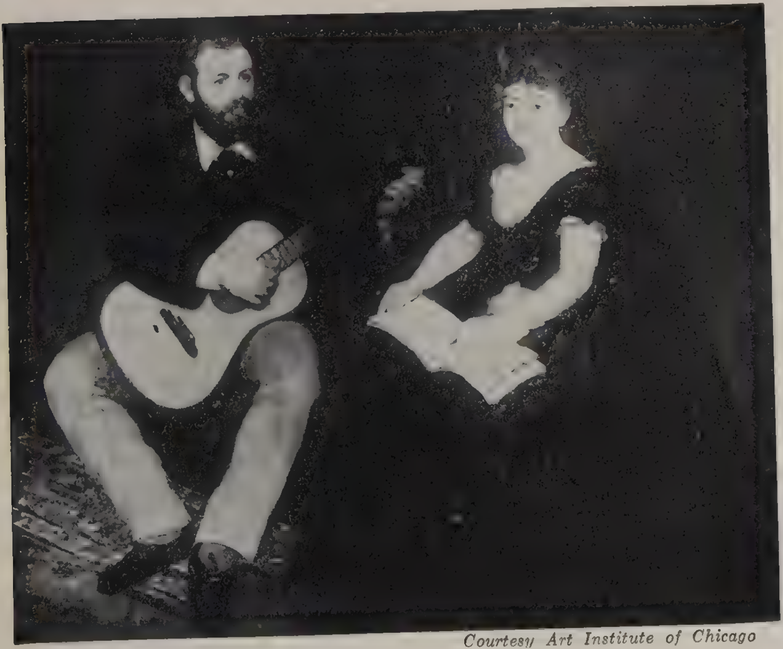
---

*See pages 445, 451, 452.



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

St. Lazare Station, Paris.—Monet



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

The Music Lesson.—Manet

clusively to the Spanish influence and made many study copies of the Spanish masters in the Louvre. His famous *Absinthe Drinker, The Old Musician,* and *Spaniard Playing the Guitar* were the result of this enterprise. The last was displayed in the Salon and excited much adverse comment. Strange to say, Delacroix openly defended him and from that time on, his progress was easier. He was called brutal, crude, colorless, uninteresting.

Then came the famous rejection in 1862 of his *Breakfast on the Grass,* today considered one of the world's great masterpieces. When the jury refused this, many others were also rejected, including Whistler, Jongkind, Legros, and Fantin Latour. They formed the now famous Exhibition of the Rejected. It was opened in a mere shelter along the riverbank, and thousands came to scoff but hundreds remained to admire. Not all were convinced. The following year M. Martinet lent an exhibition room to Manet and he showed fourteen paintings. In 1865, when but thirty-three years of age, he was represented at the Salon by his *Olympia* and *Christ Reviled by the Soldiers,* which is at the Art Institute of Chicago. After this, there followed a great array of magnificent pictures. Many people today feel that the masterpiece of the Metropolitan museum is Manet's *Boy with the Sword.*

Because of the staunch quality and the restraint in Manet's pictures, they give an added pleasure to cultivated people every time they are beheld. No one can imagine more subtlety than Manet feels between the tone values of his pictures. *The Balcony* is a very eloquent statement of a quiet, calm mind viewing with penetrating vision people in elegant and smartly fashioned costumes seated upon a balcony under the light of the open sky. *The Boy with a Sword* shows a boy ten years old holding a scabbard filled with its sword, and dangling buckler. The weight of the weapon is heavy in the lad's arms. He is trudging across the picture but looks straight at us with dark, deep-set eyes. It is manly and yet boyish, lifelike without being romantic. The quality of the flesh tones, the light linen collar that lies over his dark jacket, the sturdy, well placed feet in their cumbersome boyish shoes, the gray floor, darker gray background, no accessories, no adornment, simplification and essential truth, a magnificent impression.

One of his first picture sensations was *Breakfast on the Grass.* Artists in velvet coats are seated upon the green of a beautifully kept lawn. Rich trees hang their luxurious branches overhead. A cloth has been spread with the articles for an outdoor meal. The sketching paraphernalia of the artists is strewn about. A nude model who has doubtless been posing for these artists is seated with them, enjoying the repast. This is a large canvas, the figures being almost life size. The contrast between the flesh tones in outdoor light, the dark green of grass and trees, the black of the velvet jackets, and the dazzling white of the cloth are stunningly revealed. Once seen, this picture will never be forgotten, it is so vibrant. Of course, the discussion which it aroused had largely to do with the subject rather than its treatment. The impropriety of painting a nude female figure in the same composition with clothed male figures seemed a bit of a shock even to blasé Paris. However, the subject is perfectly reasonable and far from sensational, except that the startling contrast of values and colors is amazingly vivifying. It is a very beautiful canvas telling a story that cannot be told in words, that is wholly a message of paint. Goya would doubtless have been most envious of this great canvas.

Simultaneously there appeared *Christ Reviled by the Soldiers* and again the criticism was rampant. This painting does not have the cool ivory flesh tones and the rich play of blacks which either the *Olympia* or *Breakfast on the Grass* have. This picture is in yellow analogy, all the bluish tones are green, all the reddish tones orange, and the whites are of a distinctly yellowish cast, while shadows all run to brown. This picture is unconventional in its arrangement to the last degree. Christ is seated amidst jeering men of low type. His hands are bound; he has been stripped of his clothing. His imprisonment is completely expressed. With a blank expression he looks out toward us and does not hear the men who ply him with sneering questions. Where is this Master? How about his divinity now? Manet gives us the pitiful hopelessness of his bodily submission to this outrage. The weight of the cross is already evident upon him. There it is, this monstrous cross, not an actual object of the picture, but the arms and legs, the positions of heads and hands in the composition, make crisscross lines over the picture. The eye moves in no rhythmic sequence as it gazes upon this revelation but clashes with the opposing powers crying for dominance. The eye is led by straight lines constantly opposing each other, constantly clashing like crossed swords. Even the color, entirely suggestive of soiled yellow, is symbolic of the meanness of this hour of betrayal. How real it is in comparison to the theatrical heavenly visaged and royally be-haloed Christs of the romantic French and German schools. This is not a sweet, ethereal Christ imbued with a supernatural power. It is the misunderstood Christ, the Christ of momentary defeat. Yet it does not take a romantic outlook to see how wonderfully Manet has given the consciousness of a superior being surrounded by the meanest of the earth.

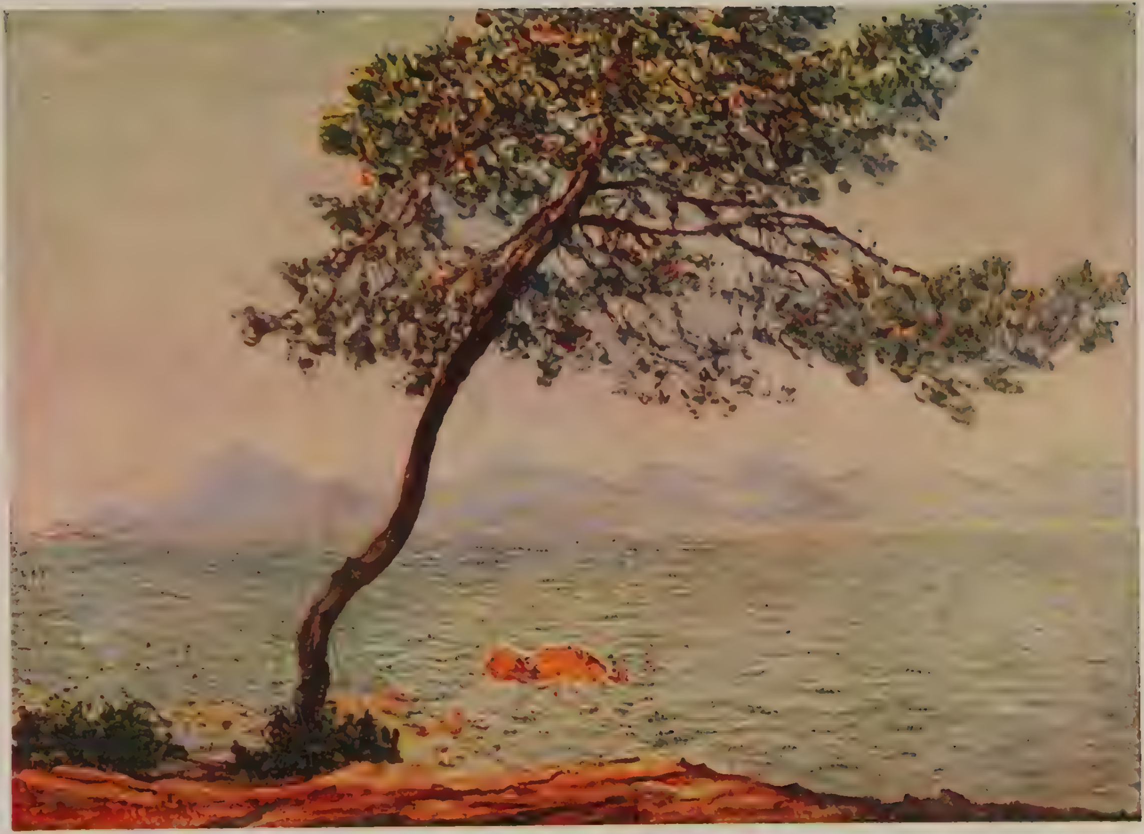
A description of Manet's canvases could fill books, but one or two pictures beheld with seeing eyes give him an indelible place on the pages of art which all the words in the world could not equal. Other men of this period are really insignificant with the exception of Auguste Renoir and Degas.

Auguste Renoir* became sooner or later the idol of lovers of Impressionism. He is as unlike Manet as two painters aiming for the same goal could possibly be. He has no place in the world of tonal painting, but has an elevated position wherever painting is considered primarily as the manipulation of color. Renoir was never interested in the large composition as was Manet, neither was he a bit particular about simplification. He had a color comprehension of every surface he touched and every object he saw, which makes his subjects, generally women and girls, live through a new color sense that was never before placed within the realm of pictures. Renoir worked for a roundness that none of the rest even saw; heads, arms, figures, hands, stand forth in a new sort of illumination.

There is a transparent, almost iridescent quality to the

---

*See page 451.



Pine Tree, Cape of Antibes.—Monet

flesh Renoir painted. Sometimes it is so lacking in construction and anatomy that necks, arms, shoulders, and even bodies seem literally to be blown up like rubber balloons. When looking at Renoir's pictures, we must simply forget the grammar of painting. We must neither look for standardized composition nor anatomical reality. His happiest medium was pastel and this itself is neither over-serious nor academically proficient. It gave him a joyous outlet for his chiefest emotion, the love of color, one color stroked over another without any obliteration of the first, and in a single spot of the picture a dozen or more colors showing through. Renoir was the first to discover that a daub of blue could indicate a whole eye socket and a touch of vermilion under the nose, back of the ear, or in the corner of the eye, could make the whole head seem to surge with blood and life. If the Impressionist contribution was chiefly color, Renoir was its greatest contributor. Flowerlike youth always came forth from his color; the fragrance and charm of childhood just grown into womanhood comes from each of his pictures of girls or young women.

The great devotees of Renoir would call us positively sacrilegious when we make the bold assertion that Renoir was the master scribbler of his century. There is a sketchy, unfinished freedom to every one of his studies, always a tingling sense of life which quite overshadows his sense of art. He is not to be considered just an emotional painter, for like all the Impressionists, he thought out his program with considerable intelligence. But none of them reveal the sensitive, subtly tuned consciousness of beauty that Renoir felt when he approached each subject.

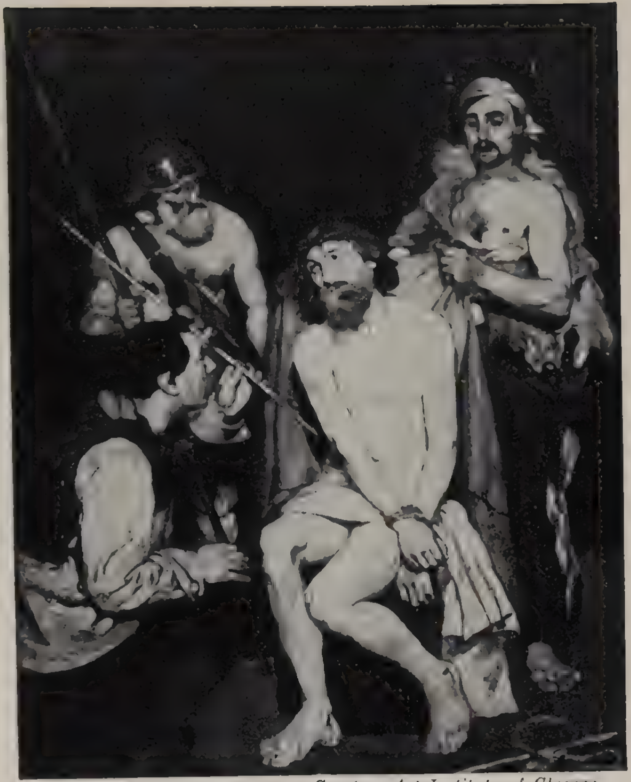
His paintings of the nude may outlive all of his others, but not a nude figure that he painted was beautiful in itself nor ideal in any proportion. In fact, most of them were fat, awkward and generally very uncomfortably posed, but the very shapes expressed precisely the emotion which inspired him to paint those particular women. Curves of line, curves of color, round and abundant, marked his every creation. Through it he certainly does seduce the eye. We find ourselves literally trembling with anticipation as we look from one lovely color to another. The forms may not attract us, but the color is ever fascinating. It is hard to give Renoir his full, true place with these other men. He is the most French of them all. His art simply could never have come from any other race. At times it approaches vulgarity, but always stops short of it. It ever has an indefinable taste, an exquisite sensuousness. Too much of it would be annoying. You wonder how the man himself could go on forever and ever drawing hands that were as boneless as limp gloves, heads that did not fasten to bodies, garments that failed to fit their wearers, but making you love every stroke that he painted, every passage of lovely warm color that holds the eye spellbound, whether or not the brain recognizes qualities.

The last giant of this group was Hilaire Germain Edgar Degas.* He was a bit older than Renoir and Pissarro, but he did not come into his full glory until long after their triumphs. His place is that of the painter of the race track and the back-stage scenes at the opera. He was a sportsman by nature and loved the sporting life of Paris. He did not paint the gay outward appearance of the theater of French life, but painted the drudgery, the sordidness, the disappointments behind the scenes. Even his race-track scenes arouse a pang of pity for the jockeys or the horses, or even the bettors. His ballet girls do not dance as happy nymphs but as hard-working women who have put themselves to the toil and torture of endless years of training to be able, through the physical technique of muscular exercise, to make light the hearts of those who sit on the other side of the footlights. Degas was also a pastellist. He did some magnificent paintings in oil, but especially in painting the ballet; pastel was his happiest medium. The chief note of color that distinguished him was black. None of the other Impressionists used black except Monet, and he always with a great restraint. Degas used black as freely as any of the spectrum colors, and he delighted in its pictorial, dramatic contrast to white, ivory, pink and green.

In the very last few years we have found that Degas was a very brilliant sculptor, and there are some thirty bronzes of small dimension, ranging in subject matter from race horses on the canter to ballet girls performing the most

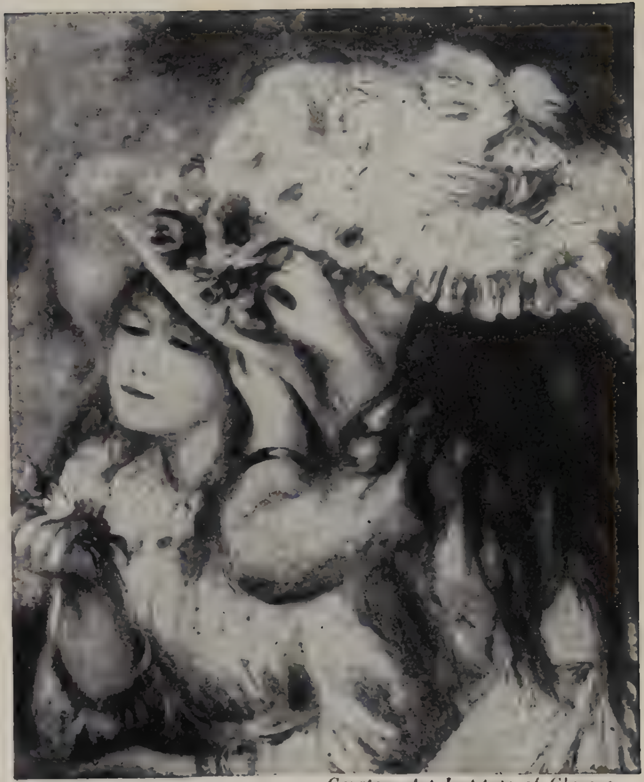
---

*See pages 433, 436.



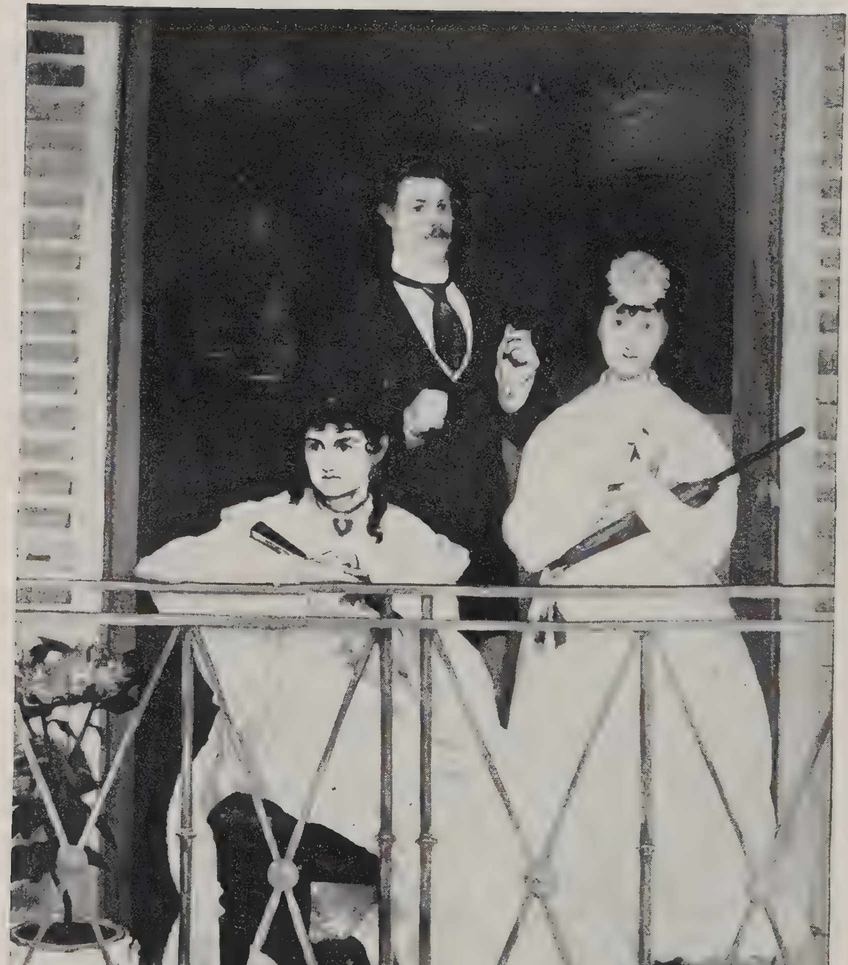
Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

CHRIST REVILED BY SOLDIERS.—MANET



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

THE FLOWER ON THE HAT.—RENOIR



THE BALCONY.—MANET

intricate number of the dance, or resting in dejection, tired and worn out. He never finished these sculptured things. The trail of his fingers through the clay is quite evident even in the bronze castings. It is good that he did not try to elaborate on his first impression. He was always satisfied in clay when he had suggested the emotion he felt in considering the phase of life before him, and oh, how that life does live! There is nothing in the whole world of sculpture more completely alive, more terse in its characterization than some of these Degas figurines.

Whether it was the irregular hours of his life or the dissipations which naturally came in the glamour of its environment, Degas' life was not always productive, for he certainly left blank periods in his record, but when he did work it was with a zeal and fire that were magnificent. When he was thirty-one his first pastel of three ballet girls in pink tulle, making their bow to the footlights, elicited an endless amount of enthusiastic comment at the Salon. Some of his pictures which followed this had little to do with the opera. There were groups of somber women; to be sure, they may have been the mothers of the ballet girls waiting to take them home. Their tight little black bonnets and fringed shawls announced persons of humble life, and they were done almost in the manner of Renoir, except that their color was never so lovely. There is a portrait of two old women in the Detroit Institute of Arts so rich in its conception, so living and teeming with the breath of life, and so spontaneous in the way it is painted that it is almost the masterpiece of this magnificent and most perfect art museum in America. There are always rich splashes of color in these most serious of Degas' canvases that positively overwhelm the observer—greens so vivid and vibrant that they seem not to be paint introduced here and there almost without reason; deep, rich reds in backgrounds and shadows, giving weight and balance to all the gay little pastel colors that he uses in the lights.

It is believed by most all the critics of today that Degas was the great man of the entire movement. Monet pulled lovely soft veils between nature and us; Degas pulled them all aside, eradicating the non-essentials, giving us the most vital characterization of the whole scene before him, whether it was a ballet rehearsal, a Grand Prix at the race track, or the table of absinthe drinkers in a low dive. Just because his ballet pictures have been the most popular and gave him his widest reputation, we must not think of Degas as anything less than the mirror in which was reflected all the phases of the gay, sportive, or sad and miserable pleasure-seeking Paris. The facets of life he revealed were no more numerous than the kinds of technique and the mediums of expression that he employed. Drawing, ink wash, pastel, oil painting, water color he tackled with equal facility. He used clay brilliantly and whittled admirably, and some of his finest works were his etchings and aquatints. Not many of them he produced, but oh, there is such a sense of life to the line and color he employed in these brilliant prints! A loose, free stroke that had no confinements at all characterized his etchings.

The Impressionist movement was not confined to this group alone—in fact, it had no confinements. One of the first to come under the spell of its elegance and to create great beauty was Mary Cassatt,* an American woman who went to Paris at the age of eighteen years and lived there throughout her life. She painted mothers and children, but with no simpering, sentimental sweetness. Her *Mother Playing with Her Child* is a highly characteristic example. She sometimes painted in a high key, being especially fond of yellow arrangements. There is one painting of a woman in a red, green and white striped dress, bending to the floor, where she is about to bathe a child in a washbowl. The child's very red legs stick out toward us. There is a queer, large white pitcher with a red rose painted on it standing at a perilous angle of foreshortening in the lower right-hand corner of the picture. Mary Cassatt brought almost the same degree of vibration and life to her pictures of women and children that Degas or Renoir had.

Paul Signac, who is today a leader among the independents in Paris, has long been distinguished as the foremost pointalist of the new century. His art is distinctly impressionistic, as it is based upon the actual observance of nature. His canvases are covered with zinc white and all the light surfaces remain white, but the half-tones are spotted with brilliant daubs of variegated color widely separated, the shadows with daubs of deeper, richer colors closer together. The effect is delightful and most expressive of the reasons for this kind of technique. Sailboats, towering white clouds, lighthouses, blue water, bridges, and river banks lined with white houses are his favorite subjects. These are especially adaptable to this colorful mosaic of half-tone and shadow on the white ground.

---

*See page 433.

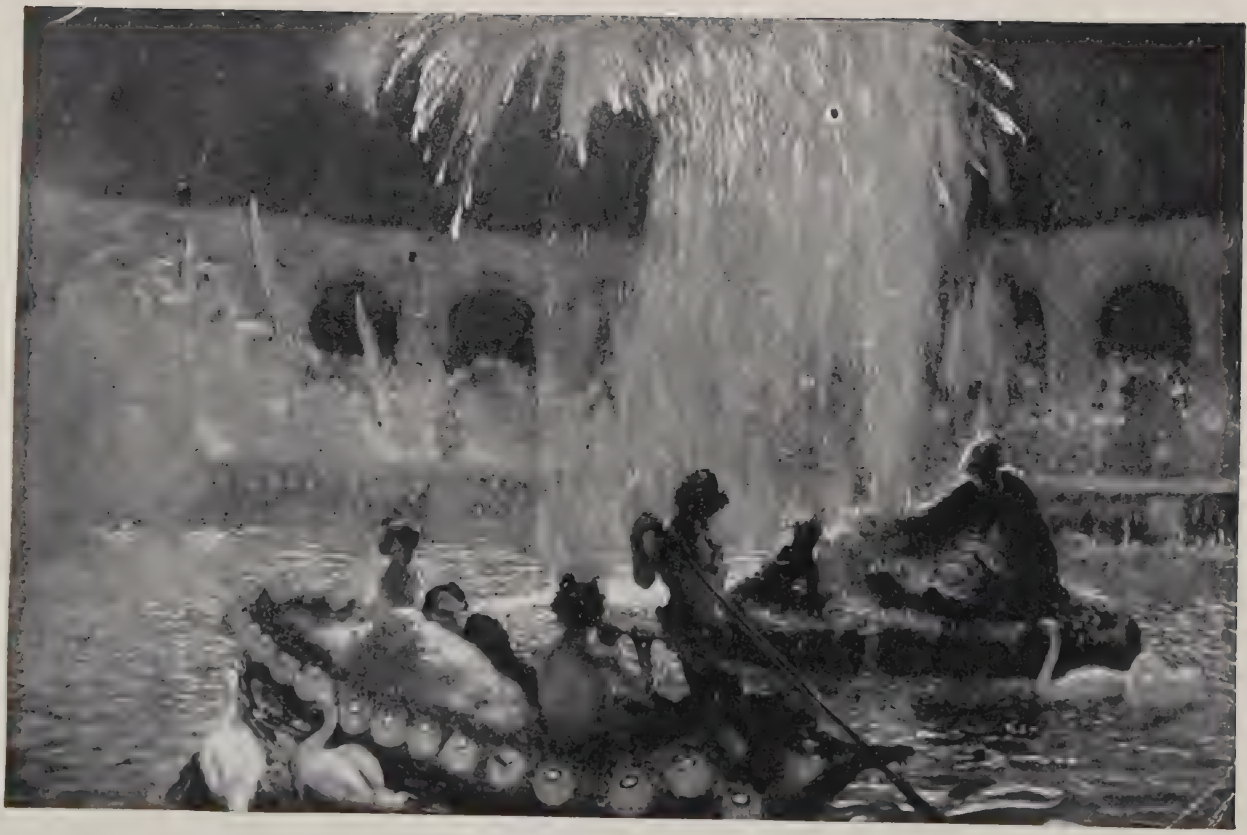
The most thoroughly impressionistic of the recent painters of France is Henri Le Sidaner, who has painted the loveliest scenes imaginable of the whole of France and Venice—street scenes and night illumination, tea tables set in the garden under the yellow glow of lamps, lights shining through windows reflecting into fountains, balconies dripping with vines in the early morning sunlight and holding vast urns of glorious pink hydrangeas, boats floating up and down the Venetian canals, with the dancing waters and the dancing lights mingled in the soft night air of midsummer.

Gaston La Touche,* one of the latest great Impressionists, delighted in the splashing, dancing fountains of Versailles and the beautiful gardens there. One of the great canvases by La Touche is called *The Fountain.* It shows the fountain of Neptune at Versailles in full display at night. A fete is going on; lights surround the lagoon; lights swing from the barges that float on the water; rockets burst over the spouting sprays of the fountains; swans come up to the barges in which poets and their lovers ride; there is music in the tingling air; distant throngs come and go under swinging lanterns that lead from the gardens. It somehow embodies the whole spirit of Paris, the play city of the world, the capital of happiness.

The Impressionistic movement has spread to every corner of the earth, and the number of Americans who have fallen under its spell are innumerable. Possibly the most outstanding, thoroughly consistent and altogether successful Impressionist of America is Childe Hassam. He paints nude figures standing against shimmering waters, proces-

---

*See page 456.



THE FOUNTAIN.—LA TOUCHE

sions moving down Fifth Avenue under billows of floating bunting, people seated against the glaring light of garden windows, tables spread with elaborate linens and silver and glass, with gold screens, rich old furniture and other extravagances completing interior schemes of composition. Childe Hassam has taken his impressionism to the coast of New England with rocks and water, tiny figures of nude bathers and distant white sails, all dancing under pointalism, the expression of vibrating light through dancing, vibrating color. It is hard to imagine any subject of beauty that could appeal to the human eye that Childe Hassam has not transcribed in some way to canvas.

The Impressionistic movement was contagious and the other arts caught it—poetry, music, sculpture, and even architecture wound up the century with bursts of it. Without its freeing effect and broadening vision the magnificent movements leading into the ''Modernism'' of the twentieth century would not have existed. It was a revitalizing potion and the Western world took a deep draught of it. But it was not just a means to an end, for in itself the world's treasury has been enriched beyond measure. It was the most brilliant art light of the fading century. Without it another dark age might have set in.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

M*USIC* by Monticelli. Before Impressionism, before Synchronism, this picture revealed the possibility of vibration and rhythm. It is obviously not a real scene but a symbolic interpretation of a lovely thought of life. Compare this with the stilted Realism and the lack of rhythm of the painting by Seurat on the same page. Page 425.

Sunday Afternoon on La Grande Jatte Island by Seurat, a remarkable cartoon of the age but so astonishingly painted in its comprehension of light, color and design that it is regarded as an outstanding masterpiece of the nineteenth century. The thoughtfulness of the placement of every item of the picture is beyond contention. Page 425.

Baignade by Seurat. The juxtaposed spots of paint and the luminous quality of the color are more evident in this Seurat than in the other. Forms are not done to be anatomical or characterful but to contribute form and design to the composition. Page 429.

Danseuses by Degas. The lines of this picture are almost meaningless without its color. No one ever understood the eloquence of pastel color as did Degas. Page 433.

Mother Playing with Her Child by Mary Cassatt. The first American woman who succeeded in mastering the shorthand of Impressionism. This picture is true and appealing without being sweet and sentimental. Page 433.

The Dancer by Degas, another pastel wonderment by this French master of the 1880's. No one before him produced so much action with such ease and simplicity. Page 436.

Place de la Trinité, Paris by Raffaelli, Impressionism carried into line as well as tone, the living movement of masses of people and the vibration of air between us and distant buildings admirably revealed. Page 440.

The Water Lilies by Claude Monet. One of the last paintings by this father of Impressionism. Without saying much, how remarkably he suggested the living branch, the moving water, the dance of the water flower, and the strength of the tree trunk. Unconventional in composition, undefined in pattern, yet a masterpiece of painting. Page 440.

St. Lazare Station, Paris by Claude Monet, the first interpretation of a highly ugly subject in thoroughly beautiful terms. Even the masses of dark seem to vibrate light and the lights positively dazzle. Movement is everywhere; activity becomes the theme of painting. Page 445.

The Music Lesson by Manet, a daring arrangement of the beautiful qualities and the awkward incidents of the pose. No one before Manet had dared to paint people so boldly. Page 445.

Pine Tree, Cape of Antibes by Monet. Monet did for the landscape what Manet did for figures. Monet, however, was a colorist while Manet was a tonalist. No picture before this one revealed the vibration of light and air to any such degree. The color even in our printed reproduction sings with splendor. Page 448.

Jesus Reviled by the Soldiers by Manet. The crisscross lines of arms, legs and heads placed in awkward arrangements helps to express the mental anguish and discord of this subject. Manet worked not for beauty, but for life and truth. Page 451.

The Flower on the Hat by Renoir. Moving, varying shapes of color almost without outline and void of anatomical consideration chiefly distinguish the pictures by Renoir. Page 451.

The Balcony by Manet, one of his earlier but most characteristic subjects, Realism without poetry, strength with a minimum of delicacy. In composition could one thing be changed? Page 452.

The Fountain by Gaston LaTouche. Motion and mood are the keynotes of this picture. It is embodiment of gayety, love and recreation. One of the handsomest nocturnes ever painted. Page 456.

CÉZANNE, VAN GOGH, GAUGUIN

XII

JUST as the bud is well formed before the old leaf is pushed off, so the freedom of twentieth century art, apace with the growth of science, stirred with the new life of material mastery and the elimination of time and space, was patterned a good quarter-century before the robes of the nineteenth century were discarded. Even when the Barbizon school was at its height the Impressionists came into being, and before the Impressionists had reached their full eloquence the Post-Impressionists were at work. Impressionism was the great contribution of the century, and with its fulfillment the growing, blossoming art of one hundred and fifty years came to its fruition, but as art is always progressive and as no artist may be a plagiarist or an imitator, so Impressionism was not final. By the time Monet's teachings and principles were well understood there arose students who saw farther, or at least refused to follow the prescribed methods of the new masters.

The one of all others who was destined to be an Impressionist but found himself beyond Impressionism almost before he had started, was Paul Cézanne.* He eventually became the most isolated of the Independents, and with him individuality in art got a strong foothold almost to the total defeat of "schools" of art. Even to the last hour of the century the right of his independence was not entirely acknowledged, but by 1901 we find Cézanne thrilling the art world with a kind of painting and a sweep of vision that have since not only revolutionized painting but made all young thinkers courageous in standing for their self-found principles. Cézanne had been associated in his younger student days with Monet, and he doubtless learned everything that Monet and the Impressionists as a whole had to teach. His earliest pictures are done in juxtaposition and with apparent effort to make shadows as luminous in color vibration as lights. Cézanne's first landscapes are as formless in their design and as lacking in realistic texture as any the Impressionists produced.

---

*See pages 465, 475.

Cézanne exhibited first with the Impressionist group in 1874, but soon after that he found that the stylizations and the highly formulated mannerisms of painting as advocated by the Impressionists were not to his liking. He somehow became subtly conscious of a glory in paint not otherwise comprehended. He was not radical in his innovation and at first not altogether sure what were the superior qualities of his discoveries.

Small and wholly insignificant are his first independent paintings. There was a marked increase of design; sharper edges surrounded trees and roofs, meadows and people, and a flatness of stroke, dragged along the canvas without much concern as to how it mixed or did not mix with the stroke that had already been applied, characterized his early painting. In studying the earliest Cézannes we become aware that the work of the Impressionists was full of tricks which Cézanne ignored. He painted, as far as the technique of the thing was concerned, more like someone desirous of covering a surface with paint. He dragged it along with a nice full brush. Then he began making that brush do very interesting things. You feel the turn of the wrist, the squashing of the brush hard upon the canvas, the lifting of it, until only a rich line brought a termination to the stroke. And he was not one bit afraid of his color. Strong blues and yellows, ruddy reds and browns, deep black greens and luminous greens were placed where they were needed with absolute precision and a fine understanding of their values.

Even with their new spirit of life, their color magnificent, and their freedom of method, these early landscapes of Cézanne's have a marked dignity. He was no more concerned with the leaves as leaves, wrinkles in draperies, shingles upon roofs, or highlights in human eyes than the Impressionists had been. But as we observe the consecutive passages of his canvases we feel that he saw all more clearly and knew what he was doing with a keener understanding than any of his confreres. The placing of oil paint upon canvas is a performance as distinctive from other art forms as the playing of a cello is distinctive from any other music activity. In other words, oil painting is the playing of an instrument, and Cézanne enjoyed making its music better than any painter before him.

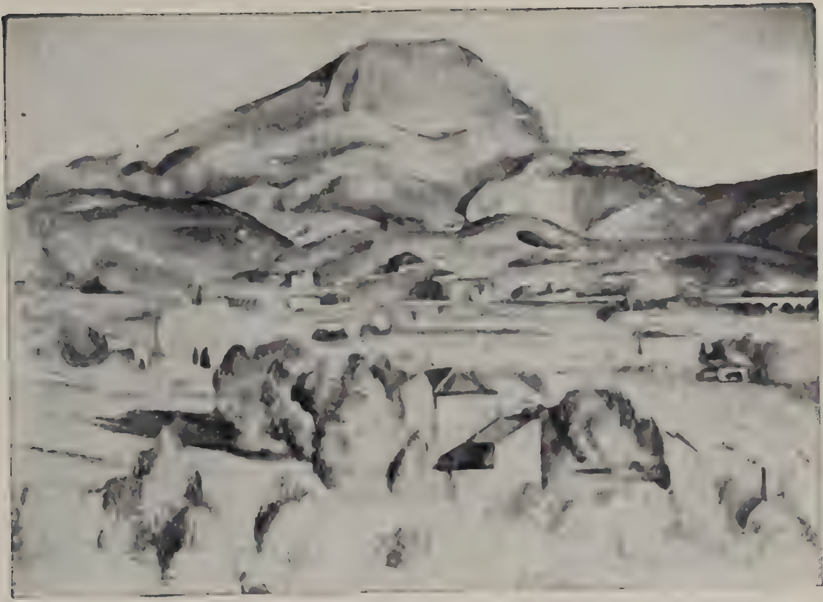
The enthusiasts for this man's art go as far as to say that as a master he is the next greatest to Rembrandt, and that no two other masters have ever understood the joy of paint the way these two widely divergent painters did. A comparison of them seems not only unnecessary but a little hopeless, for while both may have approached their separate problems with similar profundity, these problems were in no way similar. Rembrandt lived in a world far separated from the world in which Cézanne lived. Rembrandt was stirred with the passion to reveal the struggle and the pain, the life and the death of human beings. Cézanne was moved with the passion to reveal the earth upon which man lives with an understood relationship between man and his surroundings, sky and sea, mountain and tree, meadowland and village. He takes us by the hand and leads us into the open, saying, "There! Behold it as it really is. You have looked with unseeing eyes; now you perceive the truth. The world is not as you thought it; I have discovered the key and my mission is to open the door and invite you to step through." Of course, he did things such as still life, room interiors and people's heads, and they were people's heads rather than portraits. Never once did he try to extol or glorify a subject; never once did he choose a viewpoint that revealed him a romancer.

One writer has said that none of his subjects were more interesting than a barnyard. Certainly the clumsy buildings, the cloudless skies, the dead-looking lakes, the unbeautiful and overly red factory chimneys standing about, or the few pieces of inferior fruit placed upon a table with an old brown empty bottle, or the clumsy personage of a laborer resting against wall and table in a dingy café, do not enamor us as subject matter. Even when he did the panorama of a medieval village or the checker-like meadows of a springtime valley seen from a near-by hill, we are not moved with elation over the story he has told. We are not filled with the wanderlust; no desire is prompted to see them in reality. Most of the landscape painters of the Romantic school and even many of the Impressionists make us tingle with eagerness to be on our way to behold such glorious spots for ourselves. Cézanne simply says, "You are all fooled. The charm and the loveliness, the sweetness and all the prettiness which you think are there do not exist, but there is in the organization of all the material that comes within the range of the human eye, in any spot upon this earth, such profoundly fine things to see that I want you to behold them as they truly are."

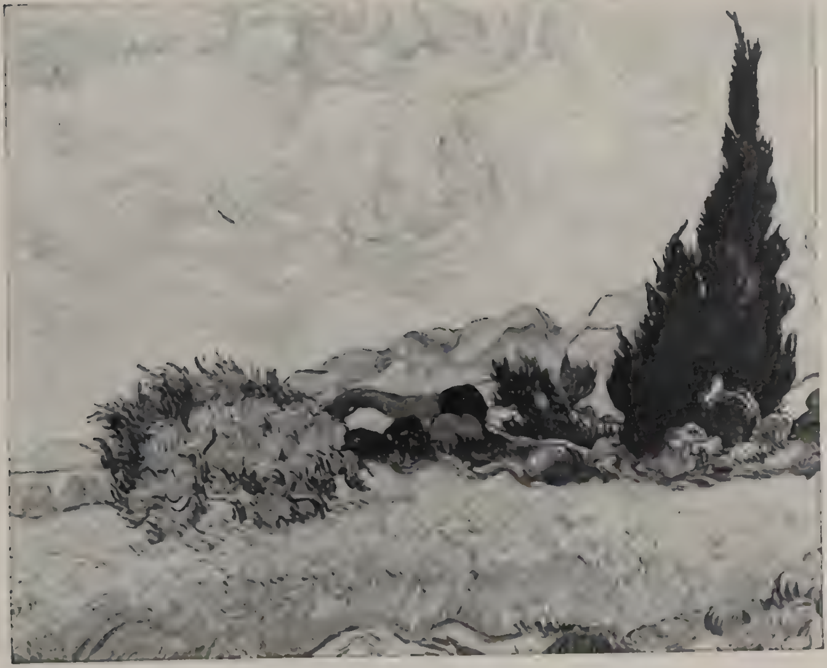
The difference between Cézanne's paintings and those of his contemporaries is just the difference between a magnificent, stanch, well-set, plain-spoken, forceful woman, adorned in sensible, reasonable garments which she has not chosen to especially beautify her but merely to clothe her, and a woman who has become self-conscious, who has been told again and again that she is lovely, who adorns herself with garments designed to add more charm, extra touches of prettiness, whether there is sense or reason in the choice, and in addition to this has applied cosmetics and artificial tricks until the natural woman has been obliterated and the truth of her cannot be found. Much Impressionism was quite definitely exclusively feminine. Cézanne's painting was frankly masculine without apology. There are, however, subtle, beautiful passages, and the longer one beholds his art the surer one is that he found the truth of beauty unadorned. Casually to glimpse a pretty portrait is reward enough; looking at it long, we become annoyed. To look at a profoundly successful characterization through the eyes of a master portraitist we are stirred, but once we know it we remember it always and additional pleasure is given with renewed acquaintance. But to look at a Cézanne painting of a human being, our attention is held and we look longer and longer, deeper and deeper, into the beauty of the composition. The measure of each color from edge to edge of the canvas, his consideration of the background, and all of its values as enchantments to the countenance are completely revealing. Nothing more in a deliberate, well-chosen statement could be uttered than Cézanne makes in presenting a character to us through his painting.

What matters it if a man paints a basket of apples? How could such a telling add pleasure or give anything to another's life? But a still life by Cézanne does seem a very important thing to have done and it gives us a pleasure to behold it, even in the photographic reproduction, that is hard for us to explain. To see Cézanne in black and white gives us much more than to see the Impressionists in black and white, for he has a solidity, pattern and design, while the others have only color. But one must never be satisfied with his knowledge of this painter until he has seen him in the full, rich, impossible to interpret color of the original painting. Even the finest color reproduction cannot tell the whole story.

While his pictures have structure and order beyond anything of his era, color is their great message, but who can question the importance of this painter with nothing more to look on than the black and white reproduction of the *Basket of Apples?* Why, the fruit is there. He has understood its form; he has felt its visual relationship to the basket and the table and the surroundings in general. He has made it a living entity far beyond any photographic possibility. We do not feel inclined to go and pick the fruit out of the picture; there is no such mock imitation as that. We do not rave about any portion of the design or any texture that he has imitated. We have no desire to disturb his arrangement in any way or to look at it very long as a thing of beauty, but as a work of art we never cease in wonderment of it. How he could have taken such uninteresting material and arranged its lights and shades, its cool and warm colors, its masses and surroundings to fill a flat rectangle with such symphonic delight, we cannot understand. It is so fraught with the truth and so wonderful in its understanding that we never, never forget it. It makes almost all other still life seem cheap and silly. It would be an exceptional gallery visitor who would pick out a painting of Cézanne's on the first visit to a general collection. People sometimes go many, many times before they even discover that Cézannes are there, but after they have been found every succeeding viewing reveals greater force, truth and charm. A little landscape by Cézanne, unpre-



Mont Sainte Victoire.—Cézanne



Landscape with Cypress Trees.—Van Gogh

tentious and gray, on one of the large walls in the Petit Palais in Paris, makes every other painting on that wall seem utterly supercilious, and it is possibly the last picture on the wall that the first visitor would choose as a favorite. Cézanne never painted a ravishingly beautiful subject; he never found the first romantic touch, and the sentimental heart throb enters his art in no way.

Take the *Mont Sainte Victoire,* which again needs color to make its living vitality felt, but even in the black and white, what do we find? An expansive landscape capped by a rugged mountain which reaches very nearly to the top of the canvas, clumps of trees and houses dotting the meadows; in the far distance a bridge spans a stream. Flat is the plain of the valley until it reaches the very foot of the mountain; then undulating hills again, dotted with trees and houses, lead to the solid top. There is nothing sensational in light or shadow, nothing poetic or subtle in beauty, but as the eye goes from one statement of outline to another, from one dark shadow to another, we are impelled by a realization of mastery of interpretation and mastery of art organization beyond compare in all the history of landscape painting.

Could one of these shadowy accents punctuating a scene flooded in strong afternoon sunlight be improved? Could one have been stated more simply? What was it that persuaded this artist to put them down so, and so, with just the right relieving halftones placed gently but firmly near by? Why do none of these little lines—because most of the shadows are quite thin and long—go in the wrong direction? How is it there is never a clash of direction? He saw thousands of accents and ideas that he did not put in. As he watched for a single hour all of the shadow spots, even to the distant mountain, would have changed their shapes, would have come and disappeared, others continually coming into evidence. He was not obliged to put one note or one color where he did in the canvas. How did he know enough to leave the white angular end of the house in the foreground unadorned, plain and bare, standing at just the right spot in the composition? Why did he not outline it all instead of leaving the base, which is slightly masked by trees, indefinite? What prompted him to put another accent similar to the one on foreground buildings there on the top of the first foothill, so that the eye would go back those miles and rest again on the spot of relationship? How did he know that the topography of his landscape needed just those contours? Why were not the curves made more obvious? What broadened and narrowed the brush stroke to give it feeling as he drew it over an earth form? Why were not all of the rich, French trees painted luxuriously and sweetly with soft edges and modulated colors? What gave him the courage or the knowledge to put deliberate lines, sharp edges and precise darks so freely at intervals and again with such restraint?

Answer all these questions and we know what made Cézanne the great master of painting that he was. We are conscious that we are in the presence of a fine thinker, one whom we should like to sit quietly and listen to, one who had caught the measure of the fullness of life, and saw it so clearly that he could tell others about it. While beauty was never the object of his painting and his pictures ever seem dull and quite unbeautiful to begin with, the complete organization of any one presents the very subconsciousness of beauty with such overwhelming conviction that our whole standard of what is really beautiful is changed for all time. A Cézanne landscape in comparison to others of its time is as a sincere, unspectacular, beautifully presented three-act play, presided over by Minnie Maddern Fiske, compared to the ravishing extravagance of a performance of the Ziegfeld Follies.

Let us not in any way get a misconception of the way in which Cézanne did reveal the truth. Some foolish critic of the past has said that art was a mirror held up to nature, reflecting life without opinion or prejudice. None of the greatest art is this in any way. Some painters have succeeded in mirroring nature without being wholly photographic, but most of such reflection would seem obviously to be pure photography. Art has utterly nothing to do with imitation. If art is anything it must be genuine; it cannot be counterfeit, and what is imitation but counterfeit? Art is the interpretation of nature, the translation of life through man's eloquence into terms of beauty. Monotonous repetition is the slaying of art. Unrelated extravagance, overabundant expenditure, is the desecration of art. Constantly changing, subtly moving and exquisitely modulated variety plus absolute unity with the elimination of all that is unrelated really constitutes art.

That is what we find in any Cézanne painting—infinite variety but with absolute unity to the same restrained degree. We can find it in no other painting that has been done so far.

There is a landscape of his in the Martin Ryerson loan collection in Chicago, of a few red roofs, a factory chimney or two, a wide expanse of blue, blue water, with thoroughly uninteresting, barren, pinkish hills, all capped by a plain and dull blue sky. The subject would not attract one out of a thousand. When walking over the hills of Greece, or France where this was done, we should hardly be inclined to stop to look, to say nothing of sketching it. It is not a pretty spot, but just the sort of thing that we are rather glad to get by on a motor trip, and something which we should never remember unless we had been shown how to look at it by the eyes of this master artist. Every note rings so true, every color is so absolutely what it should be. Each element of the picture is so simply and forcefully done that we become amazed at the relationship between colors and values. It becomes indelibly impressed upon us. A group of Chicago art lovers, knowing this picture through careful and repeated study of it, along with many, many others, motoring into the Peloponnesus one dazzling summer day, shouted in unison, "Cézanne!" when their motor car whirled around the bend of a dusty mountain road, and there below were red roofs, some factory chimneys, a blue, blue expanse of water, and some distant, uninteresting, pinkish hills. The motor was stopped and long was the drinking in of this scene. Cézanne had given these people new eyes, had taught them to see beauty in this world which had not been known before Cézanne.

In approaching the work of a master, are we not entirely mystified in losing sight of all the other masters and giving ourselves extravagantly to the full enjoyment, to the enthusiastic endorsement of this master's work for that moment, and in that frame of mind is he not the greatest master of all? Are we obliged in any way confidently to draw comparisons and to decide if possible which is the better or whom to put at the top? The giving of one's whole attention to Cézanne naturally raises the query, "Is he the greatest of all? Are we not putting him above the rest in every way?" As a performer and as an art thinker possibly he is the greatest, but as a person, a man, a recipient of life, he may not be able to be compared with many another. There are endless things which he did not know or see. He was in no way concerned with the metaphysics of life or the social relationship of human souls. He saw none of the drama and very little of the poetry of life. He was not concerned with the graciousness of being; he cared not for any historical relationships; he was in no way conscious of the development of human life or the progress of education or vision upon this earth. He did not see the unfolding of beauty; he only saw it frankly unfolded.

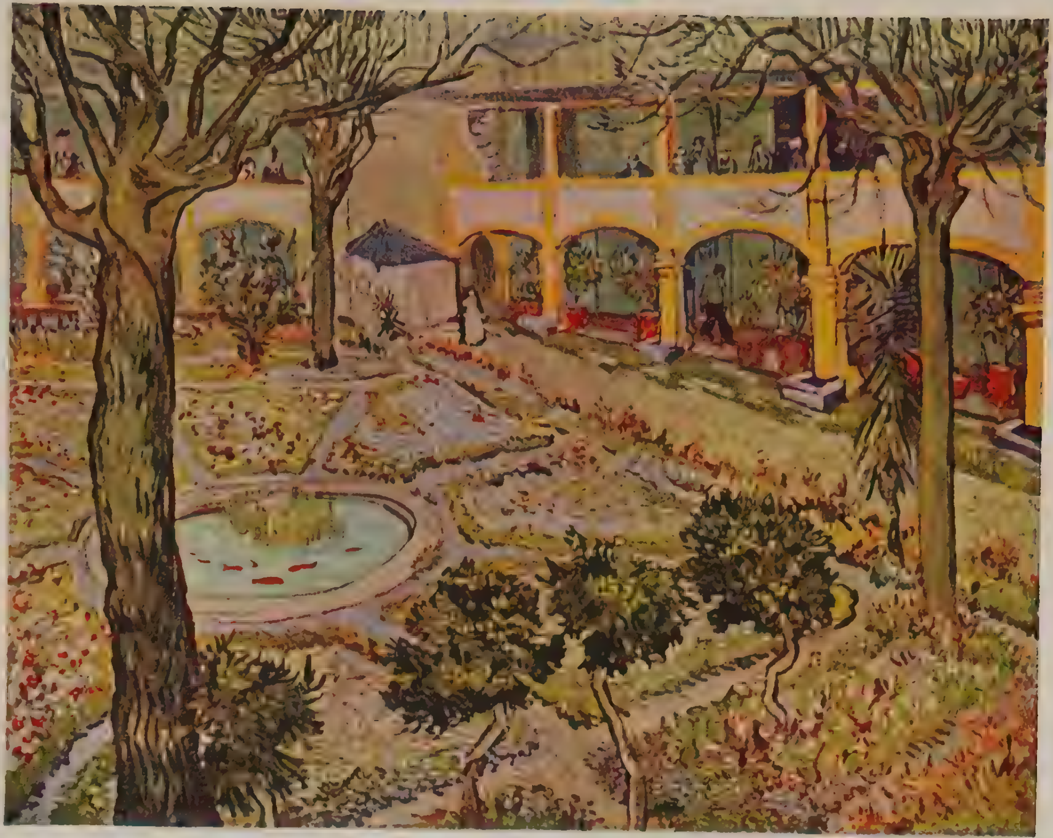
Rembrandt stirs our being—goes into the innermost secrets of our soul. Velasquez reveals the shimmering, exquisite beauty and grace of life as only the most seeing eyes may behold it. William Blake, George Fuller and Ralph Blakelock were conscious of the metaphysical, of soul mystics, and lift us up and away from material limitations. Constable and Corot felt the tingling surge of life from the root to the farthest twig. Turner felt the drama of natural phenomena upon this earth; Goya saw the comedy and tragedy of human existence. Cézanne had naught to do with any of this, but in his calm, forceful understanding he turns the pages of nature for us, showing us one after another views of the earth, the things that grow upon it, the fruits that are harvested and the people who live by them. He does not just say "there it is and there it is, and there it is again." He does not say to us "tree, house, apple, workman," but he takes the earth, the things that grow upon it, the fruits that are harvested and the people who live by them as themes and builds them into symphonies of great strength and magnificent splendor, a splendor that has no embroidery and where golden tinsel never appears.

Cézanne's ancestors came to France from Cesena and this Italian background was probably one of the reasons for his thoroughly esthetic approach and his devotion to the principles of expression so divergent from those of realism and romanticism. In Cézanne we do not find one atom of romanticism left; therefore, he must be considered the first of the Post-Impressionists, and in him we most readily understand what Post-Impressionism really signified. For everything of his followed logically the statement of Impressionism. Of course he was not absolutely and entirely original. No artist is, but if he is consciously or unconsciously a plagiarist, into the discard he goes. Cézanne's color sense was in great sympathy with the last of the great Venetians, especially Veronese, while his willingness to deal with the commonplace and the drab placed him definitely in debt to the Spanish school, particularly El Greco and Goya.

With all his spirit of design, of color organization, his total inspiration was within the visual field. He was in no way an abstractionist; he was as conscientious in his endeavor to tell the defects of light as even Monet had been. The great difference lay in his method—the simplification of variances into deliberate planes rather than intermingled spots. No student of painting in any school today can afford to avoid Cézanne. This master will shorten the road and clear the air for anyone journeying along this avenue of thought and work. He undoubtedly did more than any nineteenth century painter to prove effectively the full eloquence and the full limitation of painting as a craft.

Cézanne was a January child, born in 1839. This may have had a part to play in the fact that he sought the environment of Provence, the warm slope of France. Also January's children are seldom eager for the extravagant abundance of life. They best understand those things that are reduced to the minimum of necessity through the exigencies of repose and restraint. This master lived until 1906, although the last few years of his life did not add much to his contributions.

We have already referred to Georges Seurat, a younger man than Cézanne, as an Impressionist, for he did employ



THE GARDEN AT ARLES.—VAN GOGH

their chief technical standard, pointillism, with great ardor. But certainly the four or five great canvases, which represent practically his entire life work, are not limited to the doctrines of Impressionism. His *Sunday Afternoon on the Grande Jatte Island,** the most conspicuous picture in the magnificent Birch-Bartlett Collection at the Art Institute of Chicago, is overwhelmingly Post-Impressionistic. It has to do with characterization of the structure of the scene, while a real Impressionist painting only has to do with the characterization of the appearance of the scene. This picture, painted at the climax of the bustle era, shows us that the brilliant young Seurat painted the world with his tongue in his cheek, and was perfectly conscious of all of the absurdities and human frailties that accompany fashion. Stiffly dressed Parisians of the 1880's promenade and rest upon the grass of this little island in the Seine. Seurat first off wants us to know precisely the way they are all dressed, and we are elated with amusement; then he wants us to see the inactivity of both mind and body that prevailed in the age.

This done in photographic manner would constitute romanticism, but his technique and his method of organizing compositions in paint proved him a veritable necromancer with human interest prompting his interpretation. There is a symphonic organization of colors and shapes in line and design that would make each of his pictures forever beautiful whether we are interested in or cared for the subjects at all. He did paintings of the circus and some very remarkable studies of the nude, using with astounding industry the principles of pointillism, but keeping his edges clean cut and each space a part of the design of the whole. His place is that of a contributor of five or six remarkable works, but because of his excessive personal outlook, that of a cartoonist, and because of his extravagant and laborious methods of gaining his results, he has had almost no influence upon painting, and in no way may he be classed among the founders of schools of art. Cézanne was more than a contributor, more than a maker of masterpieces. His methods have become the principles followed by many of the best painters. He founded not only a school of art, but he became the father of all modern art.

---

*See page 425.

This word Modern as applied to the very late nineteenth century and the first quarter of twentieth century painting is most misleading, for already much of it is old-fashioned, and the things of today which are truly modern as far as we are concerned are far ahead of the things classed as Modernism. It is hoped that as time goes on a new name for the classification will be found and accepted. Most persons considering Modernism think of all those arts which have departed from realism and which are included under the various classifications of the "isms" as the last word, while in fact many of them have already become "wasms."

Vincent Van Gogh,* born in 1853 and only living to his thirty-seventh year, is now considered the great Dutchman of the whole era. He was early associated with the Hague school of Holland Romanticism, then with the Impressionists of Paris and then, under the influence of Cézanne, he became free and swept like a comet across the heavens, radiating sparkling brilliancy, then bursting with a dazzling glow to fade out quickly and tragically. We are obliged to consider Van Gogh as an utter individualist. While his influence upon the schools of painting has been much more marked than that of Seurat, he was so definitely a stylist that his power over the whole modern school of painting has never been as general as that of Cézanne.

Just how we may connect him with the Dutch schools of art is questionable, but the truth remains that he was a Hollander and that we must journey to Holland today really to see him, for while there are spirited and representative works by him in almost every modern collection of paintings the world over, we must journey to The Hague to see him in his fullness. There in the beautiful collection of Madame H. Kröller-Müller, filling the palatial home of Van Gogh's only important patron, is a complete and comprehensive survey, most gloriously installed, of the whole life work of this outstanding genius of nineteenth century Holland. What was his relationship to Mesdag, Mauve, Israels? How did he belong to them in any way? Well, he painted bridges and canal banks and Dutch people, an occasional windmill, overhanging willows, and the low-hung Dutch sky. He did not look at these subjects with thoroughly Dutch eyes, however. He did not see them as part of the romance of life, but merely as living carriers of color. He never felt them as staid objects, but as surfaces tingling with life—life made possible by the glaring light of the sun and the sweeping winds of the heavens.

---

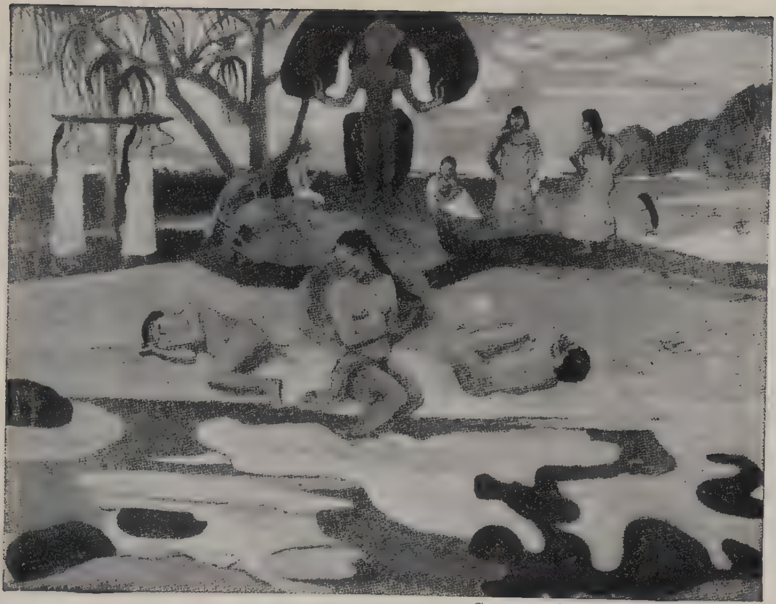
*See pages 465, 470, 487.

Van Gogh was more definitely an Impressionist than Cézanne, for the vibration of light and air making visible the world that we see is ever apparent. However, Van Gogh never limited himself to the calm exposition of these vibrations. They stirred in him a fire; they fanned his spirit into a veritable flame. He was like a cat that frisks wildly and joyously about when the wind blows strong and storm is in the air. Van Gogh's restlessness manifested itself when he was most ardently the devotee of the calm Cézanne in Paris. In his early drawings of still life and beggars, lines rather than dots were used. Forms did not follow contours and he swung streaks of darks and lights around his figures and across his canvases so that the entire conception stirs with motion. He presently found himself totally isolated. He did not consult his masters or their traditions, but went at his job with an independence approaching revolution. He was in his own thought a radical, and he did not care a hang what the world thought about him or his art. He seemed to be impelled by passion to sling his paint upon the canvas, to startle the beholder with a sense of dynamic life that dull human eyes had never beheld.

He was conscious of terrific depressions; at one time he gave it all up and went to the Belgian coal fields as a missionary. He had earned the money that first took him to Paris by teaching school, but the urge to paint drove him back each time, and when he was thirty-three years of age we find him in the white heat of endless days of painting in a miserable studio in the Paris Latin Quarter. He was not one bit interested in his personal environment. He was not much interested in the work that any of his fellow artists were doing. He just wanted to paint and paint, and while his landscape subjects seem to stir us first, they were seldom divorced from humanity. Little or big figures appear; men and women lie asleep under a haycock, with the harvest half gleaned, and the whole earth blown in strong winds and swept by shafts of rapidly moving light; lush swamp with a little stream, towered by moving willows, shows little figures digging in the mud for clams or carrying rakes along a towpath as they start into the fields for their day's labor.

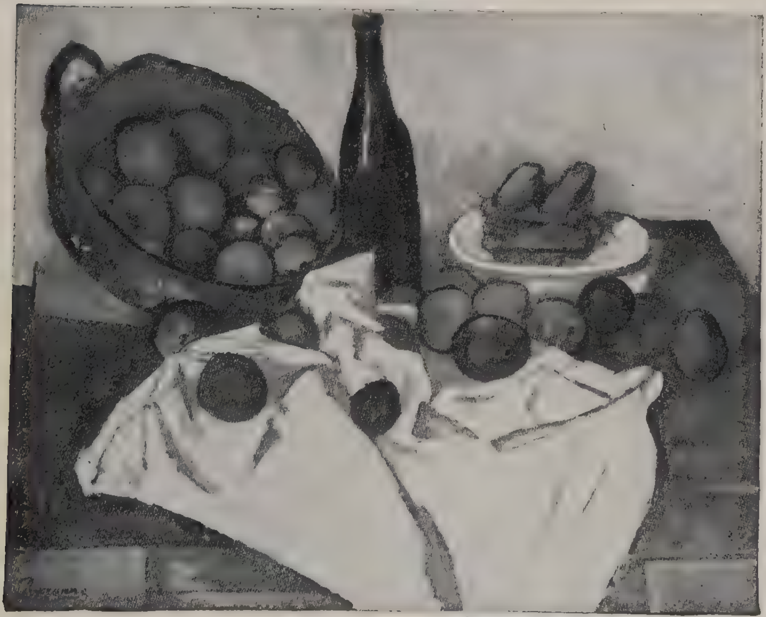
Van Gogh declared in a letter, "I want to paint humanity, humanity, and again humanity," but he never seemed to get entirely to that point. He seemed always to be struggling, fighting with the background of humanity. At times he was valiantly victorious, at times overcome in complete defeat. The landscapes arose and smote him, and in shrieks of derision rather than submission became streaked with lines of yellow, gold, green and blue, swirling, radiating, converging, formless and meaningless, exploding landscapes, the distorted visions of an ardent lover who finds himself jilted and scoffed at. Love of nature developed with a wild passion, is the keynote of Van Gogh's inspiration. He did not see nature with mountain, sea, cloud and stream, the actors of magnificent drama, as Turner had, but he saw it always in intense dramatic moments of action, sometimes so much so that it was positively violent. A tree does not grow out of the ground and stand placidly against a soft summer sky in a Van Gogh painting, but it bursts from the seed, attains the strength of its being through a tremendous struggle and fight with the elements, and defies the onslaught of the four winds of heaven as it lifts its tremulous or angry branches against a storm-tossed sky.

This is not meant to indicate that all of this artist's paintings are ferocious—most of them are quite the contrary—but when it is a sleepy little Dutch canal, a beflowered meadow, or a hillside of waving grass, the sun sends its dazzling light over the scene with a joyous blare, the breezes play up and down the surface of the earth with a rompish energy, and the ripples upon the surface of the water whirl about as if a shower of meteors had exploded within its depths. Van Gogh obtained his juxtaposition of color with long, thin lines of paint, fol-



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

DAYS OF THE GOD.—GAUGUIN



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

THE BASKET OF APPLES.—CÉZANNE

lowing the contour of each form or swirling in the direction of the action of the picture. First viewing a large Van Gogh landscape, still life, or portrait, we are shocked rather than intrigued by the technique.

The uninitiated wonders if he is Italian under the spaghetti influence. We must remark, very delightful, highly colored and altogether delectable spaghetti. But when we do become used to his technique, as we are sure to become used to grapefruit, ripe olives, caviar, or limburger cheese, providing that we have it often enough under the right circumstances, we find ourselves delighted with the excellence, the rarity and the perfection of the unusual menu. It does not take a long time to like Van Gogh, for there is such a virility and joy in his handling, such a dynamic onslaught of radiant activity, that we are picked up and carried along with elation after the first hesitant approach. Sooner or later every devotee of modern art gets to his Van Gogh period, and when there nothing else in the art world seems to matter. We cannot call him profound; he does not rate with Cézanne in this respect. We cannot feel that he is really deep in any way, but we do find him the most virile, animated and brilliant performer of the entire era. Possibly no one has put on so magnetic a show in paint.

He so deliberately stylized his method that his manner is instantly recognized, but his range of subjects was so broad that we can hardly call him a specialist. At least, he got into no ruts; but how could anyone get into ruts in less than ten brilliant exotic years of magnificent eloquence? The fire within Van Gogh's soul was demonstrated by the hundreds of wonderful sketches and brilliant compositions that he did in that short time. He became quite thoroughly overbalanced in the whole endeavor and tipped so far out of plumb that he lost his grip and went into chaos, dying in an asylum, a pitiful victim to the unrestrained passions of the radical innovator. Psychologists find in his last ten months of work indications of the unbalanced mind that brought his speedy doom, but even in these things there was more dynamic force than in the work of any other painter. But in the wonderful output before that final chapter, we find a master with the world in the palm of his hand.

Again it is very difficult to study the paintings of this great modern colorist in black and white or in any photographic reproduction. One should journey to Chicago, New York, Paris, London, Copenhagen, or The Hague in search of the originals to know this man's contribution and to be able to fix his place in art. The landscape of the cypress tree is expressive of his perfect landscape style. When one gets into this picture he feels himself swept along from line to line, tossed into the sky, carried back into a tree, dropped back to earth and pulled along with a hop, skip and a jump through tall grasses and over shrubbery hedges. In the *Garden at Arles* we find Van Gogh's delightful mastery of architecture, the balconies of a house surrounding a garden court in which grows all the lovely color that ever came from the light of the sun. Shadowed partly by tree growth, peopled with the acquaintances of his retreat, it is simply dazzling in its color and activity.

In looking at a Van Gogh canvas, we are never particularly conscious of dominant areas of color. We simply know that we are viewing very brilliant and altogether satisfying color used in ways that were hitherto unfamiliar to us. We find no Van Gogh canvases that are dull or heavy. He delighted in painting subjects that had been treated in somber grays and doing them in the most volatile, brilliant, high key of painting imaginable. As an Impressionist he understood vibration in shadows and he preferred to lift every canvas as near to the dazzling point as possible. This method he could not use in any large areas of conspicuous dominant color, so white was the foundation over which his brilliant colors were dragged in the aforedescribed thin parallel lines.

He seemed especially fond of putting the sun directly in the canvas, and he painted it with telling yellows swirling round in circular motion, streaks of thin, bright color, making the sky as thick and solid as a Holland cheese. But the sense of radiating light does not move over the whole canvas. The color is amazing and unusual and it does delight us with its very beautiful combination. There is no canvas of his that does not have the entire spectrum obviously visible, and yet each has one or another color in greater prominence. The majority of his pictures run to yellow. This alone is joyous and gives a sunny, happy aspect to a room filled with his paintings. Next to yellow his favorite was blue, and in many a canvas there is a special combination of the two, producing a suggestion of green in the whole picture.

He, too, lived much in the south of France, Arles being his chief headquarters. Before he went there he painted the concierge of his Paris studio many times and while at Arles painted many a portrait of the working people about him beside a number of self-portraits, two or three of which may be his greatest masterpieces. He was not a painter of portraits in the average acceptance of the term, for when he chose to work from figures or heads the character of his sitter was of less importance to him than the combinations of color and the sense of life that the ensemble of the subject matter presented. No picture of his is as much the subject he painted as the personal viewpoint of himself. In the Müller collection of The Hague, one portrait sketch after another is more and more convincing of the Van Gogh world and the human as he saw him than of any world lived in by that human.

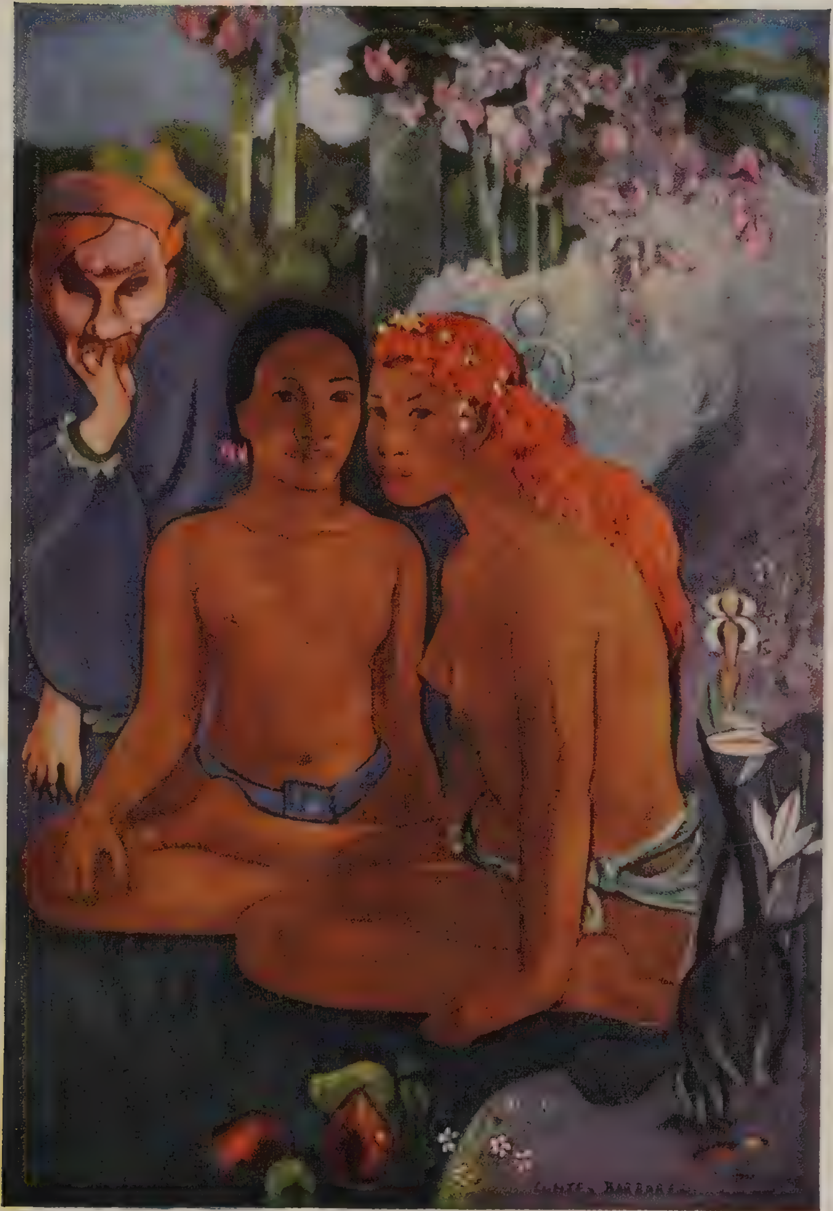
In Detroit there is a portrait of himself with beadlike black eyes, sandy beard, salmon-colored ears and vermilion lips, a hat of brilliant yellow straw, and a blue, blue shirt. The background is a greenish white speckled with cerise spots and streaks. Is it overwhelmingly beautiful? No, but it is absolutely unforgettable. The canvas is no longer a piece of linen decorated with colored muds; it is a four-square chunk of the earth, lifted from the presence of the artist into ours. The frame does not confine it; the canvas does not hold it; the wall does not back it. It is depth and height and breadth; it is air and light and matter. It is life—life interpreted by the penetrating vision and the brilliant technique of an original, masterful, dynamic artist. Even those sad pictures of the bedroom in which he lived those last pitiful months of his life, with the great clumsy wooden bed, the blue walls, the hand-made unpainted chair, the rag carpet, and the cracked washbowl and pitcher. Oh, how that room becomes a reality! Yes, Van Gogh did things with paint, played tricks with our eyes, drew more remarkable things out of the hat than any magician in his craft.

Still life painting has been in evidence since the beginning of the Renaissance, even in the backgrounds of the earliest Christian religious pictures, but still life was not painted for its own sake much before the middle of the eighteenth century, and with the exception of a few masterful French painters, it was not done very seriously or successfully until the middle of the nineteenth century. Today and for the past forty years it has occupied a very prominent place in the field of painting, and within all the schools flowers, with their abundant God-given color, would naturally appeal to a colorist just as sunsets or rosy cheeks. But the placing of a few half-faded flowers in a broken earthen jug, with a few questionable apples or onions lying upon the unpainted boards of an old table, certainly might be thought unusual enough subject matter to arrest the attention of an artist, and the very fact that it was uncolorful to the normal sense and uninteresting to the average mind has given modern painters the opportunity to prove the superior powers of their vision. Still life to any student of painting is a very consistent subject for studying values, colors and spaces, for it stays when it is once placed. It may be there day after day in the precise order, to be studied and studied until the matter is completely solved.

We cannot believe that Van Gogh's inspiration to paint still life came from any such motives. He doubtless saw color relationships first of all and then mastered not only them but also solidity and the texture through his painter's craft. In a painting in the Birch-Bartlett Collection a slice of yellow cantaloupe rests upon a table with two smoked herring and a green and brown glazed jug, a total outlay of about fifteen cents' worth of altogether commonplace articles. He made a picture of it that was worth at its first sale fifteen hundred dollars. How can this be done? What can it mean? Beholding one of these still-life paintings of Van Gogh's, it becomes more vivid, more real, more imbued with the whole sense of life every time we see it. He overcame all the chalkiness that the Impressionists attained in their pictures. He brought a clarity of color and a sense of the relationships between the colors that give us a new understanding of what color really is.

After seeing a Van Gogh still life, we look at objects for days to come from a new viewpoint. We see form and texture and the color of surfaces as we never saw them before. We become aware that painting as a craft is the veritable making of music for the eyes without being consciously musical or symphonic. The rhythm, the melody, and the floating, moving sequence of ideas in Van Gogh's pictures make us more conscious that seeing and hearing are very similar and that painting is closely allied to music. Painting does have the same scale of seven, and the seven colors of the spectrum are measurable in the same relationships as the seven sounds of the scale. As the musician takes the range of sound to create delight for us, that has nothing to do with the audible sounds of life, so Van Gogh the painter succeeded for the first time in taking the seven colors of light, arranging them in design to give us delight, irrespective of our ability to see it that way for ourselves in nature.

Words cannot describe our reaction to a Van Gogh canvas. No description of the qualities in his paint or the message of his eloquence is possible. We must simply behold and understand for ourselves. Would it not be an utterly impossible task to describe a Beethoven sonata to a person who had never heard it? Can we possibly imagine giving to a person who was born blind an understandable description of the blue of the sky, the green of the trees, and the red color of the rose? The Post-Impressionists have found that the field of painting did not truly belong to the field of literature or photography. They discovered that as a craft it is not primarily at the service of representation; that it has something more to say than the cold retina of the eye can see; that the emotion of life as expressed through this, as well as any other art, tells its story primarily to the soul and not to the intellect. We are emotionally carried out of ourselves when we approach the painting of Van Gogh with an open mind and without prejudice.


CONTES BARBARES

Barbarian Tales.—Gauguin

When we are told that the one picture of all others in Europe today which has sold most in printed reproduction is Van Gogh's *Sunflowers,* we need to revise our idea of what a picture is. This shows a group of awkward, rather old sunflowers partly faded, partly gone to seed, chucked into a clumsy vase, standing against a whitish background. Nothing could be less intriguing; no arrangement of beauty could so little delight the eye. Who would stop to look at the real object? Who would care to take the time to arrange it in the first place? And yet it is painted with such an understanding of every value; the color is handled so freely and with such spirit these flowers seem to come into being—to blossom and fade before our eyes. After a bit we discover that it is not these things at all that we are looking at, but a most eloquent interpretation of life through the beautiful medium of a painting. It is art and not nature. It is interpretation and not imitation. But through that very interpretation we feel the truth of nature, the reality of the objects of the subject matter, much more forcibly than if they had been revealed through color photography or the accurate handling of a nineteenth century realist. Jan Gordon in his delightful book, ''Modern French Painters,'' calls Van Gogh a ''sort of volcanic eruption occurring in a hitherto peaceably cultivated land,'' and he quotes from a letter written by Van Gogh, from the asylum where he had gone voluntarily on account of the hallucinations which had followed a sunstroke, the following description of a landscape:

''To the right, a gray terrace, a piece of wall and a few rose trees; to the left, the park grounds (English red), the soil of which is scorched by the sun and covered with pine needles. The edge of the park is planted with tall pine trees, the trunks and branches of which are English red and the green of which is all the more vivid for having a touch of black. These two stand out against the evening sky, the yellow ground of which is streaked with violet stripes. Higher up the yellow shades off into pink and then into green. A low wall, also English red, obstructs the view and is overtowered at one spot by a little violet and yellow ochre hill. The first tree has a gigantic trunk which has been struck and split by lightning; one side branch alone still projects high up into the air and lets showers of dark green needles fall down. This gloomy giant—a vanquished hero—which one can regard as a living being, is a strange contrast to the simile of a belated rose that is fading away on a rose bush opposite. The sky produces yellow reflections—after a shower—in a pool of water. In a ray of sunshine—the last reflection—the deep yellow ochre is intensified to a glowing orange. Dark figures steal in and out between the tree trunks. You can well imagine that this combination of red ochre, of green bedimmed with gray, and of black lines defining the forms, may help to call forth the feeling of fright which often seizes many of my fellow sufferers. I have described (this) in order to show you that one can give the impression of fear without going direct to the historical Gethsemane.''

This seems to epitomize the whole of Van Gogh's spirit and explains quite subtly the power that he has had over many an art mind that was bound to be freed from the conventions and the traditions of so-called realistic representation. Cézanne's entire effort was toward structure and design, Van Gogh's toward symbolism as it might be expressed through true use of the elements of art to give expression to the life symbolized. These two men seem like mighty events in the creation of our present-day culture. Eons and eons moved slowly when suddenly a clap of thunder was heard and the sky itself rolled by—there stood Cézanne. Another clap of thunder sounded—behold Van Gogh. The two stood on their separate pinnacles but waved their arms in splendid gesture to new universes. Life has not been the same since; art certainly has moved into higher heavens. To the thinker in modern terms the shrine where more blessings may be received than any other in all Europe is the Müller Museum in The Hague, and yet we must not believe that it is the summary of the whole thing. It is simply one of the magnificent passages in the development of art which have given the culture of the new century a greater viewpoint, a more universal outlook and a consciousness that art occupies a place high in life's activities.

The third of these individualists, these geniuses of the transition, was the most spectacular of the three—a man whose life aroused the imagination of many a writer, and who figures as the hero of more than one novel, whose painting has held the place of favor in the esteem of most Modernists; but there already seems to be some doubt as to whether his art will maintain that place. Paul Gauguin* born in 1848, lived the conventional life of a well-balanced Frenchman. He became a lawyer and practiced art on the side, as so many Frenchmen do. At first he had no thought of devoting his life professionally to painting, and his domestic relationships and demands gave no encouragement to such a possibility.

Allying himself in his leisure-time efforts with the Impressionist school of the early 80's, he soon found that his viewpoint differed much from theirs. He was not willing to give himself to the mere reproduction of nature which he believed was their sole accomplishment, and he preferred to strike out for an art which would express thought, the emotions within the artist which are aroused by the beauties of nature. His first paintings, largely done on vacation jaunts in Brittany, make very delightful contributions to the impressionistic field. They show far more than the amateur strivings of a dilettante. Roadways and hills, flowering orchards and village streets, beautiful in color, excellent in drawing and truly impressionistic in color theory, would have given most men of non-professional activity complete satisfaction as an outlet of self-expression. But Gauguin became zealous to say more, eager to prove his point against this form of expression, which he found limited and inadequate, and in the face of all propriety he bolted, leaving his family without explanation, his friends without warning, and took ship at Marseilles for the South Seas. Domestic ties could not reach him; family love did not touch him; imploring friends had no effect. He waived every social and moral obligation, and there he remained, more and more convinced during the rest of his life that the conventional viewpoint and the society of civilization were false, artificial and killing.

Once he did return to Paris after his pictures sent from Tahiti had created a sensation. He approached the French capital in the costume of an aborigine. He walked the streets and went to the exhibitions in this extravagant attire, which would have elicited the appearance of the police anywhere else than Paris, but there a man's business is his own, and his freedom was not interfered with. He did not convince anyone through this personal demonstration, but the publicity he gained added another touch of interest to his painting and he flourished under the patronage of new devotees, even though he did not have much encouragement from old friends. He found Paris and the fashions of society more distasteful than ever; he felt the schools of art in France had become of no vital interest to the art world, so he returned to the beloved primitive life in the Marquesas. This boomerang which he thrust at society struck back at him and he died a most hideous death, alone and unmourned, surrounded only by the physical decadence, the primitive mysticism and the miserable decay of Tahiti.

---

*See pages 475, 480.

His art was not quite as spectacular as his life, and as his pictures grew in size and importance there seemed to be a world in Europe less ready to accept them than the paintings of Cézanne and Van Gogh. They were at first beheld with suspicion. A deliberate return to childishness or primitiveness in the drawing, a frank disregard of structure and form, raised questions and did not readily glean admirers, but when the Gauguin enthusiasm really arose in Paris, about 1895, it took like wildfire, and by the time of his death in 1903 his works were hailed as the last word in painting. After his death a commission went to Tahiti to see that his grave was given a fitting marker and to search for any sketches or paintings which might have been overlooked there. They did not find much, for he had sent three or four at a time, as fast as he had painted them, to Paris. And his portfolio of sketches was of little consequence except for a few lithographs of the nude figure and some water-color sketches of Tahitian women against tropical backgrounds that show clearly his steps of experimentation in arriving at the color combinations which he produced in his important compositions.

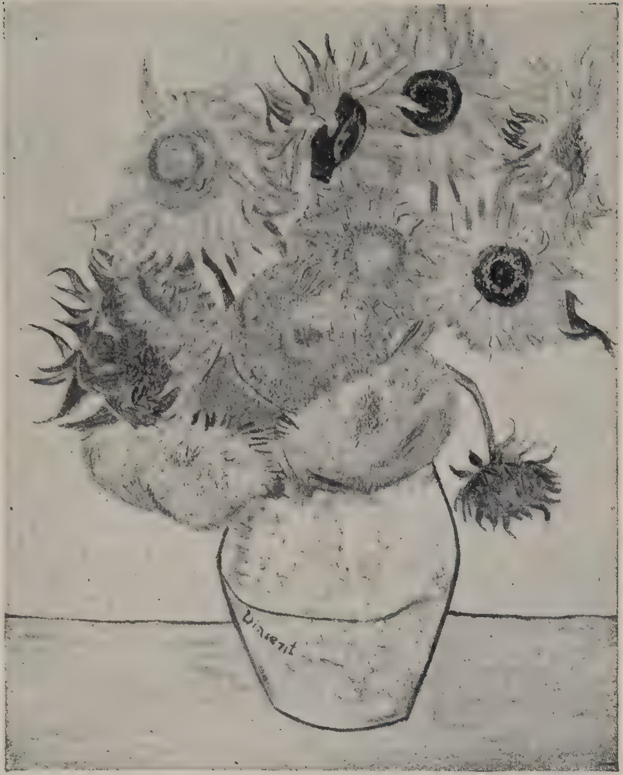
He obviously struggled to make the color he employed symbolize the emotion that he felt in the presence of one phase or another of life. He did not limit himself to the painting of the colors that he saw in nature, but when we look upon the brown skin of the Tahitians in the mango groves of the coral islands, with the strange exotic forms of tropical fruits held in their hands, and the odd forms and livid colors of tropical flowers blossoming around them, we find ourselves beholding such strange combinations of varieties of green and red, purple, cerise and pink, canary yellow, amber and brown, black, coral and pearl, cream, deep blue and vermilion, all used frankly to describe sky and leaf, human figure and climbing vine, with sharp edges in static patterns curiously unrhythmic, sometimes strangely formless. They make us conscious of the poisonous perfume of the South Sea Isles. We sometimes hold our breath when we look at a Gauguin canvas, as we might in suddenly coming upon a beautiful serpent in a rocky glen, or in viewing any unexpected and totally strange sight. Gauguin did not draw for roundness; many of his pictures do not seem to concern themselves in the least with three dimensions. He had no interest in pointillism after he had escaped from his Impressionistic period.

The only Impressionist in whom he in any way could have been much interested was Manet. He handled his paint somewhat in the Manet manner, covering the whole area of any given spot with a simple, well measured tone of rich color. He sometimes embellished or decorated these areas with more design than Manet used, and the understanding of characterization as Manet had it was in no way a part of Gauguin's vision. His color was all warmer and more sensuous. He cared not at all for the grace of form or the beauty of outline that Manet had, and he never approached the three-dimensional roundness that Manet and Renoir possessed. His canvases as color messages were, however, way beyond anything that these masters of Impressionism had been able to do. If Van Gogh's art is like rhythmic, moving, stirring music, Gauguin's is like chords played on an organ with stops for unusual effects, with power for vast volumes, with keyboards for tremulous loveliness. There is almost no movement to Gauguin's design.

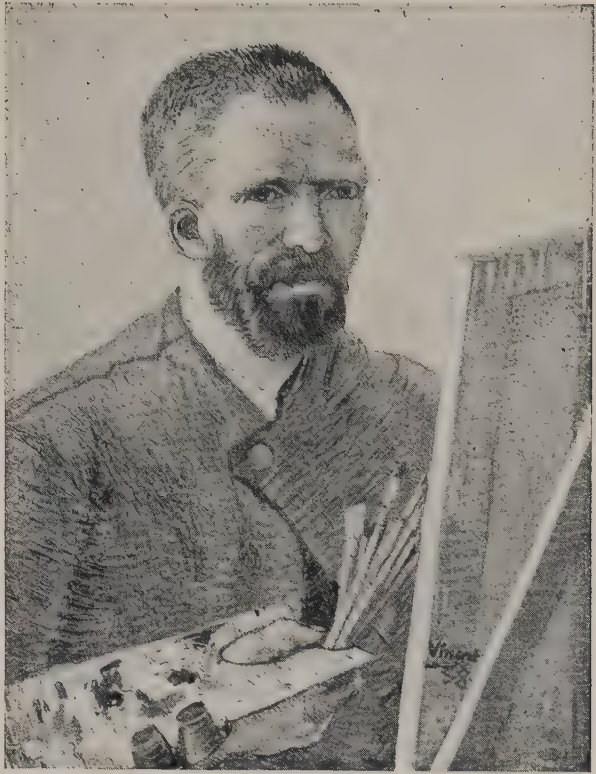
He was never the realist that Cézanne was. We are not taken into the world which we know right well and given a new viewpoint of it. In Gauguin's paintings we are, every time, taken into a world that we have never known—a strange place seen with strange eyes. Sometimes his pictures of the Tahitians have great humanity within them. The men are stark and wooden, dumb and unemotional, standing as if awaiting the orders of Destiny. The women, on the other hand, are more alive in all their primitiveness. Their brown-black bodies seem to be almost symbols of Mother Earth. From these sturdy carriers the coming races spring; they sometimes look at us with a greater knowing than the men. When children are with them in Gauguin's pictures, the women manifest a simple, primitive, animal-like instinct of motherhood toward them. They are not sentimental—they are just natural. One picture of a Tahitian Madonna goes so far as to reveal a halo about the head of the child this primitive woman of the jungle holds upon her strong shoulder.

His drawing of faces with broad noses and firmly set lips is always fraught with keen sympathy, but he draws hands and feet as clumsy, primitive tools unseen by these natives as objects of beauty. The barbaric religion of the South Sea islander aroused admiration in Gauguin. He never once brought a Christian criticism to it, but painted worshipers before their idols and the mystic rituals of these pagans with deep regard, finding stateliness and beauty in their gestures and in all the features of the procedures. We feel conscious in looking at his Tahitian works that he was particularly aware of a racial fraternity—a closeness of spirit within the people that he painted. His women all seem to be one in understanding, and while they never smile their faces are void of tears or fears. All his later work was Post-Impressionistic. Much of Cézanne's and most of Van Gogh's may be called Neo-Impressionistic, but never Gauguin's after he bolted Paris.

He was the first deliberately to put Expressionism into his drawing. He studiously avoided the dictates of nature, the photographic contours of line and outline, and drew the edges of his areas with feeling to describe the sensation



Sun Flowers.—Van Gogh



Self Portrait.—Van Gogh

of seeing and comprehending shape without actually considering the topography. This method of drawing has become the great cry of post-war art, but he was the first to take the object as he saw it and to line it with deliberate distortions for the purpose of adding to the emotional value of the experience. He did not do it with full assurance or with great understanding, but he did pave the way. Of course, El Greco had done the thing with tremendous fervor, with mystical philosophy and obvious emotionalism.

Gauguin can in no way be classed with the mystics or the religiously fervid. If Van Gogh can be likened to the Japanese, as he sometimes is, then Gauguin may be likened to the Persians. In the Persian miniatures, which were tiny paintings upon parchment, done mainly in the seventeenth century, exotic line and color combined to tell in esthetic ways the stories of life. Whether or not Gauguin knew much or anything of Persian art, there seems to be an affinity. No other comparison can we find for Gauguin and even here he may stand utterly alone. The similarities may be purely a matter of chance and not influence.

The method employed by this astonishing person and unusual painter were not entirely the result of his South Sea life, for we find some portraits, one or two of his wife and one of a servant girl, done during his Paris days, that show this deliberate simplification, this subtle but definite measuring of color and values. There is one of a woman's head which is probably Madame Gauguin, a plump, almost formless figure seated in a high-backed chair against a gray wall. She wears a dull rose-red dress and a lace coat, with white linen collar and cuffs completing the adornment of her bulky figure. Dull eyes look straight at us without seeing much; the underlip curls out in something of a sneer; her black hair is pulled right back across her ears and the black of the coat shows through the linen of the collar, making it a dull gray. The coat is embroidered in red and green flowers which are strangely like and yet unlike the red of the chair and the old rose-red of the dress. The one visible hand is clumsily painted in a big flat tone of orange-brown, duller by far than the face, which is rather putty colored and void of rose tones. The gray wall back of the chair is merely adorned with the artist's signature and a pink flower held to a stem from which spring three leaves of green. We find that this same flower and leaves appear in the embroidery of the coat. No glinting high light, no charm of beautiful form—just marvelous measurements of color values.

Even the composition is not satisfying or adequate from the conventional standpoint. It is what we might call an unbalanced arrangement—a section rather than a whole. This may have been done on purpose to add its measure to the character he was revealing. If this was Madame Gauguin and if she was like that there may have been additional and good reasons for his exodus to Tahiti, and it has been said that Gauguin was not as happily supported in his determinations as most artists should be to achieve success. It is generally true that the sympathetic companionship, the subtle and patient understanding, the self-sacrifice, forbearance and love of a long-suffering helpmeet have been as responsible for the creation of the great things in art as the genius and endeavor of the artist himself.

Color should be as free as any language to express the tales of life, physical, mental and spiritual. While each of the great mediums or languages must tell something which none of the rest may, the fullness of the measure of life is within the revealing powers of each and every one. Gauguin gave the language of color a new eloquence. He made it a force within itself, a medium of communication, so that the experiences of his soul revealed through his painting are understood by the art-loving world. He had found a new thing to say and a new way to say it. This made him one of the outstanding creative masters. Most of the masters have only succeeded in doing the old thing in a new way, or a new thing in the old way. In either of these cases the full creative spirit is not manifest. Approaching a Gauguin canvas, especially one showing the Tahitians, we slowly become aware that all of the world is very beautiful—that we have been looking with eyes of dull esteem or devastating prejudice. We come away from a Gauguin picture warmed within, elevated spiritually and tingling physically to live.

The art of these three men paved the way for a French movement known as Fauvism. It was essentially an extreme emotional reaction against literary or intellectual tendencies. The Impressionists, of course, had helped because their art was certainly not essentially literary and only partly intellectual. It was too often descriptive and sometimes too scientific, but Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin freed painting from even these limitations, and Fauvism became formulated as a definite idea. Naturalistic representation, construction and solidity gave way to organized design, the symbolic use of form and color. Fauvism has never had a definite organization, but its principles as stated by various writers have been definitely adhered to by such men as Odilon, Redon and Maurice Denis. We shall say more about these men in a later chapter. These three men of the great innovation had accomplished their great work before the beginning of the new century, but they were almost entirely unknown until 1900, and their reputations increased steadily until in 1910, when they were hailed in all circles of the elite as the great men of art of the modern age. In music they had counterparts—Debussy and possibly Tschaikowsky. In poetry and architecture there seemed none to force the transition with decision—they were to appear a little later. But in sculpture there was the great Rodin.

In the great art of the world we read the only true history of man. It is the unbiased record of every era. Not only does it reveal the mental attainment and the social development of its own age, but it is often the prophecy of ages to follow. Certainly the transition of society from a world of man power to one of mechanical power, from a world of provincial isolation to one of international communication, from a world of toil for all to one of repose for the majority, could not be recorded through any art principles that had been found sufficient to tell the tale of the previous eras. These three giants of French painting in the last of the nineteenth century were the prophets of the new era, and through their budding the flowering of the twentieth century came quickly.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

Mont Sainte Victoire by Cézanne. The color of this picture is magnificent, but in the drawing of its shadows it is one of the finest things ever done in landscape painting. Close the eyes and notice how the shadows lead you gently but actively from the foreground trees through the various passages of panorama to the top of the distant mountain. Place a finger over any spot of the picture. Notice how essential that spot is to the completion of the whole, one of the first symphonically organized landscape paintings. Page 465.

Landscape with Cypress Trees by Vincent Van Gogh. The swirling, moving fire in the soul of Van Gogh is symbolized in the teeming lines of this landscape souvenir. It is quite restless but blown full of the breath of heaven. Van Gogh was the most manneristic of the Post-Impressionists. He massed his darks and complicated his lights without regard to any painting that had gone before. Page 465.

The Garden at Arles by Vincent Van Gogh. The subtle comprehension of colors in a most restrained arrangement and of lines of a most intensive meaning lift this painting above every previous attempt in a similar direction. The placing of the Sister of Mercy, the suggestion of people upon the balcony, the fish swimming about in the pool, the yellow, green, red and delicate blue, all contribute to the emotion of the picture. It is an enclosed garden in the center of a sanitarium. Opposite page 470.

Days of the God by Gauguin. Strange are the shapes, stranger is the arrangement, the exotic rituals of life and belief symbolized in queer forms, all expressive of Gauguin's search for the truth of life at Tahiti. Page 475.

The Basket of Apples by Cézanne. Simplicity seems to be its keynote, but upon careful analysis we find it a most complete and intellectual arrangement. No color, value or shape could be moved, changed or altered in any way to the betterment of the design, the spots of the dark apples balancing the dark bottle, the light tone of the compote repeating the light folds of the napkins, the circular shapes in contrast to the angular shapes. To enjoy this picture purely as a design turn it upside down and look at its grays, its lights and its darks with half-closed eyes. Page 475.

Barbarian Tales by Paul Gauguin. Who has ever denied naturalistic drawing, naturalistic color and natural composition so radically and yet produced a picture which seems so teemingly alive? The wooden-like arms and hands, the strange color, the exotic flowers are no less eloquent than the strange types and the subtle human emotions that are revealed. The paintings by Gauguin occupy almost a comparable place to nineteenth century art that the paintings by Giotto occupied in relation to fourteenth century art. Facing page 480.

Self Portrait and *Sunflowers* by Van Gogh. Intensity of feeling, directness of line and vital characterization constitute the chief claims of these pictures. Their color is remarkable and true, but aside from that they are masterful in all the elements of art. Only one other self-portrait by Van Gogh is more powerful than this. It is the one with the yellow hat and the blue shirt which is in the Detroit Museum of Art. With eyes half closed one feels first the piercing eyes, the strangely drawn ear and the vigorous hair, then the intensive light down the side of the face, the nose, the collar, and the edge of the canvas. Brushes, thumb and palette come next in interest. The deep centers of the sunflowers, the tangle of leaves and the relation between the sunflower masses and the crude piece of pottery are only secondary to the intensive yellow of the entire sunflower picture. Page 487.

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES, WHISTLER AND RODIN

XIII

THERE are no boundaries in art classifications. The beginning of influences can never be fixed, and the exact place, chronologically or spiritually, of the work of any master will never stay within the pigeonhole in which we try to put it. The men of our previous chapter, as a matter of years, belong after the men of this chapter, but the unbroken sequence of the influences produced by those of our present study comes down to 1930 without abatement. There is no reason in the world why Puvis de Chavannes, James MacNeill Whistler and Auguste Rodin should be considered together in a chapter, except that they are three superior achievers in a great epoch of art, and each stands alone, the master of his chosen field. It enriches our life to know well the work of any genius in any medium, and to know the works of these three means to add inestimable treasury to one's possessions.

We are simply made rich mentally and esthetically for all time if we can store our memory with visions of the art of Puvis, Whistler and Rodin. We are not obliged to delve into the doctrines of art schools, nor do we have to adjust our viewpoint to something totally new to get their true value. We are not asked to throw aside old standards, to give up old joys, and to forsake our first loves in art that we may take on these. None of them were radicals or iconoclasts; each in his own way took his whole heritage, revamped it into something of his own creation and gave it back to the world in a clear-cut, forceful eloquence that is now enjoyed around the world. It is quite safe to prophesy that some day these three names will be mentioned with ardor equal to that now given to Raphael, Velasquez and Rembrandt.

Puvis de Chavannes was born in 1824 and lived until 1898. He lived his whole life in France, going to Italy only occasionally, to America once, and to England thrice. He loathed travel by sea; he was a calm, reticent man who made friends slowly and found himself altogether happier in his home environment. He was a devoted student at the École des Beaux-Arts and, although he became one of the greatest of all Individualists, he never once denied the rights of the Academy nor openly opposed its teachings. He painted some easel pictures, he modeled a little bit, he did a number of series of very eloquent drawings and indulged in etching and lithography; but never do we place him within any of these classifications. He is in the mind of the world a mural painter, a wall decorator supreme, possibly the greatest mural painter of all time—certainly the greatest since Giotto.

No fresco workers on the noble walls of old Italy did a thing to equal the early Florentine masters, Cimabue and Giotto. One has to go to the Arena Chapel in Padua, the Santa Croce in Florence and the Upper and Lower Churches of St. Francis at Assisi to see what Giotto's contribution really meant; and only at Assisi in the Lower Church may we see Cimabue as a mural decorator. But the art of these earliest of the Florentines so transcends in its meaning and fulfillment of purpose everything that followed that we look in vain throughout the succeeding four hundred and fifty years to find their equal. All the painters of the High Renaissance, even Gozzoli, Ghirlandajo, Raphael, Michelangelo and Veronese, refused to acknowledge the wall as having limitations, and they did things to wall spaces which injured or destroyed their meaning as walls. They never felt the simple requirements demanded by the spaces they glorified, but Giotto never failed in this recognition. Part of it may have been due to his elemental training, part to the simple age in which he lived; but certainly he reached to the full stature of his possibilities without personal egoism or grandiloquence, a sincerity and simplicity more appealing and beautiful than all of the elaborations by later masters ever were. Fresco was never developed successfully in the Flemish or German Renaissance. Those practical men of the Rhine were smart enough to know that anything in the way of water color upon plaster would have little chance to survive in a damp climate, and the method of painting oil upon canvas and stretching the same with a powerful and unchemical adhesive upon the wall had not been invented.

Mural painting had a long respite after Veronese and Tintoretto, with the exception of the magnificent ceiling frescoes by Tiepolo in the eighteenth century. He went as far north as Würtzburg, Germany, and mastered the climate as well as the gigantic areas allotted to him in the greatest of all baroque palaces, but his genius found no duplicate and the poor little efforts of the early nineteenth century can scarcely be mentioned. Then came the bombastic rococo age, which reached its climax in such superlative, costly, and altogether absurd wall decorations as we find in the Grand Opera House in Paris. There one cannot tell where the actual sculptured form projecting from wall and cornice leaves off and the painted representation begins. Flamboyant is the very word for it. The wall in this case becomes only a carrier and its mission as a wall worthless. From every standpoint of art logic this is little short of desecration. It is the utilization of art purposes to truly evil ends. One cannot endorse it from any standpoint of beauty any more than one can approve of a giddily overdressed woman.

Until Puvis de Chavannes* came with his calm, intellectual logic, mural painting had run wild and had exploded into a thousand fiascos. Even the sturdy Academicians who did the ceilings in the new Hotel de Ville and the grand rotundas of the Petit Palais and the Pantheon, with the exception of Paul Albert Besnard, made sad work of their mural efforts. Even Besnard's are not supremely successful as mural decorations. Many of these men triumphed in the field of easel painting and even may be known as unusual masters, while if Puvis' easel paintings were all that his reputation hung upon he probably would not be widely known; but because of the magnificent achievement of his murals we look upon his easel paintings with enthusiastic interest and very ardent approval. His greatest murals are to be found in Paris, Rouen, Amiens, Lille and Boston, although to Paris we must go to see him in his fullness. The

---

*See pages 498, 504.

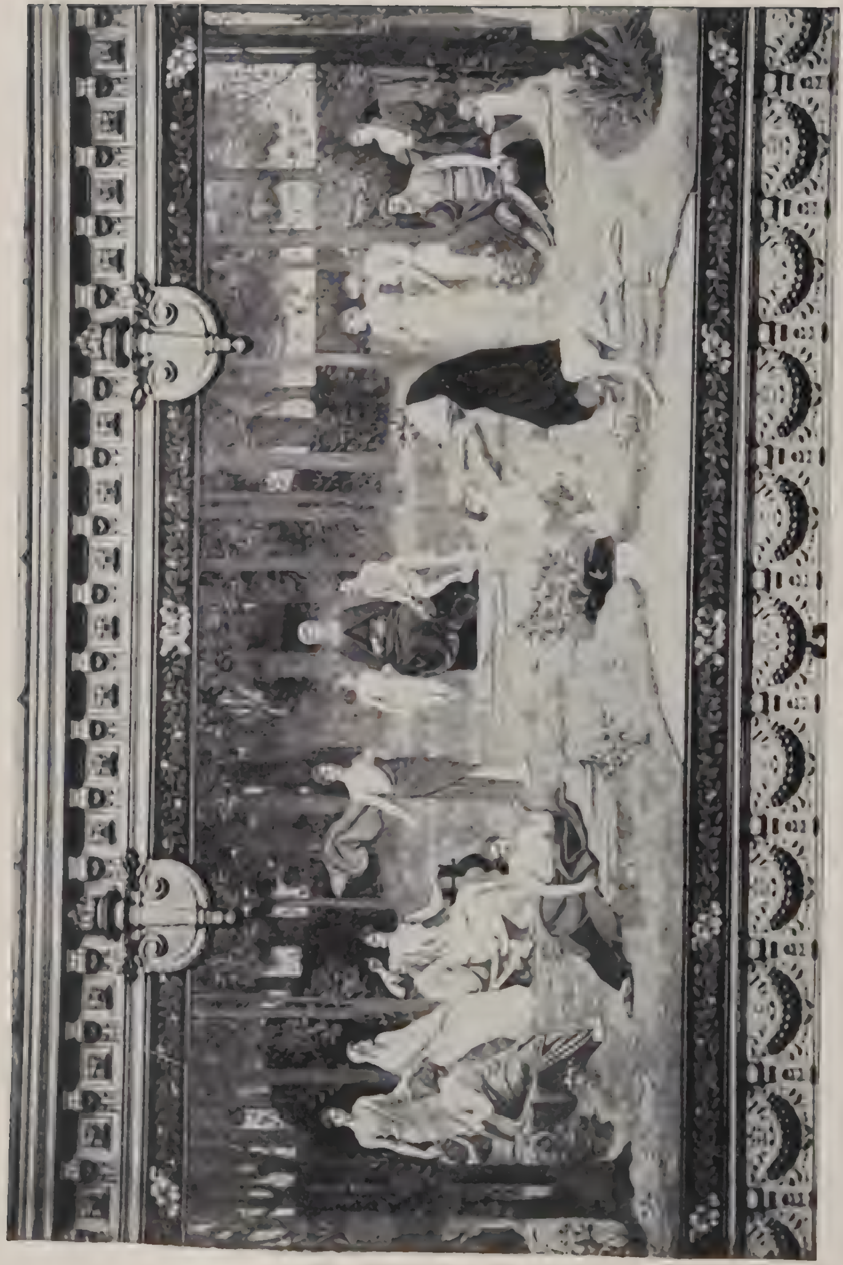
Hotel de Ville, the Pantheon and amphitheater at the Sorbonne contain his masterpieces.

His subjects were almost entirely pseudo-classic. Even when he was dealing with the medieval legend of St. Genevieve, the guardian of the city of Paris, he handled the subject almost as a Greek of the Periclean age might have done it. One of the reasons why his wall decorations were so successful was because his subject matter assumed an impersonal, pseudo-classic, incorporeal aloofness from the sensuous. When he introduced nude figures they became so symbolic that their nudity never entered the equation. One critic says, ''Of all the nude figures in art, Puvis de Chavannes' are the most beautifully clothed.'' He did not often use the figure undraped, but the moment he did put draperies upon them their bodies were of utterly no consequence. One never feels inclined to consider whether there is a figure beneath the garments or not.

In the Potter Palmer collection there is an easel painting of a subject of which he was most fond and which appeared several times under the same title, *The Sacred Grove.* Stately figures personify youth, maturity and old age, all emblematic of the allegory of thought. The divisions of mentality are signified. Philosophy, ethics, poetry, music, science, painting, architecture, sculpture, geology and astronomy are the elements of mind which Puvis' figures symbolize. In the particular *Sacred Grove* of the Potter Palmer collection the arts alone appear. Placid and serene is the tranquil classic landscape with its calm lake and evening sky, its silent forest, Greek temple and Elysian fields. The gods themselves are present, but they are not the gods of Olympus; they are entirely the guardians of peace, the symbols of the activities of man in the constructive arts and the associations of fraternity. None of the personages appearing in these pictures by this lofty muralist have human interests. They do not smile, neither do they weep. Grief or joy are never displayed upon their countenances. They have one superior quality over the original classic interpretations by the great masters of 400 B. C. The originals were always supremely beautiful in their external proportions, whether or not their countenances radiated one suggestion of intelligence. In fact, most pure classic representation has produced gods and goddesses unquestionably beautiful but obviously dumb. Puvis' figures are sometimes questionably beautiful, but they are always the complete embodiment of intelligence. The wisdom of all the persons inhabiting his world is beyond doubt.

Almost all symbolism has come as the result of natural phenomena. Blue gives to the subconscious mind a certain quality of emotional reaction quite unlike that aroused by red or yellow. Gradually these emotions, repeated in the consciousness of man for hundreds of generations, have given very definite meaning to the various colors aside from any names that are attached to them. In fact, even to the uncultured the seven named colors of the spectrum have a very marked meaning, whether that meaning can be analyzed in words or not. The meaning is so similar with all persons that the colors have assumed fixed places in symbolism. All of this Puvis de Chavannes knew perfectly, and when he clothed a figure in white and lavender, another in rose, another in deep purple, one in delicate green, others in bright or dull yellow, the meaning of those figures strikes in upon the consciousness of the beholder whether or not he be versed in the literature of the picture. It is this very consciousness of the developed laws of beauty which lifts Puvis' art always above the literary or romantic. We are helped in our enjoyment of his pictures with captions or even paragraphs of description, but, given time, we would find it all out for ourselves. We cannot approach his painting with just our emotions; we must take our intellects, and the more readily we are able to think in terms of abstraction, the more quickly will we enjoy the full measure of this giant's art.

His background is ever the world in which we all live, but glorified, idealized, simplified and made calm. There is never rancor, storm nor stress. The world of peace, presided over by the divine principle of harmony, is ever the setting for his themes. The interrelationship of the arts, and yet the specific message of each, is obviously apparent in his compositions dealing with the departments of mind. The sciences are more often embodied in young men; his-



DETAIL OF MURAL: SORBONNE.—PUVIS DE CHAVANNES tory, geology and so forth, in the persons of old men, the arts more often than not in stately, draped women. Music floats through the air, symbolized by angel-like creatures often carrying musical instruments. Architecture is ever noble and stately, whether done as a group of mighty builders or as a classic goddess.

His whole name is interesting—Pierre Cécile Puvis de Chavannes. He was always called Puvis by his confreres, and it is under this caption that we find him catalogued. He was born in Lyons. His father was a mining engineer and determined on a scientific training for the boy. He went through the school forms in his home city, then at fourteen to Paris, where he studied in the underschool of the Sorbonne. He was a bit fragile; illness overtook him, and he was sent off to sunny Italy. While there be announced to his parents that he had determined to become a painter. He had been totally captivated by the splendor of Italian art, especially by the work of Giotto and Fra Angelico.

At the end of eight months, quite restored to health and with a flame of enthusiasm, he returned to Paris, entering the studio of Ary Scheffer. This did not last long. Scheffer was much too sweet for him. The affectations of French romanticism nauseated him. The next important move we find in his twenty-fourth year, when he established a studio of his own in the Place Pigalle. This he maintained until 1897, and most of the time as a sort of atelier. In 1852 he introduced the atelier feature by inviting a group of students to come and work with him evenings from the living model. This went on for more than thirty years, and during that time Puvis himself made some of the most beautiful academic drawings of which France can boast. Those who criticize his finished murals as being unconstructive, lacking in physical anatomy, and all that sort of thing, have but to turn to the glorious evening drawings of the Place Pigalle atelier to know that when Puvis did not paint with photographic accuracy it was not because he could not, but because he chose not to. He never confused his studies with the object of his finished works.

At the age of twenty-six he began submitting works to the jury of the Salon. Many of his friends advised him that his serious easel paintings were not as interesting as his sketches, but he persisted, even though he was rejected for nine consecutive years. When at last his *Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian, Ecce Homo* and *Meditation* were accepted in 1859, the public roared with laughter. They were considered dull, ugly and unbeautiful. Today we look upon the solemn dignity, the mental elevation of these stately pictures with a regard approaching reverence.

Two years later he had found champions, and two huge pictures, painted as easel canvases but very muralistic in their spirit, were awarded a second-class medal. They were called *Peace* and *War*. Straightway the city of Amiens bought *Peace* for the great new Museum of Arts in that city. Almost immediately Puvis gave the museum *War* rather than have them separated. When they were hung over the great stairway of the stately edifice his name was made, and immediately the art commission of this lovely Gothic town requested Puvis to decorate practically the whole building. Funds repeatedly gave out, so that the work was delayed and postponed, but enough was accomplished to make it necessary for any devotee of the art of this painter to journey to Amiens. Certain phases of his painting are to be seen nowhere else. With the exception of some dozen canvases all of his important easel pictures are to be found there. And there is a certain gracious sweetness, even extending to the murals not found in other works. At Lyons we find some interesting easel pictures, and in the Longchamps Palace, Marseilles, a mural in allegory, showing Marseilles as a Greek colony. By this time he was recognized in Paris as a thinker and a decorator.

The revival of building activities in 1874 brought Puvis straight to the front. In 1876 he began his series of the life of St. Genevieve, taking as his model the stately Princess Cantacuzene, his wife. This series was designed for the new City Hall, and there we find some of the big panels—*St. Genevieve Giving Food, Ministering to the Sick, Receiving the Message of Her Divine Purpose,* and so forth. This series was never complete and three of them went into the Pantheon instead.

The Pantheon is the French Hall of Fame, the tomb of the noble dead of France. It is situated in the heart of the Paris University and is a magnificent, domed structure of Corinthian detail, built in the form of a Greek cross. Beneath the great floor of the edifice, which covers a whole block, is the crypt where the tombs are to be found, but somehow only a few of the most illustrious sons of France have ever found their final resting place there. It has been a French habit, from king to peasant, to indicate quite specifically where his remains are finally to lie, and almost no one seemed to care about the Pantheon for permanent disposition. The result is that the building is not at all important as a noble burial place; but it has become tremendously important as an art monument, and this largely due to the two walls of six panels each decorated by this greatest of the French muralists. Every wall space is filled, mostly by painters of romantic illustrative tendencies who hadn't the least conception of adjusting their pictures to the scale of the building, to the color or forms of its marble columns, or to the purposes of wall decoration. Of the numberless paintings spread throughout its spacious interior, those by Puvis de Chavannes are the only ones really worthy the honor.

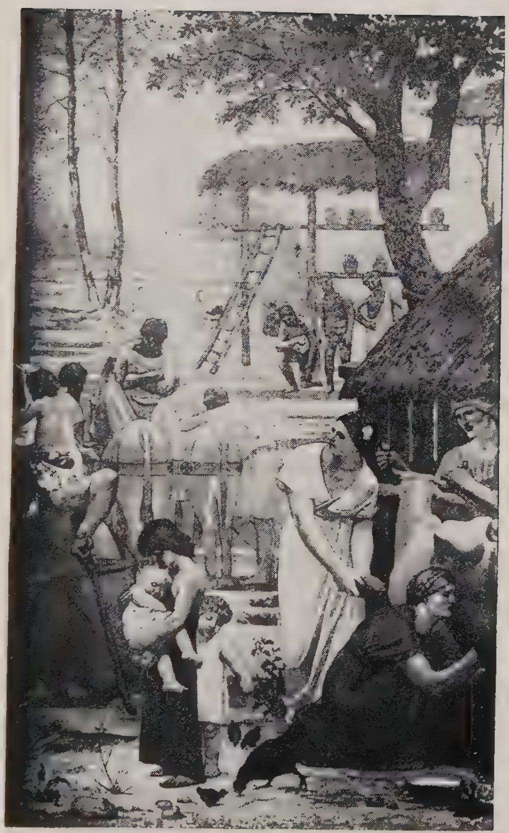
As an artisan, a craftsman, a thinker and an artist, Puvis scaled his compositions to the places they were to fill. He analyzed the color and light of his surroundings and placed with the greatest sensitiveness every color note and figure in precisely the right position to enhance the wall, to add to the beauty of the building, and to tell the story with perfect effect. His art had the same flat quality and simplicity of design that marked Giotto's, but to his was added nearly five hundred years of esthetic development. We have but to analyze one of these compositions to have the secret of them all. Let us take *St. Genevieve's Childhood.*

It is a perpendicular panel of about the proportion of three to five. This shape seemed to please him very much. It is comparable to the proportions of a Japanese print, and there is certainly much in Puvis' art akin to the spirit of that Oriental eloquence. No Japanese artist, however, ever became so thoroughly objective and illustrative, for here we find a complete pastoral scene—farmyard, cattle, busy workhands, men, women and children about the domestic duties of rural life. The child, Genevieve, tends the little children and busies herself with this service, oblivious of the activities about her. How beautiful are the great trees, the lovely buildings with their thatched roofs, the tender birches yonder, and the horses and cattle near by! A woman in the foreground, curiously suggestive of a goddess of Olympus, milks a cow, while another Ceres bends down with stately gesture to proffer a bowl for more of the life-giving food. How these many things could be composed into so harmonious, homogeneous and rhythmic a design is almost beyond theoretical comprehension, but here it is spaced with a precision and an intelligence defying criticism.

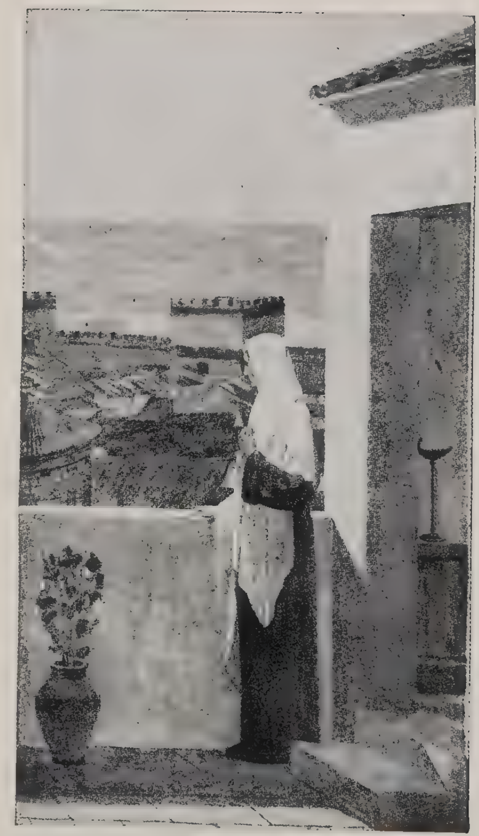
Of course the greatest favorite of the Pantheon series is *St. Genevieve's Watch Over Paris.* This panel is amazing as a composition of rectangles and an arrangement of nocturnal colors. A clear-cut, cream-white moon shines from a light blue night sky over a luminous world. Silent hills flank the distance, a placid river catches the heavenly light, and then the roofs of the sleeping, medieval city of Paris, surrounded by its feudal walls and turreted towers, fill the middle distance. In the foreground, standing upon the porch of her hilltop abode, is St. Genevieve, an angular, stately old woman, clothed in the nun's robes of her order. She has stepped down from her study, where a yellow light from a student lamp falls across the floor and the steps to mingle with the cool white of the moonlight; and the saint rests her hand upon the stone balustrade as she looks with a protecting calm over the silent city below. In the shadows of the balustrade stands a large urn with a rose tree. It is a symbol, of course, but it was placed there at the extreme edge of the picture as an element of design. Puvis knew that he needed it to finish his composition. Wall, doorway, study roof, steps and distant turrets are all in exact horizontal and perpendicular lines. There is not one note of motion in diagonal or swinging lines. Where, in all of art, is there a more thoroughly noble, stately composition? And even in the black and white print we somehow feel the cool, luminous moonlight color which he has produced with a veritable magic. This is doubtless one of the world's great pictures.

An easel painting in the Luxembourg Gallery called *The Fisherman's Family* is a strange attenuation of emaciated figures in a tragic wilderness, all in dull brown colors. A fisherman stands in the prow of his boat, which is moored to a desert shore. The net is about to be lowered into the water, but he bows to the chances of life with humiliation and submission. Upon the shore a kneeling woman bends over a babe lying upon the ground. At the first viewing this picture seems to be one of the most unpleasant in all the world. It provokes positive antagonism. We feel that Puvis asks a good deal of us when he compels us to analyze this and to find its meaning without his assistance. But every time we renew our acquaintance with this strange composition it means more to us. It becomes, somehow, the symbol of the whole of life. We become that fisherman, and see how our reward and the provisions for us and ours are so purely a matter of divine succor. In pictures of this sort, Puvis became a definite Expressionist, knowing how to choose the forms, the lines and the colors to express his most subtle meaning and to reveal nothing else.

This phase is one of his latest, and is far less pictorial or romantically appealing than the earlier, such as the famous *Beheading of John the Baptist;* and oh, what an original concept that is! The design and the figures suggest most obviously the Italian masters, but the manipulation of the story is wholly his. A walled garden with a flagstone floor and a great chestnut tree growing straight up through the center of the picture form the setting for this unusual interpretation. Kneeling in the very center of the picture, with his head directly above the geometric center of the whole space, is John the Baptist, a youngish man with well-developed body, only clothed by a sheepskin flung loosely about his loins. Hands are extended downward, thumbs out, palms straight forward. The bearded face, with compressed lips and deep-set fearless eyes, stares at us from the center of a glowing halo that forms the



St. Genevieve's Childhood.—Puvis



St. Genevieve's Watch Over Paris.—Puvis

lightest spot in the composition. The headsman, a magnificent creature in a brown, semi-transparent skirt, blue scarf and lavender helmet, strides into the picture from the left and lifts with a mighty swing a great scimitar which he is directing with full force toward the back of John's neck. Standing in a doorway at the other side of the garden but slightly back of John is Salome, a pale faced and unbeautiful person clothed in a voluminous red dress and an abundant, bespangled purple scarf. A few roses adorn her hair and she carries the copper salver in her hand awaiting the fated John's head. She pays no attention to the violent action of the executioner, but looks with mingled pity and sarcasm at John. The color of the picture is very beautiful, with the flesh tones of the two male bodies surrounded by the quiet grayish shadows of the garden enclosure and the brilliant spots of color in the costuming of Salome and the executioner, plus the highly dramatic and luminous halo in cool goldish light. Later Puvis was much less interested in the beauty of either form or color, but one has only to go to Boston and behold those magnificent panels in the lower rotunda and up the main stairway of the public library to know what a master decorator he really was. Puvis never saw these in place. It took him three years to do these nine panels and the last one was scarcely finished before the hour of his death. Samples of the marble, architect's drawings of the building, the scheme of illumination, and the specific character of the whole setting had been made familiar to him, and had he done them on the spot it is a question whether anything could have been done to make them more fitting than they are.

Not so long before this accomplishment had the Bell telephone come into being, and in one panel he even ventured to place a telephone pole with eight glass insulators and many extending wires. Two figures sweep through the air, one in white bearing an olive branch, the other in black covering her face with one hand and extending the other into space. The title of this picture is *Speech Flashes Through Space and Swift as Lightning Bears Tidings of Good and Evil.* Today we look in mild amusement at the excitement attesting the stir of the world through the accomplishment of the telephone. Well, how many years hence will it be before Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis* and Eckener's "Graf Zeppelin" which appear in the latest murals and illustrations of today seem primitive and altogether old-fashioned?

Just as the Pantheon decorations in Paris by Puvis make all the rest in that building seem unimportant and futile, so do his Boston decorations eclipse all others in the public library building, which are none other than John Singer Sargent's *Corridor of Religions,* including the famous *Frieze of the Prophets,* and Edwin Abbey's renowned *Holy Grail* series. They are not, however, as pretentious in design or as magnificent in workmanship as his *Winter* and *Summer* in the Hotel de Ville, Paris, or the great ceiling there of *Victor Hugo Presenting His Lyre to the City of Paris.*

In 1890, and for two years, he did some panels of beautiful figures in exceptionally luxurious and tranquil landscapes for the museum of art in the city of Rouen. Some people think these his loveliest works, but the world as a whole is pretty well convinced that his greatest achievement is the decoration in the hemicycle, the great lecture room at the Sorbonne (the University of Paris). It is a long, long frieze running around the entire back of the lecture platform some six feet high and forty feet long, held between a wainscoting and an extravagant molding from which the dome of the hemicycle rises. The whole room is quiet in color, beautifully proportioned and spaced as a lecture hall, and has no conspicuous note of decoration or color except this painting. It represents the Sorbonne. A placid landscape of silent forest glade with a sky in yellow glow behind stately pine trees forms the setting. Enthroned in the very center is a matronly figure symbolizing the University. She is attended by youthful figures symbolizing Life and Learning. Near her feet springs a fountain from which Youth dips knowledge, offering it to an old man symbolizing Wisdom. Then on every side are grouped the Arts and the Sciences. Eloquence stands near the center in noble gesture, clothed in white and lavender. Poetry lyric, epic and dramatic, are near by. Painting, Sculpture and Architecture form another group. History, Geology and Mathematics are no less interesting than Astronomy and Philosophy. Electricity appears as the center of youthfulness and all of the departments of Knowledge are symbolized by stately, noble, impersonal creatures. It is as classic as anything that ever came out of ancient Greece, and yet it is a summary of oriental and occidental art, of the advance of the color sense, the knowledge of the fitness of design, the penetration of art into the deepest abodes of the human consciousness.

Pierre Cécile Puvis de Chavannes may be considered the culmination in the field of painting of all those classic ideas established in the time of Pericles and carried on through the days of the Romans, the realm of the popes, the kingdoms of the medieval monarchs, and the romantic era. The nineteenth century can never be ignored as an art epoch with such a master as this to its credit.

The influence of an artist is primarily through his works. Many a master has as a personality exerted no influence whatsoever. He has come and gone without touching the social fabric around him. Some of the greatest geniuses have only begun to accomplish their mastery many years after they passed on. Not so with James Abbott MacNeill Whistler.* From the time he was six years of age, he stirred his family, then he created havoc in the little diplomatic circle about the house of his father, who was building a railroad in St. Petersburg. Later, he almost upset the whole of West Point and made himself most potently felt as a young man of twenty in the Department of Surveys in Washington. Doubtless each of these groups was more or less glad to be rid of him when he passed on to the next. He was from the start precocious, inquisitive, restless, but extremely lovable and genial. People were fond of him but he tired them out. His mother, the second wife of his very admirable father, was his best friend. She returned with her two sons and a half-brother to young James, from Russia, widowed after living there five years. Never throughout her long splendid life did she lose touch with her most difficult but most talented son James.

---

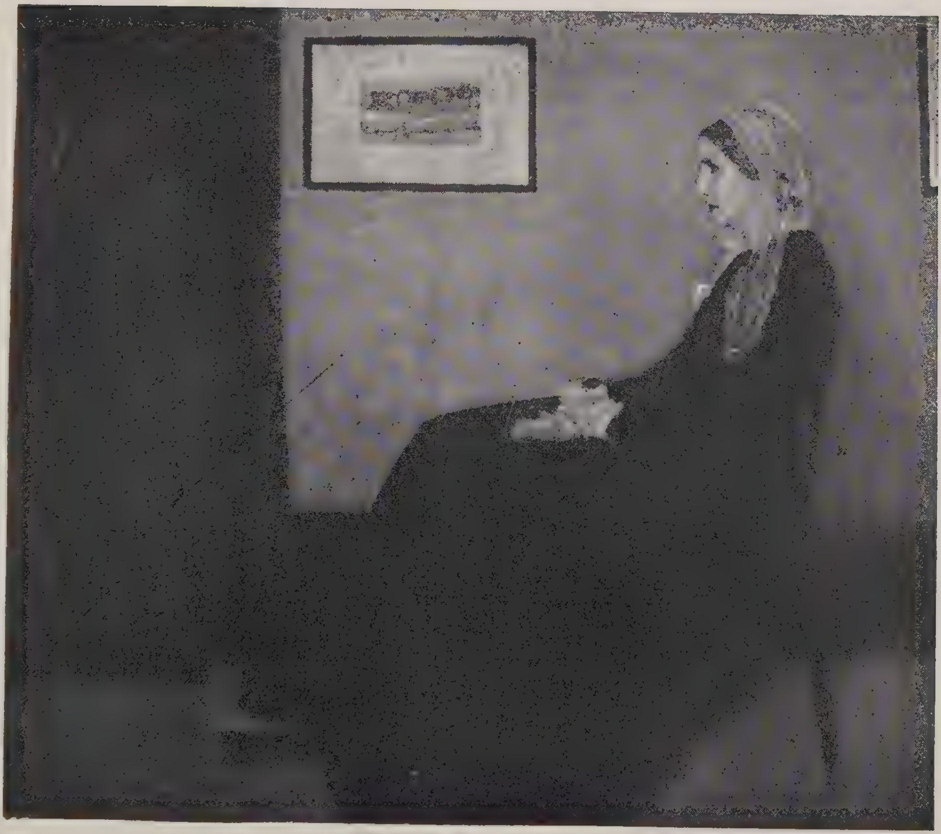
*See pages 510, 516.

In St. Petersburg, Whistler's best hours were spent at art school or in the great picture galleries. West Point was a perfect bore to him and his failures were so general that he was let out, literally dismissed, at the end of his second year. The Department of Surveys in Washington held him only a year and a half and he fled to Paris, becoming the most conspicuous figure of the Latin Quarter from 1855 on. He was but twenty-one years old at this time, and the brilliant life with its strange performances and eventual conquests make the telling of it one of the most fascinating tales in all art. This has been written in one of the most engaging biographies, "The Life of James MacNeill Whistler" by E. R. and J. Pennell, and it is to the Pennells that we are indebted for most of the information regarding this brilliant American's unusual and fascinating life. Our study, however, is not of the life of the artist, except as it might be necessary to know that life in order fully to estimate the value of his art. And in this case it seems necessary.

Whistler's pre-eminence is essentially in the field of etching, but his convictions and his mental departures were much more convincingly demonstrated in his paintings. Many of his drawings and etchings are sufficiently academic and conservative to be acceptable to the most traditional stickler, but his paintings, without exception, were bombs thrown into the endless sea of nineteenth century mediocrity. The explosions were felt throughout the art world, and even today it is a bit difficult for some people to find admirable qualities in Whistler's painting. A guard of many years' service in the Tate Gallery replied to our inquiry regarding the location of the Whistler paintings with the remark, "That man was a bally bluff, posin' as an artist." The classifications place him as an Impressionist and certainly if the impression of the visual world was ever revealed in its essential truth and perfect essence, Whistler did it.

Those who judge art as the ornamentation of life find nothing to admire in Whistler, but if art is considered the analysis of the essential truths of beauty, Whistler is the greatest of all. Probably if it had not been for the excessive extravagances of the romantic era, especially in France, there would have been no reason for Whistler's art. But it was the triumphant challenge to the excesses of all art practices which made Whistler's contribution so great. In many ways, the position that he occupies in relation to the rest of the art of his time is like that of Debussy's to music. Early in his Paris student days he declared, ''The greatest art is the maximum of effect with a minimum of effort.'' This statement he repeated in his famous lecture at Oxford many years later, called ''Ten o'Clock,'' and it appears as the key slogan for his admirable essays, ''The Gentle Art of Making Enemies.'' Just how he could have arrived at these great convictions and been courageous enough to have stood by them through the onslaught of many decades of bitter opposition is necessary to know. Therefore, we must deal with his life as well as his work.

He was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1834. Both his parents were of intellectual and social distinction. His mother's diary, written during those interesting years in St. Petersburg when his father was building the great railroad to Moscow, shows a woman of superior stamina, keen intellect, excellent taste and unusual motherhood. It is nice to know that the woman whom we have all learned to love in the renowned and gentle portrait called *The Mother* was in reality that sort of person. She eventually became Whistler's home maker in a very beautiful life in Paris and London. Madame Whistler managed her notable son's affairs, kept his house in order, looked after his wants and wishes up to the very last hours of her active and long life. It may be interesting to know that this famous portrait was painted the first year that she went to Paris to take over the affairs of his household. Whistler never quite gave himself up to a full acceptance of Paris as home, but rather did he favor London, although he lived there no more than in Paris, and at times off he went to Venice, declaring it to be the only place in the world fit for a man to live. His most brilliant quarrels



THE MOTHER OF WHISTLER.—WHISTLER

were conducted in London, and it is interesting now to find that he is claimed by three nations. He appears in every classification of nineteenth century French artists, is declared in London to belong to the British school of art, and of course in America we know that he is ours. His tongue was as keen as his brush and his mastery of French was as eloquent as his English. He chose to converse in French whenever that was possible, but more of his utterances in English are quoted today than of any man of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. He is a sort of pivot upon which one's taste and cultural standards hang in the modern world. Not to know Whistler and his art is to be considerably in the dark about much of the beauty and taste which constitute the foundation of twentieth century progress.

Two years after he reached Paris—that is, at the age of twenty-three—he achieved his first success with a series of etchings of the Seine. A year later he went to London and in 1859 did his famous set of the Thames. Before he had reached thirty he was declared by every connoisseur to be one of the few important etchers since Rembrandt. Today, in summarizing the climax of this particular and peculiar art, we mention the names Dürer, Rembrandt, Meryon, Haden, Whistler and Zorn. His directness and deftness, the precision of his attack and the delicacy of his vision, made him an admirable etcher. Sir Seymour Haden was an eminent English surgeon, the husband of Whistler's half-sister. Early in the days of Whistler's London success something arose between these two, eventually resulting in a scandalous quarrel which was openly to the discredit of both. To the best of outside observance, it was a pique prompted by jealousies, and the egoism of the younger but more brilliant of the two stood in the light of any alleviation. The quarrel was never patched up and it had much to do with Whistler's eventual departure from London to reside in Paris, where he remained the rest of his life. The rivalry between the two as etchers was justified, because even to this hour the camp of appreciation is divided. Half the world declares Haden to be the greater, and the other half favors Whistler.

Whistler's pre-eminence in this, his chosen medium, is so generally acknowledged that so authoritative an account as that given in the Encyclopædia Britannica accredits his entire position and success to this medium of expression. Almost nothing is said in many other records of Whistler as a painter. But these records were written before the portrait of his mother was hung in the Louvre. This honor is never given to a work of art until its maker has been dead ten years, and then only through the unanimous approval of the most autocratic art body in the world, the Commission of Art for the French government. Many of the cultured nations still have no representation in the great collections of this mightiest of all art museums, but America may proudly boast of *The Mother,* by Whistler, which has been placed in the most conspicuous setting in the room of recent acquisitions. It hangs upon a screen in the center of the great gallery directly opposite and facing the doorway which leads into the long hall of Italian art. Is it too much to say that *The Mother* has instantly become one of the five great women of the Louvre, rivaled only in esthetic importance by Venus de Milo, Niké of Samothrace, La Source and Mona Lisa? Any American visitor to Paris finds this the climax of his art pilgrimage, not only warming the cockles of his patriotic heart, but giving him with great assurance the proof that art is not dead, that the master spirit is still a world product. The painting was done in the third period of Whistler's art and long before it reached its full maturity.

Shortly after he went to London he came into favor with F. W. Leyland, a shipbuilder of fortune. This acquaintance lasted through many years and ended in great profit to Whistler and to art. In 1877, after Leyland had bought strikes of every etching Whistler had ever done, and had purchased Whistler's most noted picture, *The Princess of the Porcelain Country,* he went away on a long journey and commissioned Whistler to hang it somewhere in the house and to do anything that was necessary to make the setting perfect. Whistler chose the dining room, which was paneled in costly carved leather. It was an elaborate room in its architecture, having been done by one of the most eminent architects of London especially to hold the great array of blue and white porcelain that Mr. Leyland proudly owned. Shelves projected from every panel, upon each of which was to be posed a larger or smaller blue and white vase. The ceiling was elaborately paneled and hung with many pendent lamps. The whole room, from a Whistler standpoint, must have been a mess. Leyland's first desire was to have a house of magnificence equal to the Venetians'. In fact, his ambition was to live like a Venetian merchant prince.

Whistler found that his painting of the lovely lady in the white gown against the blue background became utterly negative in this giddy room. The tooled leather panels displayed red roses in the center of each and the great rug especially woven for the room had a red border. Whistler cut the red border from the rug and painted the flowers with yellow and gold. It proved to be hopeless. Leyland gasped at the mutilation of this costly splendor and in a fit of total discouragement went to his country estate. Left alone at the task, Whistler hit upon the scheme of decorating the whole thing in peacock feathers, believing their blue-green eyes would be in perfect harmony with the porcelains on the shelves. He waxed fiery with enthusiasm, and day by day, as he went on painting more peacock feathers, his enthusiasm increased. Before Mr. Leyland's return two full months elapsed, and every day from dawn to twilight the young Whistler was frantically at work in the room. Presently some of the peacocks became gold, some silver. Eventually Whistler determined to cut off the pendent ceiling lamps. In no way did he consult his patron. Whistler gave the whole story to the press and by the time another month had gone by it was the talk of the town. Whistler was perfectly sure that it was the most beautiful room in all the world, and when it was eventually finished, four months later, the world in general agreed. Even Leyland eventually forgave the destruction of the beautiful old Spanish leather.

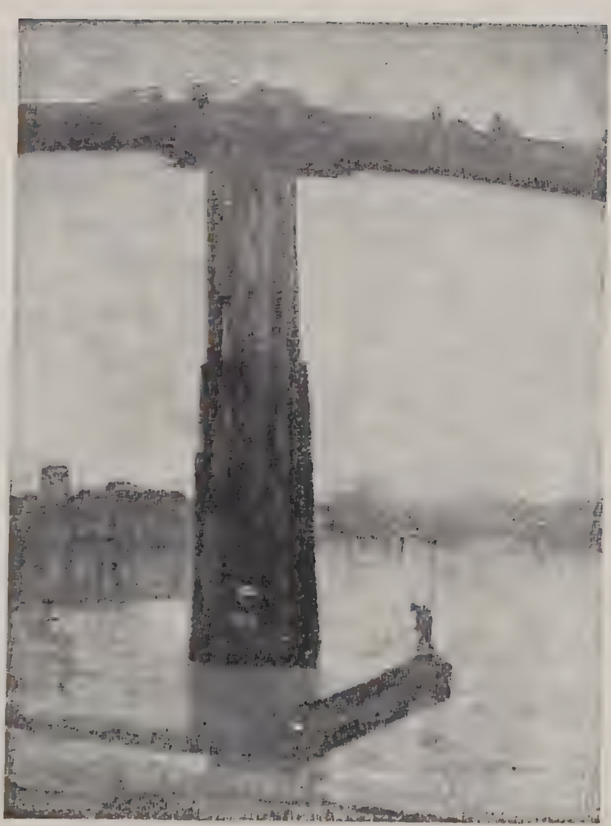
The publicity, the receptions and press views had been entirely of Whistler's arrangement without Leyland's consent. Not a word had passed between them during months. Leyland suffered on in silence; Whistler worked with renewed vigor. But when the bill was eventually presented, Leyland could endure no more. It was for two thousand guineas. In indignation, Leyland sent one thousand pounds. Whistler considered it an insult. Then Leyland at last offered to pay the whole amount if Whistler would straightway leave the place. This was adding injury to insult. Whistler refused to go, declaring that he would present the whole thing to Leyland rather than leave before the gold peacocks were finished. So on it went to the last stroke. Leyland proved himself a much better sport in the matter than Whistler, but the quarrel is almost as famous as the room.

After Leyland's death, and when the room was the most talked of in the world, it was sold to Mr. Charles L. Freer of Detroit.

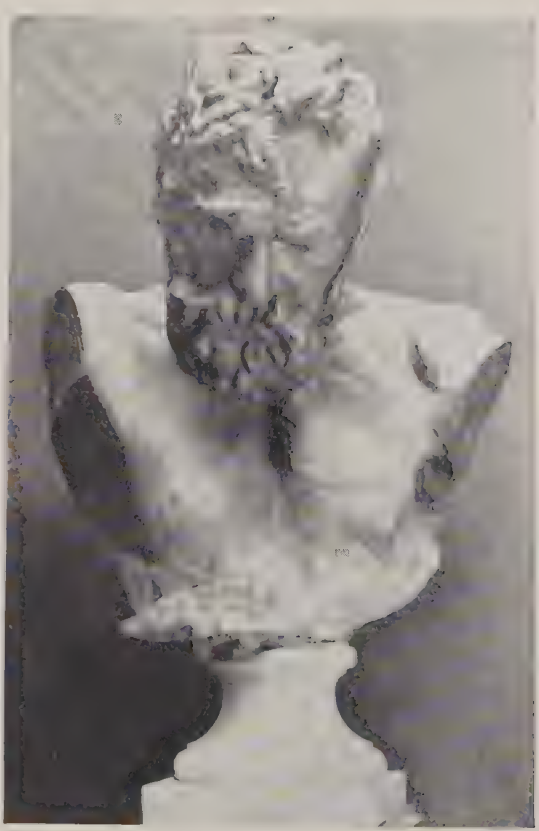
He offered it to the City of Detroit along with a few hundred Whistler drawings, a full set of etchings, some twenty or thirty paintings, even the famous *Princesse*, which was the keynote of the room. But Detroit failed to house the gift, and after ten years had elapsed Mr. Freer quietly withdrew his offer and built the beautiful gallery at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, presenting this precious room and all of these drawings and paintings, a great collection of oriental art, and almost all of the important Abbott Thayers in existence, to the nation to be administered by the Smithsonian Institution. He endowed the gallery, so that it would never be of any cost to the nation; and it is the most perfect art museum in the world. It is a beautiful soft pink marble building, classic and restrained in lines, with an open garden court in which peacocks strut. The famous Whistler-Leyland Peacock Room is installed just as it was at Leyland House. But otherwise, the pictures and objects of the collection are only displayed from time to time. No room is cluttered; no exhibition is extravagant or oppressive. It is a most restful and inspiring place. Great fireproof stack rooms similar to those in libraries contain the splendid collections. Students may always gain admission to these files, and with the greatest ease any object can immediately be seen, while the galleries, spacious, beautiful and restful, remain uncluttered and unspoiled, with sometimes only three or four precious objects in a room. Again we say it is the most perfect art museum in the world.

After Whistler finished the Peacock Room he went to Venice and turned once more to etching. From there his picture, *A Nocturne,* with the sparks from a bursting rocket falling against a night sky, was sent to the British Royal Academy. It was refused. Ruskin, the great critic of the hour, condemned Whistler for "throwing a pot of paint into the face of the public." The result of this was Whistler's famous libel suit against Ruskin for defamation. The length of that trial, the amusing incidents concerning it and the costliness of it made it one of the most noted law suits in British history. After an interminable discussion Whistler was awarded a farthing. This pleased him, but the cost of the suit rested heavily upon Ruskin. Since that time, many an art suit has been brought in England, France and America, and all of them have used the famous Whistler-Ruskin controversy as a standard. After it Whistler was made president of the Society of Fine Arts, and eventually, in 1886, president of the British Painters' Society. In the more serene and prolific Paris days, that began again in 1891, Whistler turned his attention chiefly to portraits in oil, with an occasional nocturne. He was one of the first to refuse to give his pictures objective names, but he called them *Harmonies in Rose and Gold, Silver and Black,* et cetera. Such utter refinements, such simplicity of tonalities had never before been seen in occidental art. They were closely akin to various phases of oriental art, especially Chinese painting upon silk, and Japanese prints.

The story goes that in the student days in the Latin Quarter, Whistler was the real discoverer of the Japanese print. When they were about to have a meal one evening in his studio, some of the boys went to a near-by provision shop and came back with articles done up in small pieces of yellow paper on which were printed pictures in color. Whistler pounced upon them with ejaculations of delight. He scanned each one, forgot about the repast, and rushed



OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE.—WHISTLER



BUST OF VICTOR HUGO.—RODIN

back to the shop to procure more. He found literally stacks of them. They were wood-block prints used as linings of tea hampers which had come from Japan. The decorative flatness of the Japanese print certainly did have an influence upon this master's art, and many a time his drawing and his subject matter indicate a great regard for the tastes of the Japanese artists. The only occidental painter whom Whistler admired very deeply was Velasquez of Spain, and he was most keen about his simple, refined tonalities.

We have delightful stories of Whistler's life from the late Arthur Eddy of Chicago, who twice commissioned Whistler to paint his portrait, one a total failure, the other a renowned success. Also have we heard of him through the late Chicago painter, Oliver Dennett Grover, who knew him in his student days. Miss Harriet Montgomery of Chicago tells a delightful tale about Whistler. Being present at one of his famous Saturday afternoon teas, she approached the master, who was a most conspicuous figure, always a bit extravagant in his costume and with a shock of white hair rising against the dark mass of bushy hair that always well covered his skull, the darkness of which in later years aroused a bit of suspicion. But the white lock was ever kept most startlingly white. Miss Montgomery's question was, "Mr. Whistler, who do you think is the world's greatest artist?" He adjusted his monocle, leaned haughtily against the door jamb, and said, "I think that is for you to say, Madam." With a deep curtsey, her reply was, "I must mention two, Velasquez and Whistler." Rather than show a warm elation over this pretty compliment, he scowled and drawled out, "Why drag in Velasquez, Madam?" And yet, somehow, we can forgive in this genius his egoism. Without it he never would have attained what he did.

Look at the tranquil elegance of *The Mother*. See the exquisite charm of these simple tones, one against another. Look at the subtle, refined, loving revelation of the character of the simple but queenly woman. How tenderly Whistler revealed his adoration for this very beautiful person! The boldness of placing the figure in straight silhouette, of putting nothing around her but a few simple objects, keeping the picture entirely within a fixed scheme of decoration, and yet revealing all that life could possibly tell! Yes, this Whistler was a great genius, lifting painting from commonplace photography to exalted and chaste interpretation, a new eloquence expressed through simplicity.

Take the *Battersea Bridge.* Could much more be told of night? What beauty of spacing, what rapture of tonal revelation! On and on we could go in the analysis of Whistler's art and the discussion of his fascinating life. Let this brief program merely arouse an interest and we shall long to see more and to know more. Now, we must contemplate a third outstanding individualist of nineteenth century France.

This one was a Frenchman through and through, from simple stock, untutored and untrained except in the most haphazard way; a giant who began as a little boy and gained every step of his climb with a hitch of his hatchet as up he went. Auguste Rodin* not only attained the highest place in the field of sculpture for more than three hundred years, but became so rich in self-gained culture that he was able to write a great book entitled *Art,* which is one of the first to be had for any modern art shelf. Rodin stands as a craftsman with the greatest in history; as a master of the medium of sculpture, preëminently above all who had preceded him. We may mention Phidias, Angelo and Rodin all in one breath. Higher praise could be given to no man.

He, of all the others, dug his fingers into the clay at his feet and breathed life into it. After the absurd and flamboyant sculpture of the whole nineteenth century, with Constantin Meunier as the only European salvation, Rodin established a new declaration for the power and the position of his chosen medium. He declared loudly and demonstrated consistently that a perfect work of sculpture was nothing more than a rock elevated to eloquence and that it should ever be able to be rolled downhill without knocking off corners. What Debussy did in establishing the true limitations of pure music, what Whistler did in establishing the final statement of tonal eloquence, Rodin did for sculpture. Of the workers in marble and bronze who have ever lived, this artist was the first to prove conclusively what the limitations of the medium are. A brief survey of his life may be interesting.

---

*See pages 516, 521.

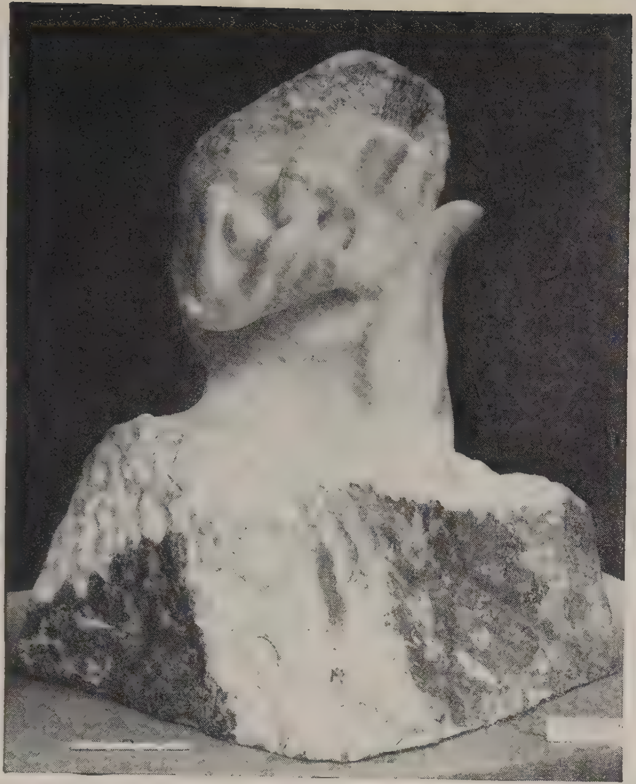
He was born in 1840, and exhibited at the age of thirty-seven in the Salon for the first time. For eleven years he had tried and tried, only to be rejected. His father was a clerk in a police court. His mother had worked and sacrificed to help give her son his education at a very mediocre boarding school. At fourteen he was allowed to go to the Latin Quarter for drawing lessons, but there he discovered that modeling was his great desire. He found his way to the atelier of the famous animal sculptor Barye, and soon he applied for admission to the École des Beaux-Arts. After three trials he was admitted.

He was through with this in short order, finding that the Academy meant little to his creative spirit, and he became a day worker, designing moldings and working out the plaster molds in the employ of a decorative establishment. At times he was a free-lancer, picking up odd jobs of modeling here and there. Carrier-Belleuse employed him at one time to assist him with his sculptures, largely decorative features for public buildings. He served in the War of 1870, after which he had two journeys—one to Italy, where the magnificence of the great Angelo came fully into his consciousness, the other to the cathedrals of northern France, which literally bowled him over with their stupendousness. These two influences were ever the greatest of his life—Michelangelo and the Gothic cathedrals.

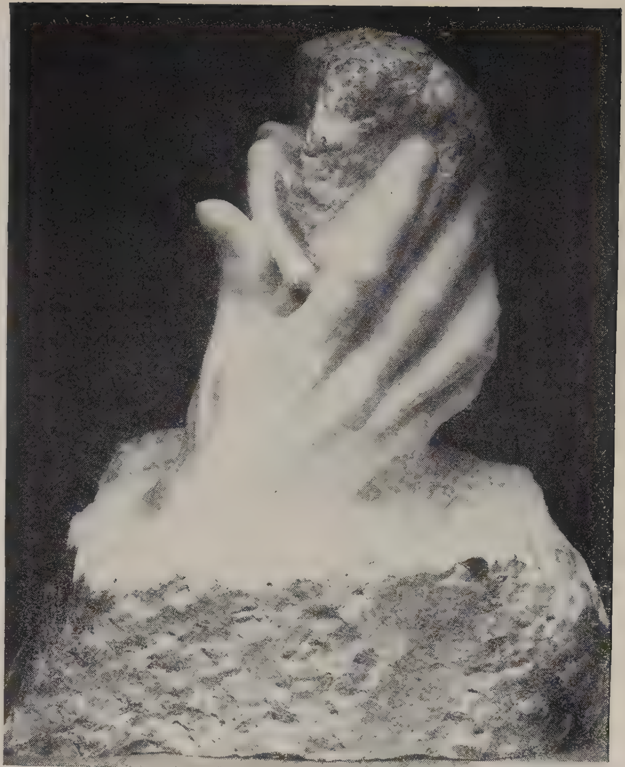
His thirty-seventh year approached, and a statue that he had in reality spent his life and thought on, and which was originally called *The Man Awakening to Nature,* was accepted for the Salon. Critics arose in wrath, declaring that it was absolutely a mechanical mold taken from a real person. It was of a very splendid young man standing in a trembling, almost fainting attitude, chin elevated, eyes closed, one hand resting upon the top of the head, the other lifted to the height of the shoulder and clenched with trembling nervousness. This charge incensed Rodin terrifically. He, of course, denied it, but not until a year or two had passed was he thoroughly vindicated, and then not until seven sculptors, wishing to intercede in his behalf, made a thorough investigation—watched him at work in his studio and fully realized the marvelous facility of his deft fingers in the clay and his remarkable understanding of anatomical form. The statue is now known as *The Bronze Age.* It certainly is more palpitatingly alive, muscle upon muscle, than any statue of the human form that has ever been done.

Two years later the Ministry of Art made slight atonement by awarding Rodin a medal of the third class for his rather similar conception, *John the Baptist.* Then the critics vented their rage in fury, declaring that the statue of the gaunt, middle-aged John actually walked—that it did not stay still as a statue should. The charge eventually became its greatest endorsement.

Not long after Rodin began to receive public commissions. He was to do a *Victor Hugo* for the beautiful garden of the Palais Royal. When he had pulled from the clay the suggested, breathing countenance of this giant French writer he stopped, going on with the figure, a reclining nude in repose, one hand supporting the head, deep in great meditation. The top of the head was left in raw, untouched clumps. The figure reclined not upon a couch but literally merged from the clay. Protests innumerable arose. It was denied a place; he was given no money. Not until years had passed was it eventually put in its originally designed setting. Even a more heated controversy arose over his monumental mystical statue of *Balzac,* a ponderous, unfeatured mass, rising like a mountain pinnacle and merely suggesting collegiate robes upon a massive human figure. His head, shaggy and mighty as a giant, came from the top of the robe almost void of features, great lumps and sockets suggesting the forms of the countenance through rugged masses of light and shadow. The academic world laughed in derision. Today it stands in the minds of art lovers along with the *Victor Hugo* as the two greatest character interpretations of the entire century. How far removed from the specific portraiture of the sculpture of ancient Rome, which was so meticulous and mechanical in its photographic revelation! The great Roman sculptors almost forgot their sculpture in their eagerness to reveal the per-



THE HAND OF GOD (FRONT).—RODIN



THE HAND OF GOD (BACK).—RODIN

sonality, the individual character of the subjects. Rodin made the character of his subject emanate from an all-sweeping eloquence of sculpture as it had never been understood before.

The third, and in some ways the bitterest, controversy over Rodin's art was about the *Burghers of Calais,* six stark, starving figures walking from the gates of the medieval city as personal sacrifice to the conquering enemy, who demanded the surrender of the leading citizens that the siege might be lifted. Rodin visited Calais, desired that his statue, which was in the original plan a single figure symbolic of the siege, should stand low in the marketplace where the hordes of the living surged by. When the commissioners found that he had done six figures, each more hideous and repellent and pitiful than the other, they were aghast and could not imagine so uncompromising a work of sculpture standing in close range with people who might actually rub shoulders against it as they passed. To be sure, the figures were clothed, but with dreadful rags; their gaunt hands were in chains; they swayed along together in staggered formation. ''No,'' they said, ''we cannot accept such a hideous interpretation to stand in our marketplace.''

The fight waged on. Years went by and Rodin received no pay. Gradually the critics rose to him, and by the year 1900 his reputation was international and his art completely triumphant. So Calais hastened to claim its right; but instead of placing the monument where Rodin had designed it to go, it was foolishly put out on a bleak cliff overlooking the sea, where it is diminutive in scale, unrelated to its surroundings and almost a total failure.

Rodin first became conspicuous in the Paris Exposition of 1899 on the strength of his *Adam and Eve, Danaë,* eight or ten remarkable heads, *The Prodigal Son* and *Eternal Spring.* He was invited to send a special exhibition to the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. There it came, a great array of marvelous, tremulous, breathing marble. *The Kiss,* showing the seated nude figures of a man and a girl in a most tender and loving embrace, was regarded with such moral questioning that it was placed in a private room and only shown to the most proper persons. Today it occupies a conspicuous place in the sculpture hall of the Luxembourg gallery and a replica of it is the center of the main rotunda of the Musée Rodin.

From the day he was thirty-seven years of age until his death forty years later, in 1917, he drew or modeled every day of his life. His drawings in wash, pen and ink and pencil were all preparatory studies to his modeling, but today are regarded as great treasures in their own right. They are as filled with earthiness, with physical life rising under the soul urge from the material plane into the plane of thought, as his sculptures are. There is almost no "uplift" in Rodin's art. He never idealized as did the Greeks, nor pondered over metaphysics as did the Italians, nor took a stand against corporeality through the guise of physical attenuations or decorative architectural symbols as Gothic sculptors had. He saw life primarily within the physical plane and he made the art of sculpture the most eloquent medium to describe the urges of the physical life. Never did he make it base; nothing is farther from the obscene than Rodin's art. It is so filled with truth and revealed with such frankness that if we wish to moralize at all we find ourselves accepting the physical functions of life and regarding the natural laws of the physical plane as thoroughly well ordered, divinely principled. Rodin's art was a challenge to only one social attitude and that was puritanism. We become aware that all persons who really dislike Rodin's art are primarily puritanically minded. When we become conscious of the stupendous truth and the beauty in life as Rodin interpreted it, we begin wondering whether puritanism is very healthy after all.

Rodin's most mighty achievement and the one which makes it possible for even the puritan to forgive him all his sins, is *The Hand of God.* There are two versions of it. The first is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York and the second in the Musée Rodin in Paris. Each is the portrayal of a colossal male hand in a huge block of marble, so anatomically real that even in its exaggerated size and in the whiteness of marble it seems literally to be alive. Between its thumb and fingers is a spittle of clay held upright by the hand, which reaches out of the solid marble block. Within the clay, only partially emerging, are figures --man and woman, the center of a whirling vortex. They cling to each other in the great embrace of love. The figures in the Metropolitan version are large—in fact, fully half of the clay spittle—and should they stand would be practically the size of the great hand. In the Musée Rodin version they are smaller in relation to the great hand whose mysterious power is bringing them into life. What a great concept, satisfying to all, offensive to none—the fundamentalists or the Darwinians: man and his power to participate in eternal life, springing from the hand of God!

Sculpturally, this is a very great masterpiece. It would be difficult to imagine anything in the entire eloquence of stone which could be more telling. It fulfills the first requisites of sculpture. It is a rock that may be rolled downhill without losing any of its corners. The forms that have been revealed at all are suggestive of living beings. Veins, knuckles, muscles are not drawn forth as such but vibrate rhythmically together, so that the eye flows gently, consistently, symphonically from one form to another until all are comprehended. The whole classic urge, beginning at the end of the Persian War there in the splendor of the new Athens, moved ceaselessly outward in all directions, especially westward. But it took nearly two thousand years to come to its fulfillment. In sculpture this fulfillment was in Rodin. He is the climactic termination.

But instead of this art being lifted higher and higher spiritually, it was brought step by step down from its artificial extollations until it found its basic principles, and there, in Rodin, we see it growing from the earth as consistent and as full of the truth of God's world as the trees of the forests, the flowers of the meadows—humanity in the fundamental functions of life. Whether or not Rodin was a propagandist, whether he had any consciousness that he was doing a great thing for the art of sculpture, he was ever creating fundamental beauty. When we reach a full appreciation of the art of this master, we are conscious that his sculptures are among the most beautiful things that have ever been made by the hand of man.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES AND ILLUSTRATIONS BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

DETAIL of Mural; Sorbonne by Puvis de Chavannes. This reproduction shows the central third of the entire picture as it is set into the wall back of the rostrum of the lecture hall at the University of Paris. The figures are obviously allegorical; they are beautiful without being corporeal. Knowledge is seated in the center ministering to Youth; even Wisdom in the foreground takes a cup of water from the hands of Youth who dips it from the Pool of Learning. To the left and right are figures symbolizing the eloquences and the sciences. In the work of this master all of the art elements are refined to the last possible degree. Page 498.

Saint Genevieve's Childhood by Puvis de Chavannes. Even in such worldly concepts as this very domestic scene the conception of this artist is stately and spiritual. The missions of life are being performed with ritualistic fervor. The composition is exceedingly beautiful as one readily observes with the eyes half closed. This artist was a master of design and of his own thoughts. Page 504.

Saint Genevieve's Watch Over Paris by Puvis de Chavannes. Here is a composition as expert as a Japanese woodcut, as profound in its fervor as a Giotto, as calm as a Greek symbol. The color is mostly blue and the tone of light streaming from the moon is almost hypnotic in its realism. As a perpendicular composition this picture is especially renowned. One wonders at the mental processes by which a master artist selects and eliminates until he gains such a placid result. Page 504.

The Mother of Whistler by James MacNeill Whistler. This is the first notable painting by an American to hang in the Louvre. It is a summary of the characterization of Rembrandt and the serene poise of Velasquez. In the simple arrangement of the figure in silhouette against a flat wall it is obviously a deliberate simplification. Not only did

Whistler carefully reduce his subject matter to the simplest terms but his tones were likewise applied in the most carefully measured quality. Some people have not liked the sharp angular form of the framed etching upon the wall, but it is there not only to complete the decorative quality of the design but to take our attention away from the mother. It acts as a foil to her living grace. One should not be allowed to gaze too intently upon any one person or spot of a picture. Page 510.

Old Battersea Bridge by Whistler. This shows Whistler's Japanese influence. The result is much more Japanese than European. The mists of the Thames formed an admirable subject for such treatment, but only a master could do a single pier of a bridge with its span otherwise unsupported to the edges of the picture. In this achievement the planning of the design was more than half of the work. The result is effortless mastery. Page 516.

Bust of Victor Hugo by Auguste Rodin. This is the embodiment of Rodin's art. As soon as he had finished with the main essentials of characterization, he stopped, not caring to polish off and elaborately complete those things that were superficial or at least non-essential to his story. The chaos and struggle within Victor Hugo's brain is somehow symbolized by the unfinished forehead. Page 516.

The Hand of God by Rodin. Where is there a more perfect hand in art? Only a drawing of praying hands by Durer is in any way its equal. It is eloquently the hand of the Sculptor who models into living form life. Who but a great master could have suggested human love within the sculptor's clay without making it sentimental or offensive? There is life itself in this very treatment. Somehow it is spiritual and biological of Heaven and Earth. Note the magnificent sculptural treatment of the marble as a mass and in its parts. Page 521.

ZORN, SOROLLA, SARGENT, BESNARD

XIV

IN 1900 four painters exhibiting simultaneously in Paris were acclaimed by all the critics, one very eminent authority going so far as to say that these four men were the greatest painters who had ever lived. We are mindful that he said "painters," not "artists." The great artist who becomes classed with the masters must be artist plus craftsman; he must have vision and eloquence. Most masters are unquestionably superior in these two accomplishments, but some have maintained their position of mastery even when falling a little short in one or the other of them. We have already found that Winslow Homer and George Frederick Watts would have been greater masters if they had been superior craftsmen, also that John Everett Millais and Charles Cazin would have been greater masters if they had been superior artists. The 1900 French critic did not declare the four exhibiting painters the greatest masters that had ever lived, but merely the greatest painters.

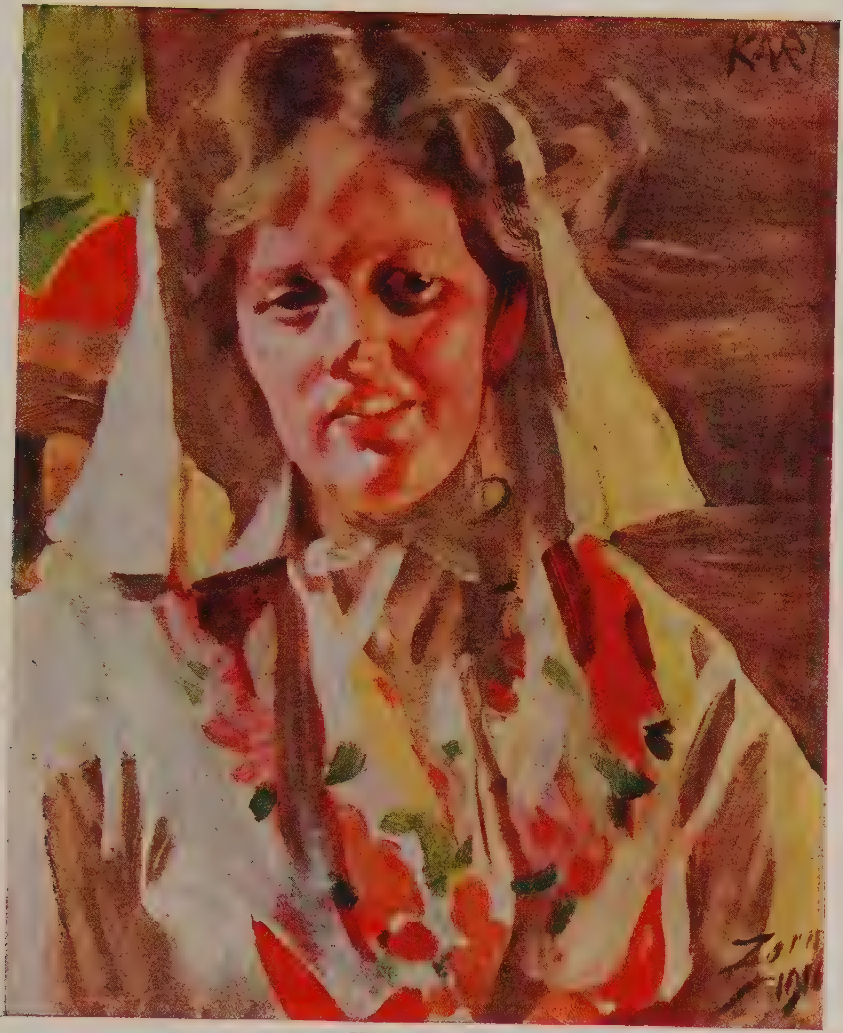
Certainly in the matter of applying paint to canvas nothing more brilliant or eloquent had ever been done, and the whole range of painting possibilities seemed to be summarized in the craftsmanship of these four men. They were men who had come from the Academy, who were even endorsed by the Academy, and whose work in no way belonged to the departures of radicalism. One was a Frenchman, of course, Paul Albert Besnard; one an American, John Singer Sargent; Scandinavia contributed the Swede, Anders Zorn, and the Latin world Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida from Spain. What varied beauty! Here are the charm and attainment of perfect French taste, the fresh spirit of the western world, the cold, brilliant light of the north and the warmth and glory of Spanish sunshine.

Anders Zorn* was quite the best known of the four at that time. He had attained international recognition as a brilliant etcher and already his plates had been classed with the greatest etchings. Pinnacles in the field of etching are as rare as in the field of sculpture, and when one mentions Dürer, Rembrandt, Meryon, Haden, Zorn and Whistler, he has noted the high peaks. Etching is a delightful medium in which the artist may give himself quite fully, through inexpensive products, to a considerable number of patrons. An etching plate ordinarily produces at least forty prints and entails no more in time and work than the production of a single painting. Therefore, a fine etching ordinarily may be had at the price of one-fortieth part asked for a painting by the same master. Zorn was a very effective and prolific etcher, and he carried on in this particular craft to the very last hours of his life. None of the other three indulged in etching very generally, although each of them did some in a playful spirit. As this course goes to press, the only man of the four who is still living is the beloved Paul Albert Besnard, who is still contributing great beauty to the French school of painting. After 1900, Anders Zorn became a conspicuous international figure, living in Paris, going often to England, and to America a number of times. Exhibitions of his art, at which he himself was present, were held in London, Madrid, Budapest, Chicago, and many, many exhibitions in Stockholm and Paris. With all of his globe-trotting and foreign influences, he never varied a hair's breadth from his established principles, which were highly Scandinavian.

---

*See pages 528, 533, 537.

Each of these four men was highly national in his spirit, and Zorn was not only clearly a Scandinavian but the most eloquent expression of the whole of Swedish culture. Every stroke of his brush, every color upon his canvas and every line of his etching needle tell of the spirit of the Northland. There is the cool white light from Northern skies, the actual worship of light which those who are deprived of it during long dark northern winters always feel. There is a clean-cut realism which has no particular warmth or sensuousness in its touch or contour. With all of his glory of color and his brilliant gaiety of light, Zorn never became sensuous; he never developed the languid charm



KARI.—ZORN

of the art that springs from southern climes. He was neither Greek nor Latin; he was not a classicist nor an idealist. He was a realist, a glorious realist, with more zip to his stroke and joy to his color than any man who had ever painted. He did not have penetration of thought, nor abstraction, nor mysticism. His pictures never make us think; they merely fill us with joy. Rich, healthy, delightful pictures did Zorn make. He laughed with the world as he went along and loved the life that the good Lord had given him. He painted with the assurance and the mastery of a captain of the trade. From the time he was a youngster not a stroke did he fumble—there was no hesitancy. There was little subtlety. He labored under no false innuendos or suppressed desires. He was a joyous, robust child of the sun himself, and he sang his songs loud and with a clear voice. He was neither blatant nor coarse. He was absolutely elegant at all times, and his eloquence was almost that of a spellbinder. If one expects great art to give profundity, he will not find it in Zorn. If one wants to see more clearly the magnificent beauty of this world, Zorn is the man to show it.

Much of his earliest painting was in water color. These of course are not large but are found in generous numbers in all the galleries of Scandinavia. They are almost all landscapes with people. When he began looking at people at closer range he turned to the more accurate study medium of oil, and presently, almost without his wishing it, he became a portrait painter of such popularity that he was demanded almost the world over. When he painted a red-blooded Chicago captain of industry or the cultured refinements of a Boston society matron, he saw them with Scandinavian eyes and put the light around them that shines over the Baltic on a midsummer's night; and the light never sets within a Zorn picture. He was so honest a craftsman that he knew his paint as a chemist, and it does not corrode or change color. The light in a Zorn picture is eternal. What is it that made the painting of this fine genius so stunningly magnificent?

He had had a superior academic training; he knew all the official schools of art in Europe and studied in most of them. He came from a moderately prosperous, excellently set rural family, where there were no particular hardships and where there were few deprivations for the lack of money. He had the active mind of the progressive Scandinavian and he missed none of the tricks of the hour. Rapidly did he equal any master under whom he studied, and he made his own every good lesson learned from any of them. But after each sojourn he returned to his native heath fired afresh with enthusiasm for the environment and the beauty that were his natural right. The doctrines of Romanticism were ever a part of his viewpoint and the magnificent achievements in the field of illustration of a century were summarized in him. Zorn was a master Realist on three counts—portraiture, illustration, romanticism. He truly belonged much more to the nineteenth century than some of the painters who died before the dawn of the twentieth. His influence was not general until after the 1900 exhibition. Before that, many a prize had he won and the glib were very free talkers in defense of this splendid giant from the north. But after 1900, nearly every conservative academic display of painting, whether in Europe, England or America, was measured by the Zorn standard.

He was born in 1860 at Mora, Sweden. He came from a family of farmers, but in the early days of his childhood showed no interest in tilling the soil, fishing, or tending the herd. A relative returning from Stockholm brought him a little wooden box of water-color paints. In three weeks he had used them all up, not as most careless, spendthrift children do, but in diligent representation of the landscape he knew best. They were vigorous landscapes, definitely of the Northland. In these childhood sketches we find him leaving white paper to suggest the snow on the hills. This is considered a very subtle and highly developed touch by accomplished water-color painters, but this boy of ten did it instinctively. When he was fifteen years of age he was admitted to the Stockholm art school of Professor John Boklund. This had been made possible through the generosity of an influential Stockholm manufacturer, Anton Bolinder, who had seen some of the boy's wood carvings of animals when he was on a purchasing expedition at Mora.

He did so well under Professor Boklund that the following fall found him admitted to the school of the Academy. There he had various teachers but chafed under them for four years, a grind without inspiration.

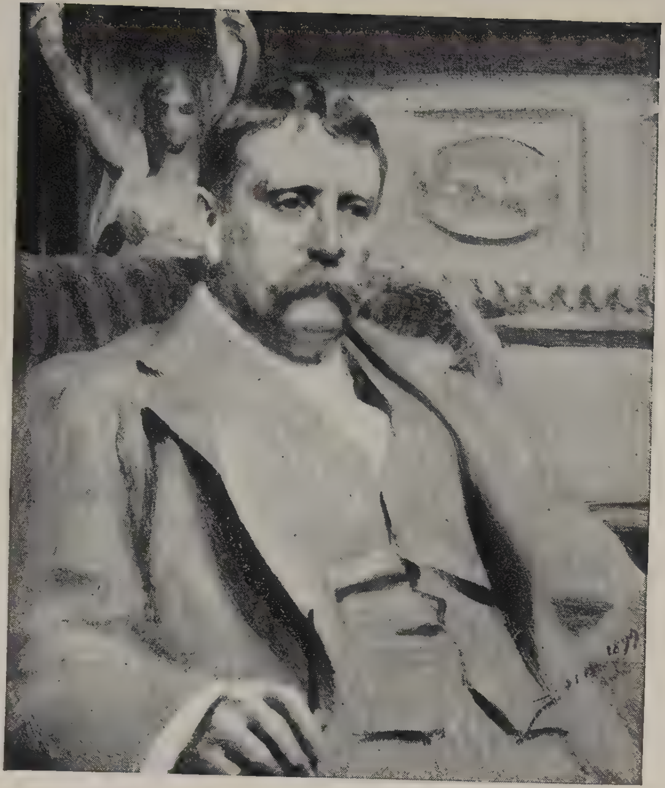
The academic demand for drawing led him away from his original intention to model and whittle, and we find him perfectly content at last when he had reached the high class in the school of painting. The only painter who seemed to help him much was Georg Von Rosen, but in his sixth year at the Academy he was chided for the neglect of his studies and left without undue ceremony. He knew by this time that he must make his way to Paris. He managed it eventually, arriving there by way of London. But the damp winter was coming on; it was not the frozen, brisk winter of the north. He disliked it, and a bit of good luck carried him straight on to Spain for the winter. Here he found in the warm Andalusian sun that he was really a devotee of light, a sun worshiper. Most of his work there was landscape in water color, and his portfolio of sketches proves that winter in Spain to be the biggest influence his art had had.

Just how his income was managed we are not entirely aware, but Sweden somehow has never let her talented sons starve and Zorn always seemed to have plenty. He was noted during the eight years that he lived in the Latin Quarter as a very well fed student. He was robust, handsome, industrious. His drawings at the Julian Academy won the honorable mentions every month. He lived in an excellent studio and won much admiration for his mastery of the art of living. In 1890 he created a mild sensation with a set of dashing, single-lined etchings—that is, none of the lines criss-crossed; they all swept across the plate in one direction. They were mostly of nudes, many of them of young women against rocky cliffs in bathing coves in Sweden. His summers were always spent at home.

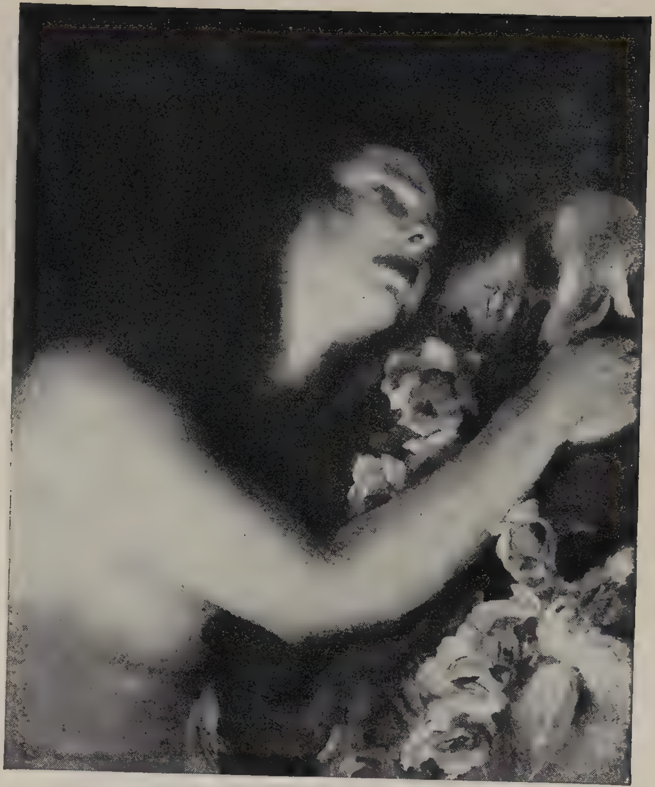
London had already become a market for his etchings, and his favorite way of going back and forth to Sweden was by way of London, taking boat directly at London Bridge, which landed him in the course of a week a stone's throw from his Stockholm haunts. He must have been a diplomat. At least, he was no recluse, for he made many official friends. He spoke English and French excellently, and it was quite natural when a Swedish commissioner of art was to be sent to the Chicago World's Fair that this brilliant young man of thirty-three, social, handsome and engaging, a fine craftsman and an acknowledged artist, with international connections, should be chosen as the emissary. It was the making of him, for in Chicago in 1893 not only did he take care of the affairs of Sweden most excellently, but he made many a stanch personal friend among the foremost citizens of that growing, western, wealthy metropolis.

The friends he made were not only through his personal contact and social abilities but through his own magnificent exhibition of paintings, etchings and sculptures. This great American reception not only made him successful in the western hemisphere but aroused keen interest in him in Paris and made the home folks in Sweden most alert to their illustrious son. A more susceptible person would have been quite spoiled, but northern wholesomeness saved Zorn, and he was spurred on to greater achievement. In 1896 he again returned to America as a fashionable portrait painter, and again in 1899 and 1900 he sought our shores to do portraits of illustrious and fashionable Americans. Upon one of these occasions he did a very beautiful, shimmering white portrait of Mrs. Charles Deering and a full length regal portrait of Mrs. Potter Palmer in a satin gown which she wore at the opening reception of the Chicago fair. Then he did stirring portraits of such men as R. T. Crane and Daniel Burnham. In contrast to the masculine vigor and the brilliant color of these virile conceptions there is the tender, refined portrait of Mrs. Scammon. It is done in black and there is scarcely any color to it but exquisite grays and blacks. The portrait of Mrs. Deering is one of the most beautiful white pictures in the world. The portrait of Mrs. Scammon is one of the most beautiful pictures in black in the world.

During these American journeys his fame as an etcher became widespread. His plates were so deeply etched and his lines so vigorous that many strikes could be pulled from



Portrait of Daniel Burnham.—Zorn



Flowers and Turtle Doves.—Besnard

almost all of them and they became as popular in Paris and London as in America. During the first decade of the new century collecting Zorn's etchings became a fad. Mr. Charles Deering made so perfect a collection that it was considered absolutely complete. And Mr. Charles Worcester's collection contained many prints not found elsewhere. These two collections have now become the possessions of the Boston Museum of Art and the Art Institute of Chicago, and nowhere in Europe, not even in Stockholm, may Zorn's work as an etcher be so completely seen.

In the last twenty years of his life, which marked the first two decades of the century, he came to America four times, sometimes remaining many months. The rest of the time he spent at his home near Stockholm in the beloved village of his nativity, Mora. His affluence made it possible for him to build the most beautiful home Mora had ever seen, and when it was done he was so happy with it that even Paris did not hold him for more than a few days at a time. In 1900 his great exhibition was advertised under the caption, "Zorn, Artist, Traveler, and Cosmopolitan." After this he was content with his honors and, true to his race, became a patriot. His last journey away from home was in 1911 and it was made expressly for the purpose of painting the R. T. Crane portrait in Chicago.

He had done a great deal during his last few visits to the Windy City to stimulate the practice of etching, and Mrs. Bertha Jaques, a Chicagoan who had turned to etching and owned one of the few etching presses in the West, came to his attention. Zorn pronounced her the finest etching printer he had ever known and he commissioned her to print the full series from a few of his plates. This probably did much to encourage this admirable woman, an excellent artist, to promote through a campaign of well-planned propaganda a revival of etching in America. Through her instigation and labors the Chicago Society of Etchers was formed, international in scope and the most influential etching society in the world. Mrs. Jaques is still secretary of the Society and chiefly responsible for its annual exhibitions, at which sales running to the tens of thousands are annually recorded. Zorn's spirit somehow is one of the corner stones of this structure.

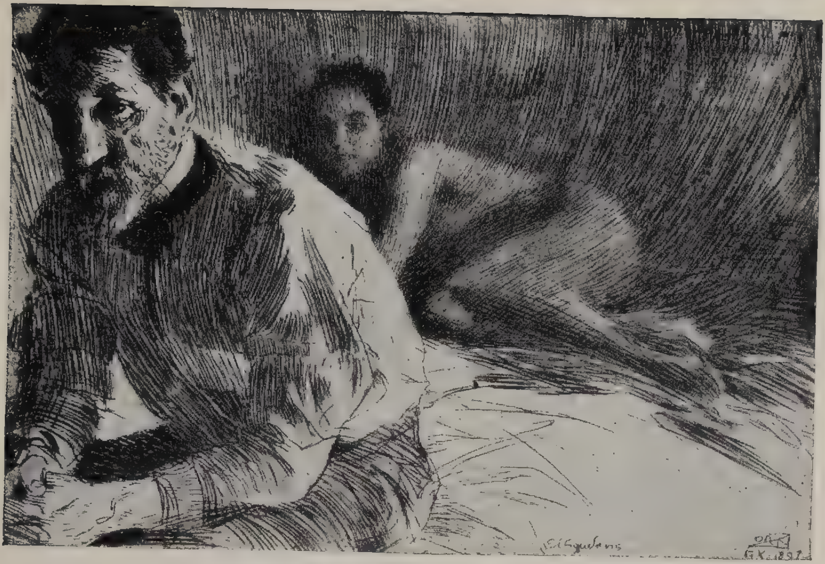
From 1911 on, he devoted himself to painting figures and landscapes about Mora. He became the most expert painter of the nude in the world, but he also gave much of his thought and time to social contacts and charities within his own province, Dalecarlia. He turned an old farmhouse near his home into a beautiful museum. He encouraged the production of hand woven fabrics; he did much to revive the folklore of Sweden in dancing and music. In all of his activities he was ably assisted by his very skillful and splendid wife. Then he turned his attention to Stockholm, serving on its City Beautiful commission and doing much to help advertise it as the Venice of the North. He was most generous with his money, in fact, almost too much so, doing beautiful things for old people's homes and orphan asylums and assisting with the education of boys and girls of poor families who seemed to be talented. When he died, in 1920, had it not been for the continued royalties from his etchings and the fact that there were some two hundred paintings in his studio quite worthy of sale, his family might have suffered. However, the government made special allowances to Zorn's estate, some of them in the form of pensions, in view of the great number of works in water color, etching, and oil which he had given from time to time to the various national museums.

Into four divisions may we classify his works: water colors, etchings, oils, sculptures. Early in his career, that is, in 1887, he did water colors more lucidly and yet objectively than any painter who had ever handled that medium. There is a well-known picture of his called *The Lapping of the Waves*, done in 1887—two wharves, rowboats and flapping sails, a man and woman seated on the distant wharf, a woman in calico dress and white apron standing on the near wharf, summer cottages dotting the farther shore line. The movement of the water and the water reflection are painted with such structural understanding that it seems almost impossible that it was done without the aid of photography. All of the water colors of those three or four years are almost like color photographs.

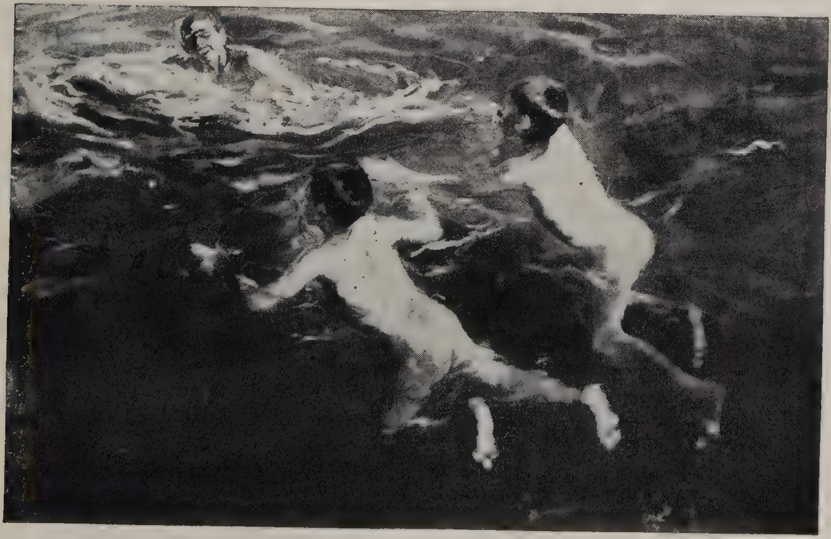
By 1890 he painted with more suggestion, more dash, but the assurance of his dash was made possible through the accuracies and precisions of his previously done academic works.

In 1889 he created a furor with a living, vibrant portrait of the French actor, Coquelin. Then came a series of folk pictures in oil and a great many nudes in the open or before the warming fires of open hearths. The Swedish habit of bathing very freely in summer streams without adornment or of drying after a Swedish steam in front of an open fire became the subject of many of his pictures. It is said that many of the interiors revealing these bathing incidents are in his own home and that his famous picture of *Mother and Daughter,* done in 1909, is none other than Madame Zorn and their third child. *Kari,* done in 1910, and here reproduced in color, is one of his household. She is clothed in the native costume; the glory of the summer sun, the breeze of the northern winds and the cool light from arctic skies permeate this delightful picture. Can we imagine moving lips over pearly teeth, the glint of eyes moving back and forth in sensitive sockets, the rapid coming and going of expressions upon a face, more vividly told than in this painting? Note the great mastery of each stroke put down with a precision and a dash unparalleled in painting. How did he dare to analyze and interpret the color of the face in such primitive spectrum strokes? There is not a note or an accent that is overdone or timid. Here the message of paint upon canvas, the mission of the painter as a revelator of color, comes to a glorious climax. Hold this colored reproduction of *Kari* at arm's length and see how alive and real it is; then look at it at close range to behold the eloquence of the performance.

Think of what the work of this one master has done to promote a sympathy, a knowledge, and an understanding of Sweden and her people. The whole world has taken Sweden in, has become enamored of her wholesome charm, more through the art of Anders Zorn than through any other influence. There is no way to estimate the value to a nation of such a master as this great patriot, and it



Saint Gaudens and His Model.—Zorn



Swimmers.—Sorolla

should be an example to many more artists that the native field and patriotism may well be the foundation of artistic eloquence. Zorn is none the less because he recorded so perfectly his own heritage and environment, and Sweden is the more for his having done it. His deftness as a craftsman and the perfection of his mastery may possibly be best seen in his etchings. The one we reproduce here, his intimate living portrait of *Augustus Saint Gaudens* in his Paris studio, shows us the essence of the Zorn technique. See the sweep of lines, dark and light, that reveal the character and the startling contrasts in the portrayal of Saint Gaudens in the foreground, compared to the subtle grays and half tones of the nude figure of the model resting on the couch in the shadows of the background. Some people have said that Zorn became almost vulgar at times in his portrayal of fleshy flesh. He was certainly not a particular idealist nor was he interested in the ideal line of beauty. He just frankly painted what he saw and as he saw it, and he was chiefly interested in seeing very wholesome, sane and splendid life. This is our brief analysis of the art and life of this genius from the North, credited in 1900 in Paris as one of the four finest painters who had lived.

From the Northland to the South we go, from the land of the Vikings to the Latin-Mohammedan warmth of sunny Spain, and really they are not so different. Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida* was a contemporary of Zorn, having been born in 1863 at Valencia, Spain. He was orphaned when a small child, and his mother's cousin, Señor Garcia, the foremost photographer of Valencia, adopted the boy, gave him an education, encouraged his art propensities and assisted him in winning an education and the Prix de Rome. After the lad went to Rome and found naught to interest him in the Spanish academy there, he changed his seat of learning to Paris, where he gleaned much from Bastien-LePage, and then returning from his three years of travel and study to the hearthstone of his kind uncle, he found that in perfectly good Spanish fashion his marriage had been arranged with the young daughter of the Garcias, a very charming, well educated, sensitive child some three years Joaquin's junior. So at seventeen and twenty they were married under a grape arbor close to the beach which eventually this young painter was to immortalize.

---

*See pages 537, 541, 545.

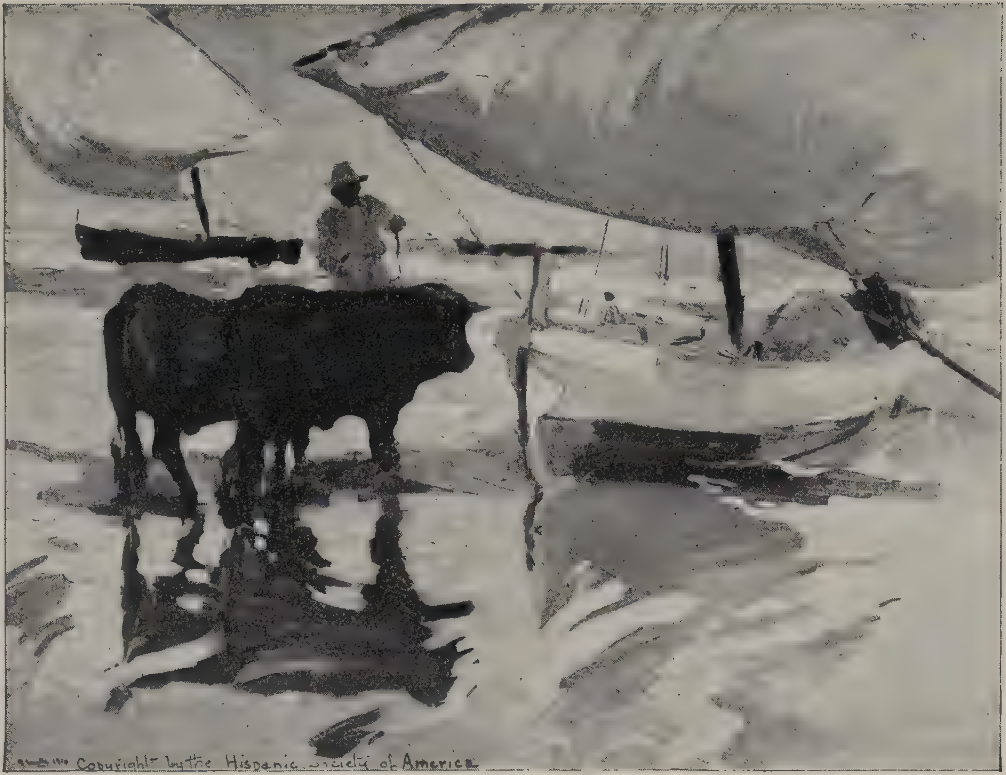
Sorolla had studied in the provincial academy of his home town. He had gone to Barcelona for one winter and had also spent two brief semesters in the St. Fernando Art Academy, Madrid. His facility as a draughtsman was astounding every step of the way. When it came time to do his Prix de Rome picture he chose the War of 1808 as his subject. Not satisfied with an imaginative concept of what the atmosphere and light of a battle must be, and believing that most of the grandiose tableau pictures of the romantic schools were utterly false, Señor Garcia succeeded in getting the use of the Plaza de Toros, in which, protected from public gaze, they built bonfires, trundled around a couple of old gun carriages, and got their neighbors and members of their family to pose in early nineteenth century uniforms. The resulting picture hangs in the provincial museum in Valencia, and when we approach it closely, we can actually see the half moons in the fingernails of the men in the foreground of the battle, and not a figure is more than eight or nine inches high.

Never has there been an eye in the field of art with such absolute photographic accuracy as Sorolla's. The picture, though dull in color and dry in its handling in comparison with his later work, is nevertheless the nearest thing to a snapshot of an actual battle that was ever painted. We must ponder a bit to realize that he never could have seen this thing as he has portrayed it, that it was purely a compositional fiction. When he was thirty years of age he won a medal of the second class at the Paris Salon and the following year came his first important exhibition in Paris. It was a flood of sunlight. Practically every subject was Spanish. There were but a few landscapes and marines without figures either at close range or at a distance. The whole was painted in the joyous, dazzling sunlight of the Mediterranean coast of Spain. Paris was really hypnotized. In 1902 he exhibited one hundred and four large canvases in London. Nothing like it had ever come from a young man, and the poor, shabby, down-at-the-heel, depleted Spain took on a new aspect in European eyes. The Londoners called him "the master of the sun," the most joyous of all painters, the revealer of the Golden Age. The only criticism that the London enthusiasts offered was that his sunlight was too hot and that many of his scenes seemed awfully dry. Of course, no people in the world hate heat and dust as the English do—quite naturally, because they never have either at home.

In 1904 he had a triumph at the St. Louis World's Fair, although his most conspicuous picture, the one which was purchased by the city of St. Louis, was not in the trend of the things that eventually made him famous. It is a picture of a sad-faced young woman, handcuffed, seated on the wooden bench in a miserable third-class railway carriage, alone. A little bundle, probably containing her worldly possessions, lies on the bench beside her. At the far end of the coach, back of her, are two soldiers with guns. One of them looks at her with great pity and understanding. The subject of the picture is *Another Marguerite.* Its story is obvious, but aside from the illustrative value of the picture there is a remarkable shimmer of life shining from the small windows upon the wooden interior of the coach and over the figure of the pitiful girl.

This, we believe, is the last picture of a sorry subject or a shadowy emotion that Sorolla painted. From then on he turned to the sunshine of life. We have already discovered, in the third chapter of this course, that Zuloaga became the great modern painter of the shadows of Spain, and as Spain is made up of dramatic conflicts between shadow and light, dismay and joy, tragedy and happiness, so Zuloaga and Sorolla stand as the immortal voices of early twentieth century Spain. When Sorolla painted the young king—for he became one of the court painters very early in his career—he placed Alfonso XIII not upon his throne or in the regal splendor of the palace, but out in the flecking sun spots of a grape arbor.

Sorolla's two children figure in many of his pictures, playing along that happy beach, dressed in the costumes


Copyright by the Hispanic Society of America

BEACH OF VALENCIA.—SOROLLA

of the fiesta and riding their black pony or gathering fruit in a sun-swept orchard. He gave up painting pictures of green woodlands, arbors, gardens, etc., but turned his attention primarily to the shimmering spectrum color of the beach at Valencia. Wind-filled sails, boats being beached by powerful oxen, fishermen eating their meager repast under an improvised canvas canopy, mothers taking their babes into the sea for the first dip, young people playing in the shallow waters, great waves rolling in upon happy throngs of brunette bodies.

At last, in 1910, came an astounding exhibition of this man's art in New York. There were five hundred canvases, all painted within three years. The exhibition was shown at the Hispanic Society at Columbia University. The surging masses which tried to get into the galleries had to return Sunday after Sunday before they were successful. America responded instantly to the joyous, free optimism and the frank beauty of the pictures by this brilliant painter. Practically the entire exhibition was sold, the most astonishing financial success of any art exhibition ever held by a single painter. He returned to Spain after seven and a half weeks in America, his exhibition sold out and approximately half a million dollars in his pocket. This made him a very rich man in Spain.

Chicago, not to be outdone entirely, invited this triumphant master to bring an exhibition to the midwest metropolis and to teach for a term in the school of the Art Institute. In two years the exhibition was ready; astounding beyond belief, but there were five hundred more canvases, all as dazzling and brilliant as those which he had brought to New York. There were even more unusual and fascinating subjects—boys swimming in greenish, clear water, gardens in Andalusia, five beautiful portraits of Señora Sorolla in white, black, yellow, green and red costumes. There was a great portrait of Echagary.

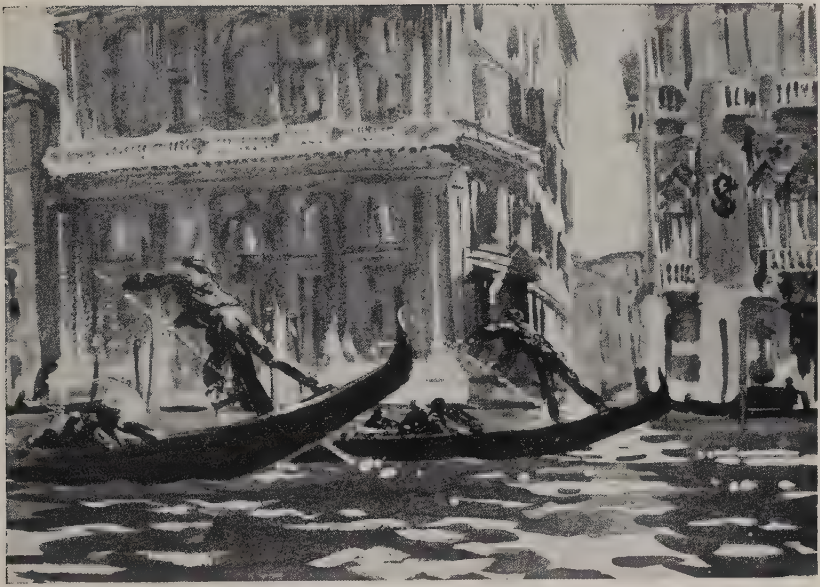
The already famous *Columbus,* commissioned by Thomas Ryan, the New York financier, was included. Ryan had ordered a portrayal of the discoverer of America as real as it could be authenticated. The commission entailed a fee of twenty-five thousand dollars and traveling expenses for a year. Sorolla went to Genoa, southern Spain and Cuba for his material. The result is a life-sized portrayal of a gray-haired, wizened, little old fanatical Genoese standing upon the bridge of the Santa Maria as it was leaving the harbor of Palos! Among the means Sorolla used to gain this end was a tiny model of the ship, which he studied in his garden under every condition of light.

When he reached Chicago he straightway did portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Nelson Morris, which became the sensation of fashionable art-loving Chicago. He came prepared to teach in the school of the Art Institute, but held up his hands in horror when he discovered there were three thousand pupils. He thought he was to be the master of painting for the entire school and that there probably might be a generous thirty or forty in the atelier. He was equal to the situation, however, for he organized a class selected from the faculty and the very advanced pupils of painting. There were some twenty-eight who succeeded in arranging their programs so they could carry out the demands of the master that they should be present every morning for three weeks at seven-thirty o'clock and should paint straight through until five o'clock, with a half-hour at noon for food and fresh air.

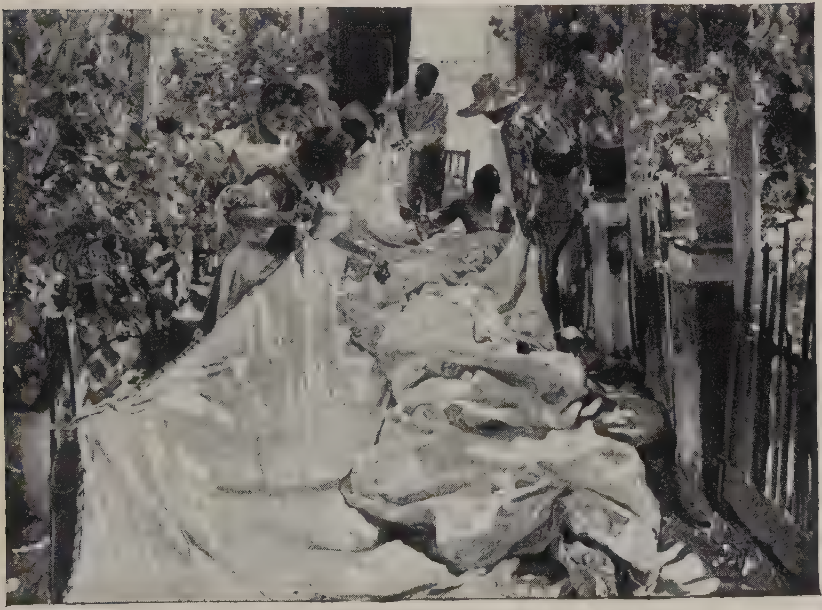
The class was a great success. Such excellent painters as Albert Krehbiel, Ethel Coe, Gordon Stevenson, Thomas Wood Stevens and Allan Philbrick were among the group. Nothing that had happened in Chicago had given art such a boost, and all of these persons have demonstrated through their success the great value of the experience to them. Of course all thought they were going to paint beautiful nudes in shimmering light, but he made them draw for nearly two weeks in charcoal and pencil, then work in water color a few days, and then but one pose which they were able to finish in oil. The Spanish master was generous in every way. He taught vigorously and freely, but seemed most provoked when the students were not willing to tear up their papers in the midst of a study and begin again. At last he said, "Why do you Americans always wish to paint pictures? Why are you not content to study? You must not attempt to paint a picture until you love it as you do your wife or child.'' He was reminded that he was the most prolific picture painter in the world, for he could do a three-thousand-dollar portrait in a single morning, a two-thousand-dollar landscape in the afternoon, and wind up with a brilliant sketch of sunset that would easily bring a thousand dollars on the market. ''But, ah!'' he said, ''for fifteen years, day and night, I drew and painted, and drew and painted without ever showing anyone a stroke of what I did. Then I was ready to paint pictures. Americans seem unwilling to get the fundamental preparation.''

A number of his canvases at the Metropolitan Museum are of bathers. Never did water lapping upon a beach seem so wet in a picture. Never did figures seem so lithe and beautiful and alive, and oh, the dash with which they were painted! A few rich, masterful strokes and the whole idea was revealed. Standing upon the beach at Valencia one glorious June morning, we watched over the master's shoulder while he painted on three different canvases. There was one for the light up to nine o'clock, then a new set of models who posed until the bright light of ten; the third composition and the third set of models were worked upon until eleven. The heat was then intense, the sun overbright, and a siesta gave him rest until three. From then on the painting lasted until dark.

The picture we remember best was of two sisters. There was an older one in a long, sleazy pink bathing dress and a tiny chubby one with a little blue frock. The master had drawn them in the day before; they were moving along the beach hand in hand, with the breeze blowing their partly dry bathing garments against their beautiful little bodies. The tiny one did not like the feel of the wet dress flapping against her legs, so she deliberately rolled it up and held it under her armpits. It delighted the master greatly and this is the way he painted her in the picture. They seldom posed together, never deliberately taking the pose of the composition. Out into the water the older girl would go and come back with the dress wet and clinging to her. Just as it began to dry the painter worked furiously upon it. Occasionally he asked her to turn around and look at



On the Canal.—Sargent



Mending the Sail.—Sorolla

him, her eyes facing directly into the sun, so she would put up her hand or her arm to shield them. This quick action delighted Sorolla, and the finished picture shows it as if he had worked from a kodak snapshot.

Sorolla became beloved by all Spain and especially by his own province. After his second triumph in the United States he returned to Madrid rich indeed, as riches go in Spain, and there in Calle Fortuny, just off the Prado, he built a most beautiful home, with three lovely patios, exquisite gardens, fountains controlled by electricity—in fact, the whole house an electrical marvel. With what elation he rushed to the street door himself to admit a group of American friends. Jumping like a child and waving his arms he shouted, "Come in! Come in! and see my house built with American dollars." On his forty-fifth birthday the city of Valencia drove him in a magnificent carriage through the streets and eventually down the great new boulevard which extends from the heart of the old city to the sea, and which, unbeknownst to him, had been named Calle del Pintor Sorolla. It is nice to know that some countries honor their own prophets. He was not to enjoy this prosperity and fame long, for he died in his Madrid home in 1923 in his sixtieth year, the victim of a sunstroke, swallowed up by the glorious light and the dazzling brilliancy which he painted so remarkably.

One picture shows sails billowing in the breeze, oxen standing in the tide ready to be hitched to a little fisher boat to drag it out of reach of the waters. In the little glimpses of the Mediterranean seen over the gunwale of the boat, what a sense of motion and vastness there is! But it is the reflections sinking into the wet sand, floating back and forth in the coming and receding waves, which constitute the picture's chief wonderment. Sorolla was not an Impressionist theoretically. He never deliberately employed juxtaposition, but he certainly revealed with supreme mastery light and motion in the most lucid color and brilliant technique. He painted joy and he attained a brilliancy of performance which had never before been equaled.

An American held third place in this quartet in 1900, and if the full vigor of his activities be taken into account it was probably first place. One thing by which we are immensely impressed in studying the lives of these important artists is the fact that they were downright hard workers. It is difficult to imagine any professional man working harder than the artist painter when he is well set to his task. John Singer Sargent* was certainly no exception. The summary of his life's work reveals an array of portraits, mural decorations, and water colors equaled in quantity by few artists, if any. This is surprising, too, when we find that he was nothing like as rapid a worker as Zorn or others. His sitters had to return many times, while Zorn was pleased enough to have them the third or fourth time. But quantity alone was not Sargent's achievement. He attained an elegant perfection, not in one, but in three great departments of painting, water color, mural and portrait. As a brilliant technician he stands first as a water-colorist. His great international reputation rests largely upon his smart portraits of very smart people, but his fame may be carried on to posterity primarily by his mural decorations in Boston.

He was a New Englander by heritage but was born in Florence, Italy, in 1856. He came from an excellent family and was given what is today considered a thorough general education. There was considerable aristocracy and an uncommon amount of native culture in him, but America offered little in the 1860's for the development of either. He had shown unusual proclivities for painting and they naturally led him to the Paris ateliers. He modeled well as a boy, but it was his painting that attracted the immediate attention of his teachers and associates. He was a tall, handsome, magnetic person, over six feet, with a well set but small and aristocratic head. Early in his student days he grew a ruddy beard and no one ever remembers seeing him without it. He always had the superior air and a magnitude of geniality that made everyone wish to know him better. This seldom happened, for his handshake was a hearty, quick one, and the new friend was passed along with a stiff arm to someone else very promptly. This was not social indifference; it was determination to work. He had the courage throughout his life to make no daytime social engagements whatsoever and seldom dinner or evening engagements. He somehow knew everything that went on in the world; he must have been a rapid reader and a most alert one, for he could not have dallied with anything in life that did not immediately concern him and his work and have produced as much as he did. He was not like the sixteenth and seventeenth century painters who had an array of apprentices to do most of the small jobs for the master. He never had an apprentice or an assistant; he seldom had a manager and only at times a secretary.

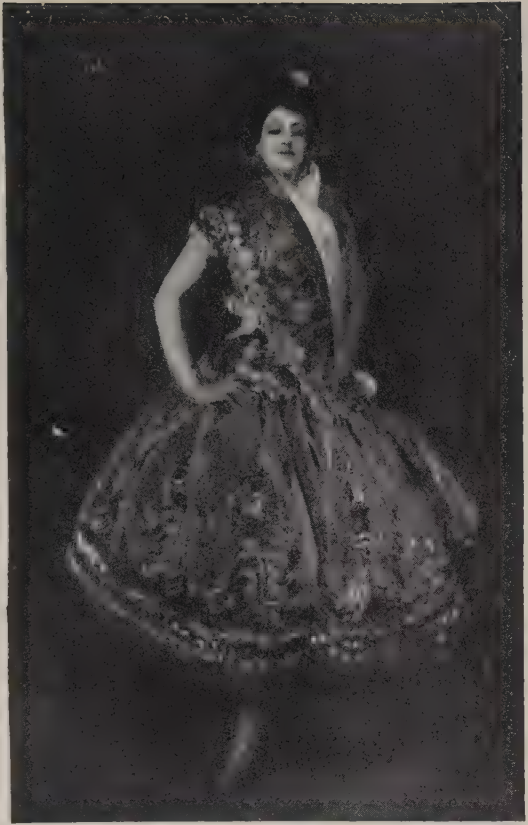
---

*See pages 545, 549.

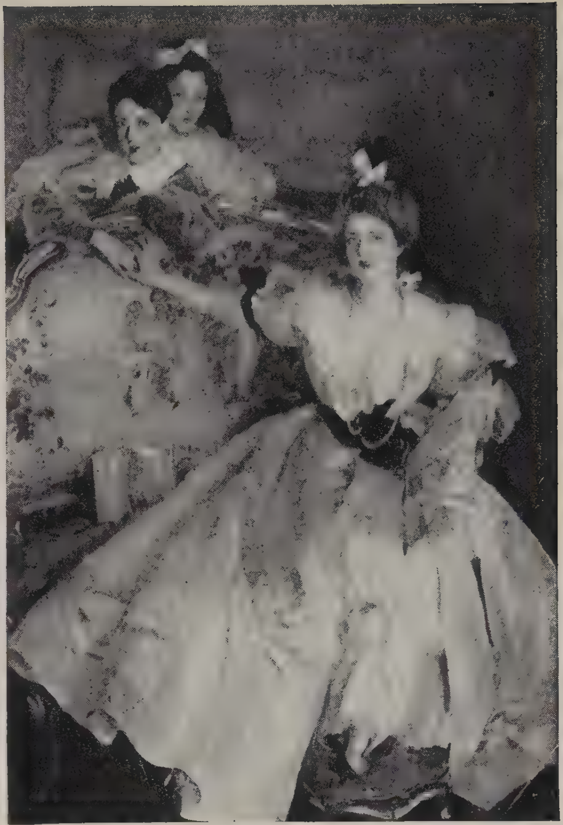
His student days ripened under the teacher, Carolus-Duran, and to this master is given most of the credit for making Sargent what he was. It was Carolus-Duran who persuaded him to go to Spain to study Velasquez, and this Spanish influence never quite left his art. If Carolus had not been the master and the big man that he was, he would have been jealous of Sargent from the very start, for the first studies by this American youth elicited the most ardent enthusiasm on the part of everyone who saw them.

In 1878 he did a large portrait of Carolus-Duran himself, which is among the most brilliant portraits ever painted. Sargent returned to America often and always considered Boston his home, although he probably lived more in London than anywhere else. For a good many years of his life he maintained studios in all three places, Paris, London and Boston, and in each city, though he was not really rated among the rich, his art and his personality made him a member of the socially elect. This again is strange when we see how little time he really gave to social things.

It was on one of his trips to America, rather than to Spain, as so many believe, that he did the dashing portrait of *Carmencita, the Spanish Dancer,* which, when Sargent was less than forty years of age, was purchased from the Paris Salon for the Luxembourg Gallery. Carmencita was dancing in a New York theater and was invited by Mrs. Jack Gardner to come to Boston for some private performances. It was here that Chase and Sargent, in



CARMENCITA.—SARGENT



MME. CARL MEYER AND CHILDREN.—SARGENT

deference to Mrs. Gardner's wishes, entertained Carmencita in Chase's studio.

The only family connection that counted much was his sister. He remained a bachelor but found in his sister a helpful companionship. After he had painted portraits feverishly for weeks at a time he would pack up his things, wire her to join him, and away they would go to Mediterranean shores for a vacation. Her ability in water color inspired him to try the medium, and in these remarkable runaway sketches of his we find his genius blossoming most eloquently. A few years ago, when he was still painting vigorously, the Brooklyn Institute bought eighty-three of his water colors. When the purchasing committee discovered that only a bare majority had been responsible for this purchase and during the absence from America of the rest of the committee, a terrible protest was raised. It was found that they had actually paid thirty thousand dollars for eighty-three half-sheet water colors. Some of the committee went so far as to investigate the legal possibilities of demanding the return of the money. Today any ten of the eighty-three pictures could be sold for more than the total purchase price. He was a pure aquarellist; that is, he did not mix the transparent color with opaque but gained variety of tones and brilliancy by the thinness or thickness of the paint, leaving the white paper to show through instead of applying lights with white paint. His water colors of Venice are especially brilliant—the movement of gondolas through the canals, the activity of the gondoliers, light dancing about old palaces, lace workers and glass blowers in their places of industry. There are those who say that these Venetian water colors of Sargent's will outlive all the rest of his work. It is no wonder that he needed to run away for a vacation and for relaxation, when in a single year he would paint four crowned heads, eight princes, two national presidents and five leaders of American society. Among the notables who posed for him were Roosevelt, Wilson, Rockefeller, Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, Eleanora Duse.

His portrait of Ellen Terry as *Lady Macbeth* is magnificent on three counts. It shows her in her costume and make-up for Lady Macbeth. It is in the mad scene when she is elevating the crown. First of all the painting is a magnificent interpretation in perfect portraiture of Ellen Terry; it also reveals a thrilling moment in one of Shakespeare's greatest plays, giving us perfectly not only Shakespeare's but Ellen Terry's interpretation of the character; and then, it is Sargent at his best. No wonder the National Gallery of London bought it and hung it alongside their already renowned Sargent, *Carnation Lily, Lily Rose.* The latter canvas shows two beautiful children in a twilight garden lighting candles in Japanese lanterns to adorn a garden already filled with beauty and carnations and lilies. The children's names are Lily and Rose.

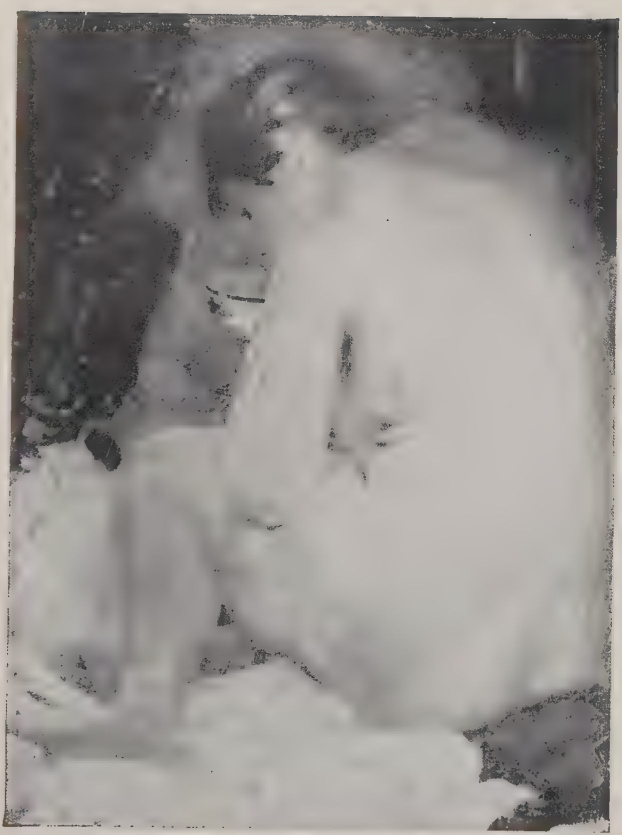
We know well his brilliant portrait of Joseph Jefferson and the great interpretation of James Whitcomb Riley, but it was painting beautiful women that made his name and fortune. It cannot be denied that he had the clever ability to lessen the insistence of a double chin, to minimize the importance of a wart, to bring an uncommon vivacity to a dull countenance or charming sweetness and youth back to persons from which such had flown. His family groups are renowned. Take the portrait of Mrs. Carl Meyer and her two children. What an arrangement! The gorgeous, redundant lady in a most extravagant rose satin gown is seated in an animated position bending forward to speak to us, her arm extended, with hand clasping the back of a brocaded couch on which she is seated. Back of the couch and of little concern to Mrs. Meyer are the two children, a black-haired, beautiful boy with the bobbing head of his sister peering over his shoulder. It is a most original, dashing sort of a composition. The color is as rich and brilliant as could be imagined.

One of his most fascinating compositions is of the four daughters of Edward Boit, painted in London. They are in a spacious room which seems chiefly furnished by a great rug and a huge porcelain vase which stands some six feet from the floor. Only two of the children are really in the picture; the littlest one is seated flat on the rug, a dolly held in her hands and her toes turned inward. Another little girl with crisp white apron and black stockings stands on the opposite side of the room peering straight at us. The two older girls evidently did not want to pose, so they are out of sight in behind the great vase; but the vase and they are reflected in a huge floor mirror which occupies two-thirds of the background of the picture. It is a most ingenious composition and has a quality of subdued light that is every bit as real as in the *Las Meniñas* by Velasquez in the Prado. In many ways it is a greater piece of painting than the Velasquez. Not only in portraits did Sargent excel in oil painting, but in landscapes. He loved the Maine woods; he painted the Tyrol with great delight, but possibly did his most magnificent mountain pictures around Lake O'Hara and Lake Louise, Canada. He painted landscapes in either oil or water color as joyful relaxation. That is one of the things that makes them so good. He never accepted commissions for landscapes but did them for relief from the strain of too many portraits.

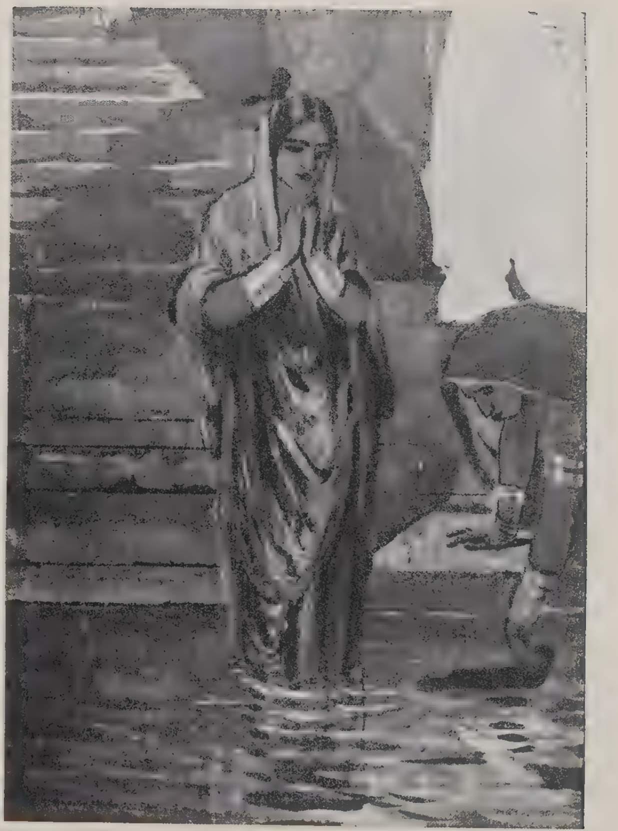
He, of all painters in the world, was most favored in his own time. Never once did he have to go out for a commission. He never rapped on a door to beg for a job. They came to him, every one unsolicited, and he died in 1925 with a thousand tentative commissions untouched. He was one of the first painters to get five thousand dollars for a portrait, and before his death he even got as high as twenty-five thousand. He even dared to accept public commissions for mural decorations, and while it took him thirty years to complete the series of *World Religions* for the upper corridor of the Boston Public Library, the whole achievement from beginning to end, that is, from the simple *Frieze of the Prophets* to the elaborate *Dogma of Redemption* at the other end of the corridor, is a magnificent survey of thirty years of his art progress. The whole job certainly lacks unity.

His very last murals, a number of which were not installed until after his death in 1925, were also commissioned to him by his home city, Boston, and were nineteen important panels for the main stairway and the library of the Museum of Fine Arts. Some feel that they are not thoroughly representative of Sargent; others that they are his greatest. They are the most deliberately allegorical and idealized of all his works. They are based entirely upon Greek symbolism and are idealistic figures, nude or slightly draped, arranged in dynamic, moving designs symbolizing the protecting spirits of the arts, Apollo, Phaëton, Perseus, Atlas, Hercules, Orestes, et cetera. The decorations are largely blue and white, with hardly another dominant note of color appearing, amazing in restraint for so lavish a painter.

His fame, self-acquired wealth and personal contact with most of the brilliant men and women of his time aroused endless jealousies. After his great exhibition in Paris in 1900 the criticisms carried even into the press were so asinine and hateful that he deliberately packed up and went to London, where he lived the remainder of his life except for two trips to America. He adored the quiet dignity of London and he found it a place in which he could work unmolested. Among his most extravagant commissions was the one from Ascher Wertheimer, who commanded him to paint every member of his family. These Wertheimer portraits are almost brutal in characterization and astounding in painting. Most of the members of the family were not beautiful, but Sargent did them with such unflinching frankness that they have become the most talked of portraits in all England. Ascher Wertheimer bequeathed the whole magnificent series to the nation, and they hang today in the Tate Gallery in a wing which is the gift of Sir Joseph Duveen, the only separate gallery of art in the British Isles dedicated wholly to the art of an individual. This honor England has done to our American, John Singer Sargent. In the wing are many water colors, drawings and chalk sketches, most of the portraits the nation already owned, the Ellen Terry, Joe Jefferson, Henry James, Lord Ribblesdale and Coventry Patmore. Emblazoned in gold letters in the costly mahogany paneling around the entrance to the wing are the words *John Singer Sargent, British School.* We could almost forgive them this if they would hang an American flag close by; but of course, as one of the guards of the Tate said, ''You should be mighty proud that one of youse is good enough to be claimed by us.'' And so we are.



A Cup of Tea After the Bath.—Besnard



At Benares.—Besnard

Of these four illustrious painters of 1900 only one still lives, and each year his paintings seem lovelier than the year before. He is Paul Albert Besnard,* the dean of the French Academy, the grand old man of the art world of Paris. He has decorated ceilings for the Hotel de Ville, the Petit Palais, and many other public buildings. He has painted a series of decorative panels as elements of domestic interior decoration for small rooms in the Musée Decoratif which is now in a wing of the Louvre. He has done many portraits, chiefly of notable Frenchmen, but has painted the nude with a more virile beauty plus exquisite tenderness than any painter of his time. The flesh tone he has painted is utterly unlike that of Zorn or Sorolla and it is certainly not akin to either Bouguereau or Ingres. It is frank and physical, yet shimmering with a beauty and light that is almost luminous. A startling whiteness comes into his flesh tones that shades into a color that is neither rose nor gray but both. One day, after a visit to Besnard's beautiful studio in Paris, we found roses of a delicate pink running to cream almost approaching gray that were identically the quality and tone of Besnard's nudes. The roses were purchased and sent post-haste with our greetings to the venerable master.

In the Luxembourg there is a three-quarter back view of a nude woman seated upon a rug, the glow from an open fire shining upon her. She lifts a blue and white steaming cup to her lips. It is called *A Cup of Tea After the Bath.* Has any other painter ever discovered the beautiful color of human flesh as Besnard has in this one picture? In his painting at the Art Institute of Chicago, a well-built woman has just stepped out of a lake of dazzling blue; a maid stands close by to wrap her with a great towel; she is pulling a smaller one across her shoulders. Other bathers are still in the pool. It is almost as startling in sunlight as a Sorolla but much more vivid in color, certainly more subtle and French in its interpretation.

Besnard is classed quite frankly with the Impressionists, and his employment of color, free use of juxtaposition and moving outlines make him more definitely an Impressionist than any of the four of this chapter. He was an originator, however, and follows the restrictions of no school. He has a lucid stroke excelled by no one. His brush moves with a rich freedom over the canvas. He does not have character interpretation equal to Sargent, the startling lifelike quality of Zorn, or the comprehension of the common beauties of life that Sorolla had. In some ways Besnard is more elegant than any of them. His compositions are never commonplace, fashionable, nor obviously realistic. Take the *Flowers and Turtle Doves.* What a strangely beautiful composition! The head and shoulders of a lovely nude creature rest languorously in a bed of flowers. Turtle doves unafraid make their way through the bouquet.

---

*See pages 533, 554.

In his murals we are ever led into new inventions. If he was painting a ceiling, all forms must be definitely foreshortened as we really look at them from below. He knew his lesson and that of all the muralists from Giotto down to Tiepolo, and he employed any of it that he chose with complete freedom as the occasion demanded. As we scan his ceilings in the beautiful Petit Palais, we are reminded in turn of Veronese, Gozzoli, and Tiepolo, yet withal there is a fresh new color, a luxurious display that others never got.

Besnard is so beloved and admired that he exhibits in France with every group, the Impressionists, the Academicians and the Secessionists. All seem to be perfectly aware that his art is bigger than the limitations of any one of their creeds. He was the first one to take the soft pastel colors advocated by the Impressionists and convert them into a veritable blaze of color. His composition is invention itself, as we see in the mural at the Petit Palais which we reproduce here. Probably no living man has been so patronized by his government as Besnard. His splendid decorations are splashed over the walls of half the magnificent modern buildings of Paris. The Petit Palais contains the most noted, but the Hotel de Ville, the Town Hall, the lecture room of the Sorbonne, the School of Pharmacy, two great department stores, the lobbies of three theaters, and many other places have been glorified by his facile brush.

When he returned from India, where he had chiefly painted the rituals at Benares a few years ago, even art-jaded Paris was thrilled with the brilliancy of color and the daring compositions.

He married the beautiful Mademoiselle Dubray, a sculptress of much talent. Their companionship has been notably ideal and each adores the work of the other without stint. Their joint studio is in the Rue Guillaume Tell and one of the real showplaces of Paris, where Madame Besnard is one of the most gracious women alive, and their joint hospitality is extended to numberless friends each year. The salons at the Besnards' are about the only occurrences in Paris which really go back to the days of aristocratic splendor. At them one meets all the important ones of cultural Paris, ambassadors and princes, diplomats and Academicians. All meet when the Besnards issue an invitation to tea. Age seems to rest lightly upon them, but Madame protects with the most loving care the strength and talent of her eighty-year-old husband. In the past two decades she seems to have chiefly served as his protector and companion, her own talent giving her little concern.

Besnard is a member of almost every important art body of the continent. He is honorary vice-president of two English art societies, and he has been in turn president of almost every important French art organization. Our selection of this painter, rather than others of his time and classification, is a purely optional one, but we feel that he is entirely representative of his time and tendency, that none of the rest have quite attained the rich place that he has, and, anyway, he was one of the four who stirred Paris with a consciousness that the year 1900 marked a mighty climax in the progress of painting.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

KARI by Anders Zorn. Were red, yellow, brown and green ever before used so eloquently? There is no shadow and yet how solid and round the head is. What pleasure he gains in seeing the cool light on one side of the face, the warm light on the other! Squint at this picture, hold it off at arm's length, look at it close with wide-open eyes, and the secret of modern painting will be discovered. Every contemporary painter must have this knowledge to some degree. Page 528.

Portrait of Daniel Burnham by Anders Zorn. The Chicago World's Fair made Zorn. Daniel Burnham made the World's Fair. How fitting that this painter should have done this living eloquent portrait of Burnham! How solid the figure is beneath the clothes! How eloquently are the clothes and head painted! He is surrounded by drawings and fragments made for the great Fair. It is a thoughtful, beautifully balanced composition, yet utter Realism. Page 533.

Flowers and Turtle Doves by Besnard, a poetic, fantastic design expressive of the love and the loveliness of life. In the characteristic French fashion Besnard draws his model in an unusual pose under unusual illumination. Page 533.

Saint Gaudens and His Model, an etching by Zorn. The technical brilliancy of this artist as an etcher is here beautifully demonstrated. The model is resting, so is the great sculptor. Zorn enters the studio, sees them, asks them to remain as they are for a few moments and presto! this life record is fixed. No other portrait of Saint Gaudens is as fine or as meaningful and the composition of this plate is certainly lively and original. Page 537.

Swimmers by Sorolla. It takes the lucid green of the water, the dazzling flesh tones of the Spanish bodies in the light, and the opalescent color of the surface water swirling over the deep blue of fathomless depths to convey the real beauty of this picture. Only the remarkable snapshot drawing is comprehensible in this reproduction. Page 537.

Beach at Valencia by Sorolla. Sails billowed by summer breezes, bold outlines of oxen, the light hull of a fishing boat, sands wet with tide waters, reflections of sunlight, sky and waves take us past the frame to the very beach we behold, to the out-of-doors we love but have never seen so clearly before. Page 541.

Mending the Sail by Sorolla. Flecking sunlight through an arbor, the pink of oleander blossom, people working on a great white sail in cool shadows on a hot Spanish day. How clever is the perspective of the picture, how brilliantly and easily are the forms handled. Page 545.

On the Canal by John Singer Sargent, brilliant direct strokes of masterful water-color painting. No forms photographically revealed, action and masses merely suggested. Water color is the shorthand of painting. Page 545.

Carmencita and Mme. Carl Meyer and Children by John Singer Sargent. He painted men well but no one ever painted women and children better. The grand air he produced with the suavest stroke ever known up to his time. His art was so full of brilliant tricks that this phase may pass on with the fashions. But as a superior technician and a great performer, he led the world. Page 549.

A Cup of Tea After the Bath by Paul Albert Besnard. Color again is the chief claim of this picture, but the remarkable eloquence of the brush stroke to delineate form is apparent. It is wholly within the message of painting. Page 554.

At Benares by Besnard. This picture is in dazzling primitive reds, purples and oranges. It is an Occidental's interpretation of the ritualistic East. Besnard saw it as visual beauty, not as mystical ethics. The phases of Besnard's art were various and many. Page 554.

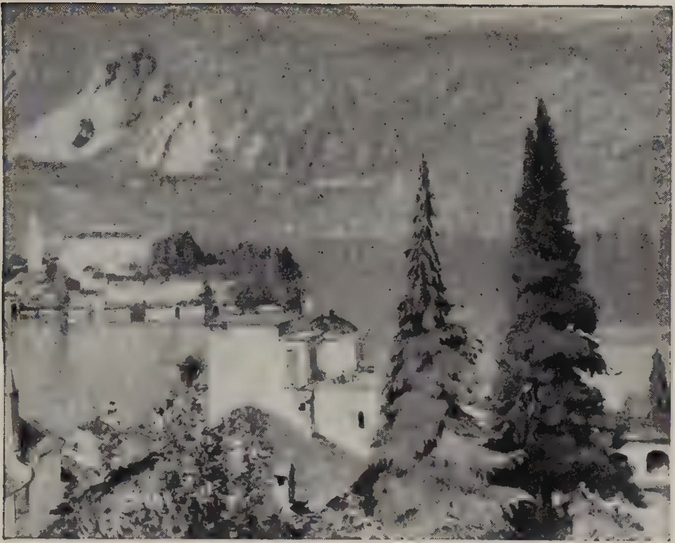
REALISM

XV

THE World's Columbian Exposition in 1893 not only gave Chicago a high place among the cultural centers of the world, but it gave American art the most stirring impulse it has had. Every nation in the world had exemplary representation at this great conclave, and America found herself well up in the attainments. Nothing about the fair stirred new endeavors. There was no radical departure in any feature of the great exposition, but simply a glorious review of all the finest tendencies of traditional progress.

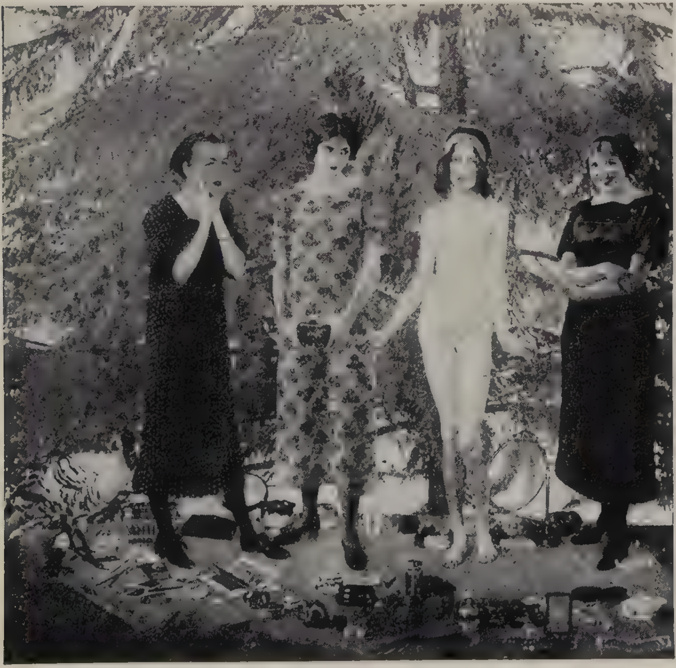
It was a classic fair to begin with, hardly a building or an object of art that did not point straight back to the age of Greek supremacy. As we have said before in this study, every channel of human endeavor in the western world seemed to stretch along from the building of the Parthenon to the erection of the Fine Arts Building in Jackson Park, Chicago, in unbroken courses. As Thomas Tallmadge says in his admirable book on American architecture, the Chicago World's Fair was the fulfillment and the finish of the classic age.

Already advancement in science had placed within the reach of artists and artisans materials to work with that had never been known, and an ease of manipulation through machinery that relieved the artist of much of his old-time labor. The manipulation of the materials of art had never been so easy. Then, too, there was no isolation. Every man knew what his neighbor was doing and the world began knowing tomorrow what the rest of the world did yesterday. Accomplishment in the arts was more general and more complete; painters had to know more to get anywhere at all. Musicians had to play better to be heard. Where masterful accomplishments had been only for the few, they were now possible for the many.



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

June Morning, Lake Orta.—Grover



Four Types of Women.—Casorati

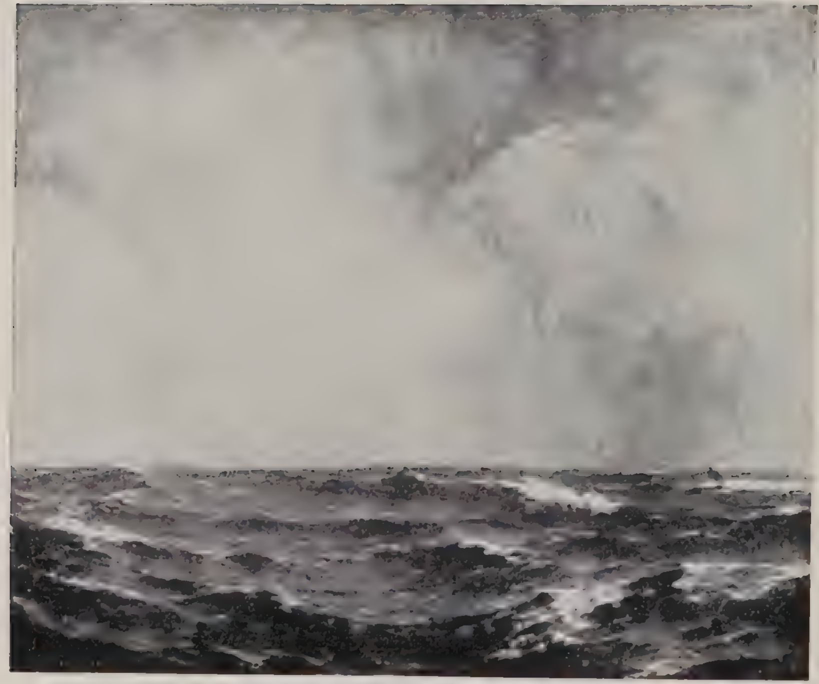
The great Fine Arts Palace, the most perfect and altogether beautiful classic building ever erected in the western world, and quite the highest note of the exposition, carried a treasury never before collected under a single roof. Academic it was, and while revealing a great variety of accomplishment among the many nations, it had a uniform standard that was astonishingly general. Racial expression was still quite apparent in the national groups of painting and sculpture, but the actual technique of the various schools showed an even brilliancy and an all-round fine attainment that would have startled the painters of the Renaissance. It was really the first magnificent display of the new Realism in art, a realism franker than that which had come from the Romantic schools, and prompted by the main desire to expound truth of vision. Little of it had false sentiment or subtle meaning; not much of it was even poetic. It was all good frank straight-from-the-shoulder prose delivered with a wide gesture and the declaration, "This is the way nature appears! Behold her truths!"

There was nothing much that the critics needed to say about it. Most of it needed no explanation, most of it did not stir deeply, but delighted openly. Realism was the great keynote, and it was this which, in the general run of things, interested the active producer for the following twenty-one years. But in 1914, Realism came of age. It asserted itself, walked out of the old abode and tumbled into the most terrible and horrible brawl that any age of society had ever accomplished. There came four dark, profitless years, but it was like the white fire of a crucible, and out of it on November 11, 1918, Realism emerged, purified and chastened, to find itself stripped of its material shell and born anew to take the first steps toward spiritual accomplishment.

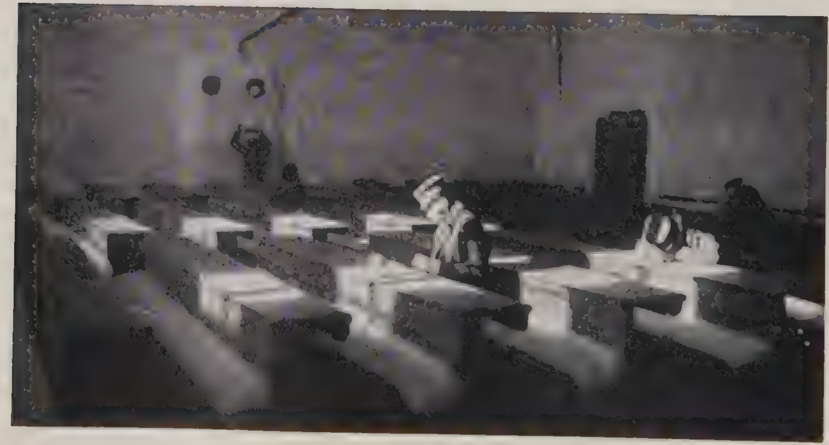
Those twenty-one years produced few outstanding masters, almost no immortal painting, and little that did more than herald in sonorous voice the new century. But yet, it was all interesting and brought forth literally hundreds of painters in every country. The four of our last chapter were possibly the high pinnacles of the whole epoch, and they were all realists and nothing else. In America alone we could not in a single book even mention all of the names which attained honor in the field of painting during this period, but we here select representatives of each nation, in hopes that it will be clearly understood that hundreds of others who might as consistently have been mentioned are not because there simply is not space.

Just because one's favorite Realistic painter does not appear as a laudatory object of these pages does not mean that he fails in attainment or is unworthy of praise. But we are perfectly sure that the painters we are now about to study are thoroughly worthy of our attention, that they have added abundantly to the treasury of the new century. None of the painters who appeal to the imagination primarily or those who have been working out abstractions are included in this chapter; they belong to a later discussion. We are here dealing with those who have observed nature with a photographic eye and have been able through professional accomplishment in the medium of painting to compose pictures which are fulfillments of the very highest realistic standards. None of their pictures are particularly inventive, startlingly original in theme or overwhelmingly emotional. Most of them are splendid expressions of what the eye sees, related through the accomplishment of the grammar of painting: drawing, proportion, construction, light and shade, arrangement within the rectangular space, values, color, artistic anatomy, pictorial sequence, all well mastered and tellingly elocuted.

The English have been particularly brilliant in all these matters, because they have to do with the intellect of painting, not with its emotion. We should look at such works as are hung in the British Royal Academy exhibition each spring, study the English works in the Tate Gallery, follow the splendidly illustrated London magazines. We will find women of the stirring caliber of Laura Knight who do realistic portraits with such vividness that they startle with their lifelike quality. One of the most realistic of all portrait painters is William Orpen, an Irishman who lives in London and who carried his brilliant talent to the front in 1914, bringing back the most startling, horrifying, amazingly realistic representations of the hideousness of



The Open Sea.—Carlsen



Christmas of Those Left Behind.—Morbelli war. His are among the finest pictures in the new and astonishingly vital London war museum.

It is interesting to note that England is the only country that has made a perfect and complete visual record of the war. Just as England has written the only vital and important post-war plays dealing with that theme, so England painted the only important pictures as records of this astounding undertaking of society. The War Museum in London is stirring beyond belief but in no way medieval or traditionally British. The glorification of manly conquest as related in English history about the dazzling glory of mastery by arms finds no counterpart in the War Museum. One comes out stunned, somewhat horrified, and consciously dulled by the monstrosity of it all. It means another opponent to carnage whenever a citizen of the world enters this museum. We come out saying, "It is true, it is true, and how horrible!" War for once receives a magnificent exposition without glorification.

William Orpen is only one of the great contributors to this brilliant show. There are many others, including the splendid aristocrat and glorious Scotch realist, Sir John Lavery. But Sir John does not depend upon his war work for his reputation. He is quite the aristocratic painter of the British Isles. He has had almost as many portrait commissions for royalty as John Singer Sargent, and their painting is not dissimilar, except that Lavery gives to his women a lofty air and to his men an aristocratic swank that even Sargent could not manage. Lavery is quite the foremost of those who carry out today the traditions of the great first masters of the Royal Academy.

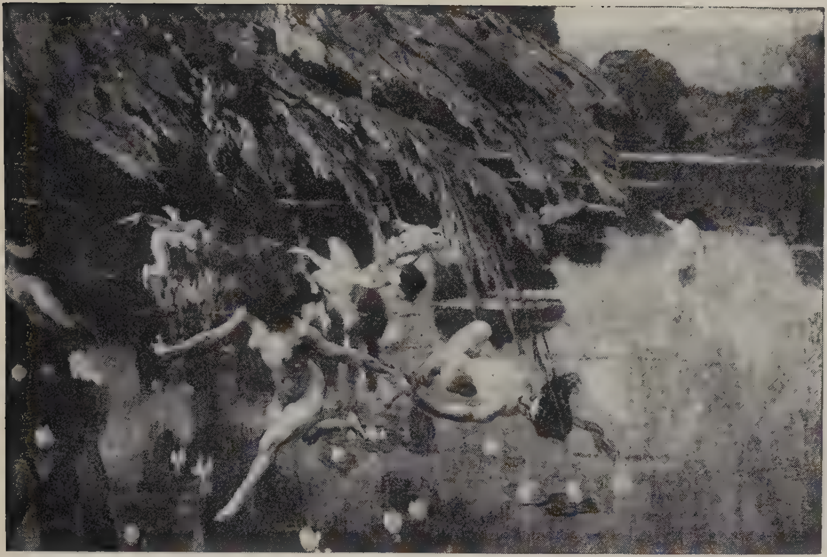
Glen W. Philpot, Sir George Clausen, Russell Flint, Vivian Forbes, Dodd Proctor, Sir David Cameron, Roger Fry, Charles Shannon, J. J. Shannon, Charles Ricketts and Colin Gill are among the important ones who have led the way along the brilliant road of Realism in England. It is hard to say which of these people stand above the rest or how lasting their art will be. Even when their Realism goes into pure fantasy it is still utter Realism. For instance, a glorious fantasy of gigantic fountain, dazzling moonlight rainbow, floating white clouds against night sky, by Charles Sims, shows six or seven of the most beautifully Realistic nude figures standing under these giant fountains enjoying the elixir of life. It is a fantasy, but told in pure terms of Realism. The Tate Gallery in London is filled with just such magnificent Realism as this. Of course there are persons such as Augustus John and Frank Brangwyn who could well be rated in this category, but we reserve them for our final chapter, inasmuch as their influence is largely international.

Not only in painting was England's academic mastery of Realism an important accomplishment, but in illustration and etching. Some of the greatest illustrators of the day were Edmund Dulac, Arthur Rackham and Cayley Robinson, all three of them formidable rivals of the noted Scandinavian illustrators, Carl Larsson and Kay Nielsen. In fact, may we not say that these five men were the great illustrators at the dawn of the new century? In the field of etching there has been a tremendous array. We take Lester Hornby,* an American of English descent, as the representative and reproduce his plate of the Rush Street Bridge in Chicago done with the fresh eyes of a visitor.

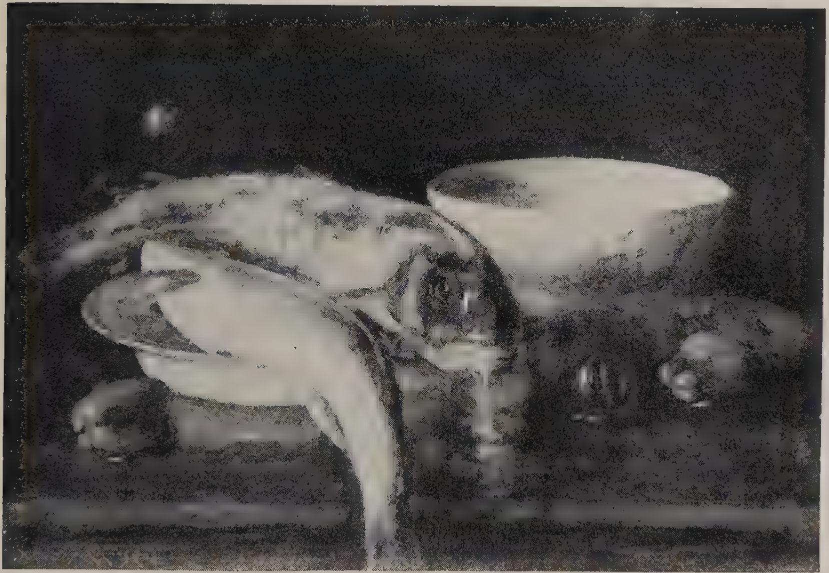
Colin Gill's realism has been exerted toward various ends. One of the most brilliant pieces of painting in London is his recent mural allegory for St. James's Hall in the Parliament Building. A recent fantasy which has won prizes in Pittsburgh and Chicago is entitled *Life*. One cannot be quite sure whether it is an Italian or an Irish background. Peasant folk are grouped in twos at the various phases of life's ecstasies. A mother plays with her child; a drunken peasant lolls in the arms of his paramour; a simpleton leading a donkey upon which a happy child rides are the only two of the entire scene who are innocent and imaginative enough to see the sprite of happiness that dances in the air before them unnoticed by the rest. The painting of the sprite and these various groups is astoundingly realistic. Some have food spread out upon a cloth on the ground. A girl and her lover whisper tender things to each other; an old man gloats over the splendor of his youthful son; each item of the picture is as realistic as though painted from an actual observation.

---

*See page 582.



NINFEE.—TITO



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

NORTH RIVER SHAD.—CHASE

Germany seems to produce very few Realists. No country was quite so unproductive at this period. Possibly Germany was altogether too engrossed during those two decades with material accomplishments. There were such fine painters of the realistic type as Lenbach, Kampf, Von Uhde and Liebermann, but most of these men were well along in years and saying nothing new. No; Germany was getting ready for two great things—the war and Expressionism.

Scandinavia rose to almost dizzy heights, producing, as we have already discovered in Chapter Two, some of the most sterling realists in the history of painting. No one has ever accomplished the representation of snow in painting as Fjaestadt* of Sweden.

Take our picture, *Silent Winter*—deep snow amidst the pines, the tracks of a northern fox—what silence, what absolute realism! Liljefors does such amazing things in combining art and nature, accomplishes such realism in the full mastery of painting that he certainly belongs in this chapter as well as in Chapter Two, especially as some of his finest pictures were done during these particular twenty-one years. Anshelm Schultzberg, Carl Willumsen, the stirring woman painter of the North, Anna Boberg, are all twentieth century realists as well as nineteenth century nationalists. S. Sörensen, a Norwegian realist of horrifying brutality, became so violent as to be literally unacademic but hardly subtle enough to be classed as an expressionist.

Holland has four or five outstanding Realists to brag about; Monnickendam† of Amsterdam is probably the most exciting of the group. The mantles of Peter Paul Rubens and Jordaens and a half dozen of the little masters of Holland have fallen upon his shoulders. He lives in a most delightful house close to the Rijks Museum, which is studio and art gallery from the ground to the top of its five stories. He paints flowers and fruit, room interiors and banquet tables, meat markets and fruit carts, Holland gardens and granaries. Every canvas is filled to overflowing with a gorgeous, realistic abundance. When he begins studying people a bit seriously he accomplishes some fine characterization. The *Occupants of a Theatre Loge* shows this quite clearly. With all of his extravagance of subject matter, one is more than amused, in fact quite delighted, with his jolly compositions and the luxurious abundance of this Dutch Realist-Nationalist. Then there is Willy Sluyter of The Hague, one of the court painters to Queen Wilhelmina. He does a portrait now and then which would hold its own with a Lavery or a Sargent.

---

*See page 579. †See page 570.

Spain has the photographic Benedito, who does groups of his friends so realistically that they almost speak as we look at them. Sotomayor does country characters and Ortiz Echagüe yearly brings forth a veritable array of Spanish pageantry. One of his most interesting and recent canvases is a kitchen interior done in Spanish blue, with a charming vivacious little Spanish girl feeding some dumb pets that have followed her indoors. The title is *My Daughter in the Argentine Country.* There are llamas, parrots, hens, turkeys, all as at home as if they lived in the kitchen. This picture is now owned by the John Herron Art Institute in Indianapolis. Luis Elipe and Martinez Ruiz, one painting the nude, the other the landscape, are seen nearly each year in the great International Exhibition at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. Then, of course, there are the Zubiaurre brothers.* They are more than realists for they are absolute historians, recording the passing costumes and customs of the Basque provinces. They paint so much alike that it is quite difficult to state whether it is a painting by Ramón or one by Valentin. Ours, *The Authorities of My Home Village,* was painted by Ramón. Note the fruit, bread and crockery upon the table, the pitcher beneath it, the leaves that dip into the top of the picture, the expressions upon the faces of these sombre men, their white shirts and dark vests, the utter realism of it all. One must note that the painter of this picture is a deaf mute and he has revealed a world of silence. Of course, Sorolla and Zuloaga belong in the list of Spanish realists.

Italy carries its realism slightly more into the spirit of fantasy, although in Venice there are such prodigious painters as Emma and Beppe Ciardi, brother and sister,

---

*See page 589.

Occupants of a Theater Loge.—Monnickendam who turn off hundreds of pictures a year. Italico Brass also manages a number of pretentious realistic compositions of Venetian life each year. Giannino Marchig of Florence does quiet portraits with a telling reality and a beautiful restrained color, while Amedeo Bocchi of Rome paints some of the most realistic and lovely nudes ever seen, varying them with rather illustrative compositions of peasant life. A. Morbelli* of Milan, a pupil of the great Segantini, paints in the pointillistic juxtaposition of the impressionists, and the sense of light shining through the windows of the empty Soldiers' Home, with only three or four occupants of the vast room left, is most startling in its realistic effect. When one approaches closely this canvas in the Modern Gallery in Venice, he discovers that it is painted with tiny little dots of brilliant red and green paint put side by side in varying proportions; in the head of the nearest man there must be a hundred and fifty daubs. The result is that the picture sings with a vibrating light.

Felice Casorati's† picture of *Four Types of Women* shows a bit of the fantasy that can be brought to utter realism. In the shadow of a spreading pine tree against a very blue sky stand four girls with the trinkets of life spread about them on the ground. One is intellectual, another is beautiful, the third is pure, and the fourth is worldly. These girls must have been painted from actual models, they are so alive.

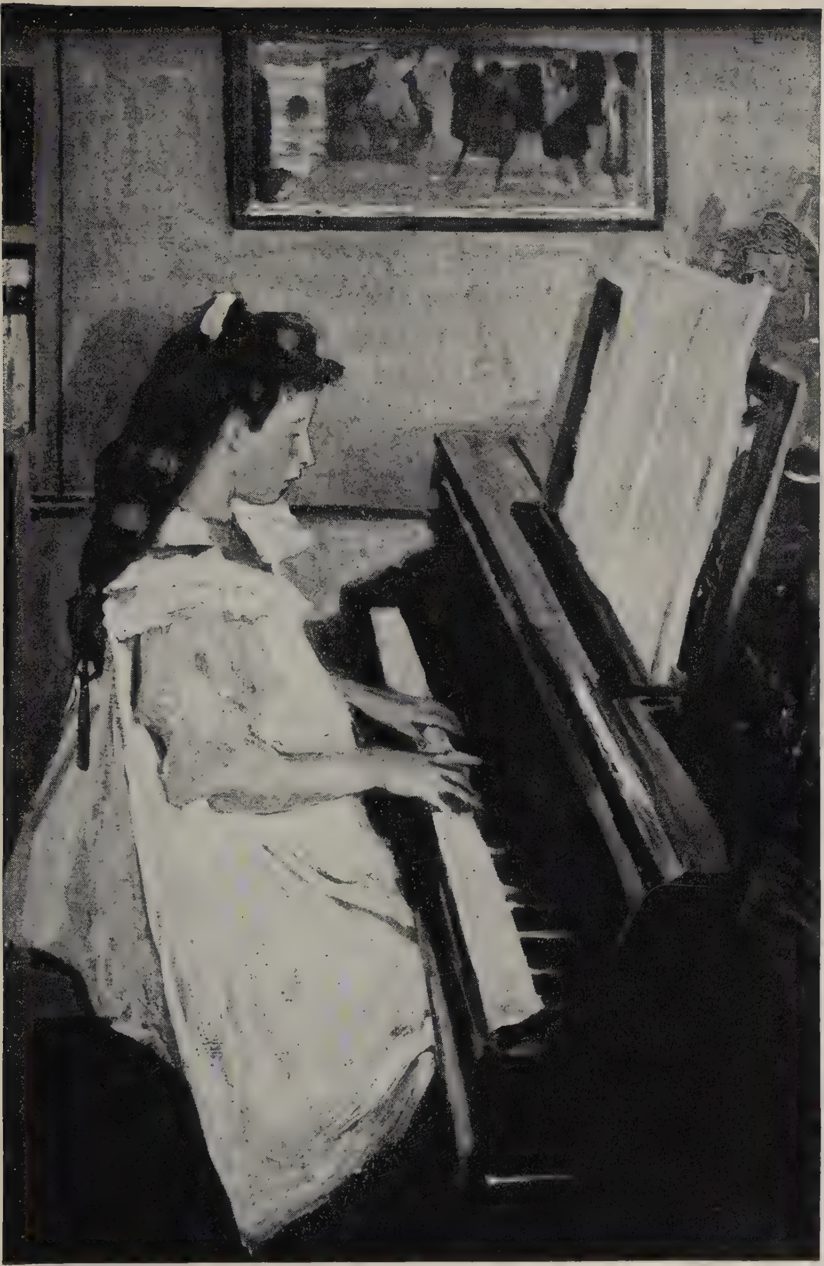
The most accomplished painter of the first decade of the twentieth century in Italy was Ettore Tito,‡ Venetian. He has sometimes been called the Sorolla of Italy, for he painted the gay life up and down the lagoons with the same warmth and joy and a very similar sense of sunlight. But his very beautiful allegorical paintings and his stunning colorful mural decorations, which are as remarkable in many ways as the great Tiepolo's, make him more akin to Paul Albert Besnard. He is by all means the foremost Italian painter of the new century. We reproduce a Woodland Fantasy called *Ninfee.* Tiny nude nymphs float through the air under overhanging branches, over quiet reflecting waters dotted with lilies. Oh, it is such a dreamy picture and would even be more so were not the trees so real, the water so wet and the nymphs so alive in the flesh! Tito could draw and his color is exquisite. His studio is the real show place of Venice. In the past five years he has had a failing of sight which has brought his painting to a close. But he has accomplished more than any other painter of modern Italy, and put Italy back upon the map of painting more than any other artist since Tiepolo.

---

*See page 564. †See page 561. ‡See page 567.

Switzerland has risen to uncommon prominence, largely under the influence of her great expressionist, Ferdinand Hodler, the man of all Europe who has based Expressionism upon Realism. We will say much about Hodler in Chapter Seventeen; in fact, he is the only supremely great painter that Switzerland has produced since Arnold Böcklin. Eugène Burnand, with a strong Munich background, has told with pitiless realism the tragedies of life in the mountains. Why is it that so few modern artists who are moved to portray the sturdy people or the glorious spots of the world choose to reveal tragedy instead of joy as a background? The answer probably rests in the nineteenth century overindulgence in romanticism, causing the pendulum to swing widely in the other direction. A more gentle painter is Daniel Ihly, who is interested in the flower market in Zurich, the blossoming of the plum trees in the spring valleys, and the children who play happily along mountain brooks; but otherwise the distinguished sons and daughters of Switzerland during the past forty years have been closely associated with the schools of Italy, Germany and France—so much so that they are no longer patriots or connected in any important way with native expression.

It is surprising to find in France any realists at all between 1893 and 1914, when the schools of the secessionists were so terrifically active and widespread in every field of expression. In 1910 Paris had more contradictory camps, more opposing forces in art than the whole of the world boasts of during the whole seventeenth century. It is hard to conceive how so great a number could have gained any footing. Certainly France was eager for the new thrill, for something unusual, or it would never have recognized all of the groups. Yet there was a fine body of realists, a splendid array of painters who utterly ignored



A Little Girl at the Piano.—Simon

the "isms," and numbered among them were some of the sturdiest and finest painters of history. Of course we should include Besnard here if he had not already been adequately covered. There was an especially vigorous group of Brittany painters, headed by Lucien Simon and Charles Cottet.

The Academy of France never produced a more versatile genius than Simon.* He is a notable etcher—the foremost of the French color etchers—a mural and portrait painter of distinction, and does large tableau arrangements of Brittany fisherfolk and peasants in the fields. He is not a bit afraid of the largest possible canvas. In the Luxembourg there is a huge canvas of the interior of the studio of Emile Blanche, a confrere and another fine French realist. The studio is filled with students, contemporaries and friends, even members of M. Blanche's family hang over the stairway that leads down from the rest of the house. He is extremely fond of doing the last mass of the Brittany fishermen in the tiny Brittany churches just before they go out to sea in the cold gray dawn.

Cottet paints with almost more vitality. The great picture of his in the Luxembourg gallery is of a dining table spread in front of a large window through which the cold and turbulent sea is visible. Against the window and under the strong light of a single hanging lamp is seated the head of this house, a sturdy Breton woman, whose white cap makes an effective halo about her aged countenance. Grouped around her at the early morning meal are twelve adults, evidently her children and their wives and husbands. There are also some babies. They are partaking in silence of *The Farewell Repast* before their men go down to the sea in ships.

Carolus-Duran, the stanchest of the French academic portrait painters, was still at work at this time. His pupil, Aman-Jean, a portrait painter of the most aristocratic touch, became more sentimental or poetic in his realism than Carolus-Duran had been. Among Aman-Jean's interesting portraits was one of Mrs. Albert Herter of New York, painted in Paris to be sure, but it now hangs in the Milwaukee Art Institute. America has a great many of

---

*See page 573.

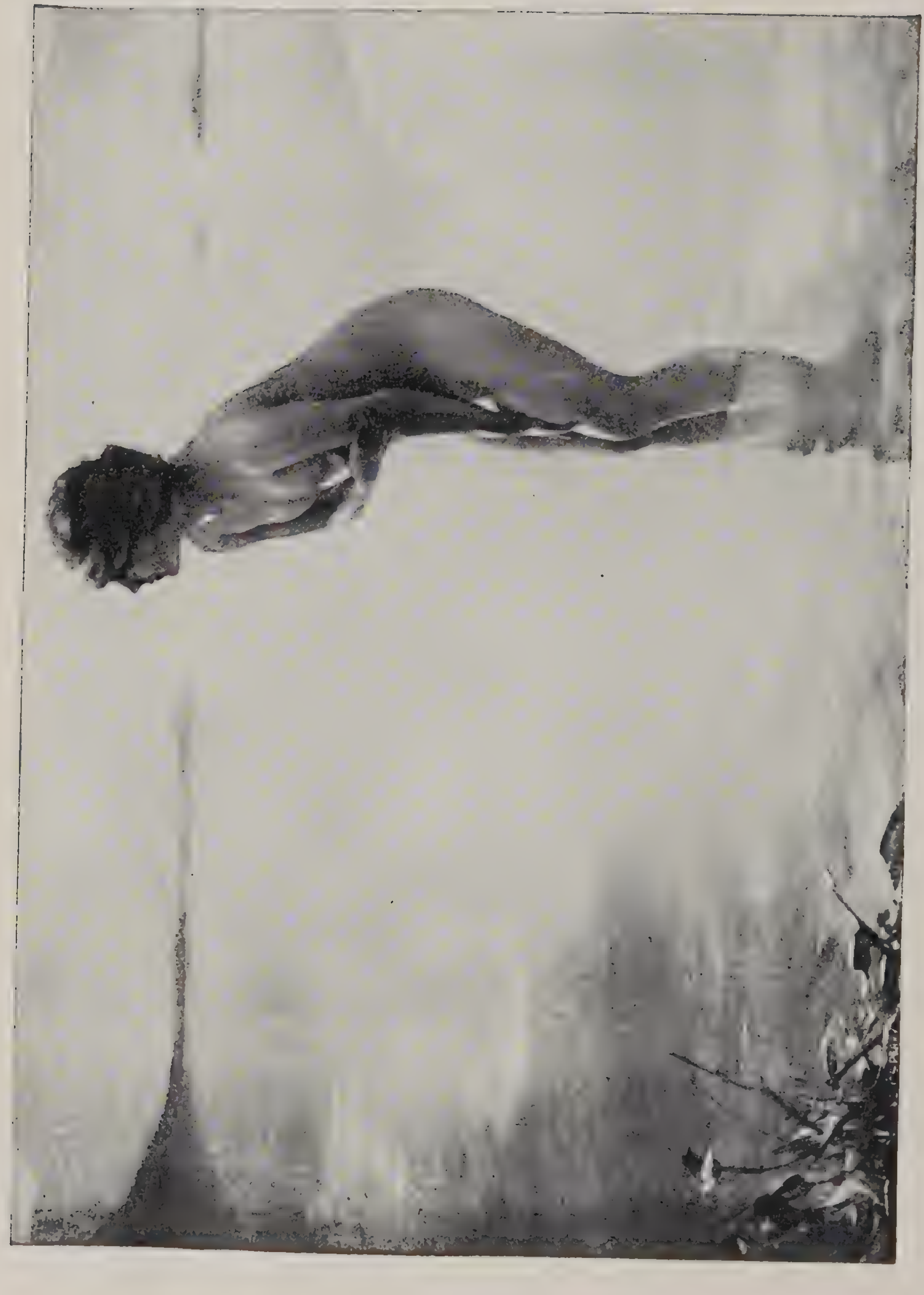
Aman-Jean's works. Two women in the swirling frocks of the gay nineties are seated in a garden, one leans close to the other to whisper confidences. This canvas is owned by the Des Moines Association of Fine Arts. During the fall of 1929 a very important exhibition of Aman-Jean's works was shown at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh.

No one helped more definitely to usher in the twentieth century with a proper academic background than did Bastien-LePage. His influence as teacher and thinker was as great as a painter. In fact, most of the brilliant men of the twentieth century academy in every country acknowledge something to Bastien-LePage and Carolus-Duran. Paul Chabas,* well known as the most romantic of the nude figure painters of modern France, came into uncommon prominence in 1909 when an exquisite picture of a lovely child just blossoming into young womanhood, standing nude in a cool lake in September and called *September Morn,* was barred from display by the Chicago police censor. The result of this ridiculous gesture was absurd advertising, giving the reproductions of *September Morn* the largest sale that any printed picture had ever had in Chicago. The picture is really sweetness itself. But isn't the realism of it astonishing? What expertness of vision and technique! Compare this picture with *A Little Girl at the Piano,* by Lucien Simon, and it is apparent that the first was created to reveal all the loveliness that was possible, the second to tell with vigorous reality the story of a homely, awkwardly dressed little girl working away at her music lesson. It is not at all a lovely picture, merely a very true one.

Gaston LaTouche† was the great realist of early twentieth century France who came directly out of the nineteenth century impressionistic school. His picture called *The Fountain,* revealing a night carnival at the great Fountain of Neptune at Versailles, is the very embodiment of the play spirit of the world's joy capital. LaTouche particularly loved the gardens and fountains of Versailles and painted many of his most brilliant pictures there. He was Impressionist, Romanticist, Realist all in one. Needless to say this whole group of French Realists were not

---

*See page 576. †See page 456.



SEPTEMBER MORN.—CHABAS

the most lauded or talked of painters during the time under discussion. In some of their later work a certain touch of sadness and defeat seemed to creep in, rather indicative of the thought that they were being superseded by newer movements.

Now let us turn to America and summarize the vital school of painting of the first quarter of the century in this new land. None of the radical movements even got a foothold until after 1910. Hardly was Impressionism, as calm and sane as it was, regarded with much favor in the western hemisphere until the very few years immediately preceding the World War. A number of great influences led, however, to the recognition of painting as a serious and worthy activity—this in spite of the fact that there has been no official or government support in the United States. Collectors became general; in consequence, dealers throughout the country became numerous, homes became splendid, and wealth was freely tossed about. The New York Academy, the Philadelphia Academy, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, and the Art Institute of Chicago held annual exhibitions of American oil painting and sculpture with large prizes offered. Since 1910 almost every city of importance in the country holds an annual salon of contemporary painting. Art leagues and state fairs encourage local production, but the standard with all these enterprises has been realism.

The great American painters of the nineteenth century were all realists or bending obviously toward it. The one who brought the strongest mid-European influence into the scheme was Frank Duveneck of Cincinnati. He had only one rival and that was William Chase of New York. In 1915, at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, the Memorial Exhibition of Frank Duveneck's portraits won the Grand Prize. No other American had ever been represented in any exhibition by so distinguished a display of portraits. They were not the volatile, fashionable painting of John Singer Sargent nor the poetic, romantic painting of John W. Alexander.

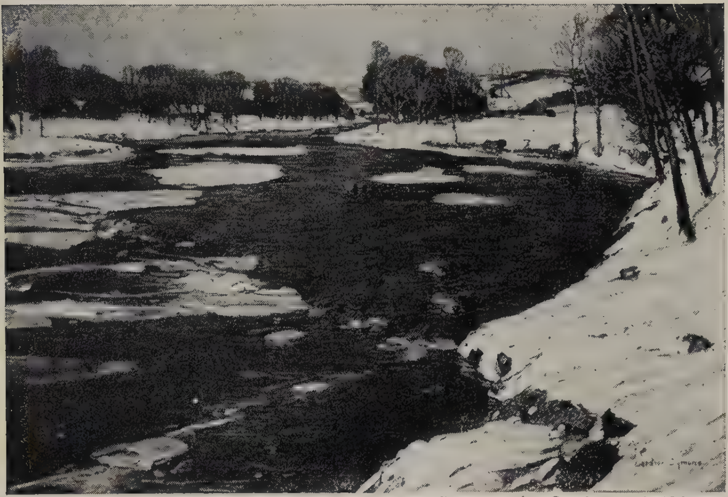
They had a strong flavor of the Rhenish school going quite directly back to Rembrandt and Holbein. Rich, dark backgrounds, penetrating characterization, and luminous flesh tones and highlights reminded one considerably of Duveneck's chief master, the great Lenbach of Munich. Duveneck lived in Florence a good deal, and there his very beautiful wife died. Duveneck modeled the sarcophagus for her remains, and it was immediately recognized as one of the most beautiful memorial sculptures in the world. It is a lifelike representation of Mrs. Duveneck lying in sleep upon a couch. It is superb sculpture, romantic and poetic and expressive of that tender and all-engulfing love with which artists sometimes manage to endow their masterpieces.

William Chase* had in 1900 more pupils than any other painter who ever taught in America. He became, early in his career, so successful a teacher that it is surprising he ever accomplished much in painting, yet second to Sargent was his popularity as a fashionable portraitist. He was the head master of the Art Students League in New York, then founder of the Chase School of Art. He took groups of advanced art students on painting jaunts to Europe, especially to Spain, summer after summer. Every ambitious young portraitist in America desired to study with Chase.

He did any number of magnificent portraits along with all this teaching. His best known portrait is of a lovely young girl in a dancing frock entitled *Alice* which hangs at the Art Institute of Chicago. His studio was well established at Newport for a few years and he became as active in painting fashionable American society as Sargent was in doing English and French notables. Whenever he slipped away from his commissions or managed an independent vacation he went quietly to Gloucester and for some unaccountable reason became thoroughly enamored with still life painting, largely using fish as the subject of the arrangements. Even before his death he became known as the world's foremost painter of fish, but since there are no more of his pictures to be had these fish pictures have become the most valuable of his products and museums and collectors alike seem eager to get a representative Chase fish canvas for their collection.

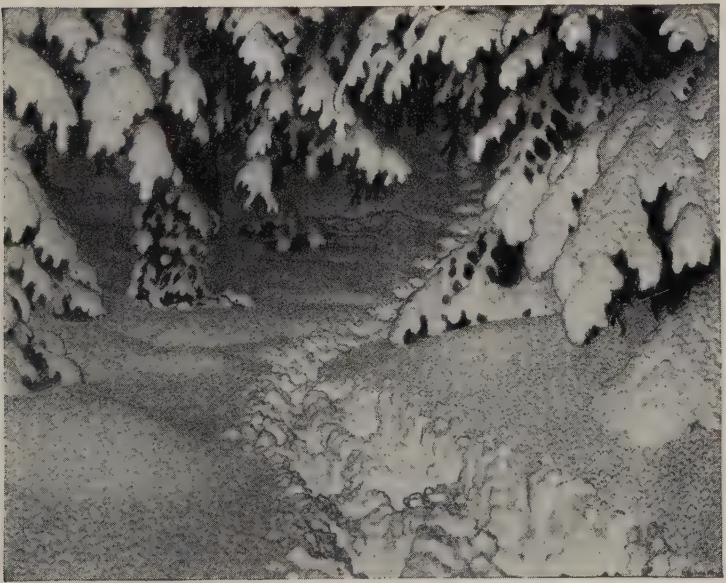
---

*See page 567.



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

THE WINTER SUN.—SYMONS



SILENCE; WINTER.—FJAESTADT

At one time the Committee in Chicago decided that *Alice* was nothing like so well painted as Chase's later still life compositions, so an exchange was arranged, but when the public school pupils and teachers of Chicago heard that *Alice* was to be exchanged for fish, a terrific protest went up, and hundreds of letters were written to the committee, "Keep your old fish. We want Alice." It was a delightful incident and did much to make *Alice* forever beloved by the Chicago public. Now there are fish as well in the permanent collection. *North River Shad,* our illustration, even in black and white, tells the story very well, but in color the picture is so realistic that one can easily imagine a fishy odor. This sounds trite, especially when the painting itself is really splendid, the free brush stroke, the startling color, the objectivity translated to terms of esthetics so enthusiastically, sincerely done that no criticism can be offered.

Nearly every painter of importance in America rising in the first decade of the century boasts of Chase as his teacher. Robert Henri* was one of these and he, in turn, took Chase's place as the foremost teacher in America. Henri became the most direct and absolute realist the field of portraiture had known. There was never stylization nor mannerism of any sort in his work. He never developed a tendency toward this trick or that, but painted frankly and boldly, almost brutally, just what he saw. There is not an over-romantic or even a poetic touch in any picture Henri ever painted. But for straightforward prose, he told the story of what he saw most directly. Our two Henris reproduced show *Herself,* an Irish peasant woman done up in cumbersome clothes and a head shawl, looking straight at us; the other an Indian portrait of a girl, a Mexican half-breed, done down in New Mexico. Indian, Spanish, and possibly wild west is she. Look at the modeling around the forehead and the eyes, the expression of the mouth, the dashing treatment of the clothes. It is stolid and of the earth.

Henri did nudes with the same virility. It is a question as to whether he was subtle enough to do nudes pleasingly. Possibly the most beautiful nude that he has done is in the public collection at Columbus, Ohio. Henri died in 1929 after seeing himself at the top of the ladder, also finding many of his pupils renowned in their individual ways—Eugene Speicher, Arthur Dove, George Bellows among them. While his pupils worked with him, they were pure imitators of his methods and viewpoint, but he evidently gave them great fundamentals, for as soon as they were away from his atelier they struck out on their own, painting with marked individuality and almost immediate success.

---

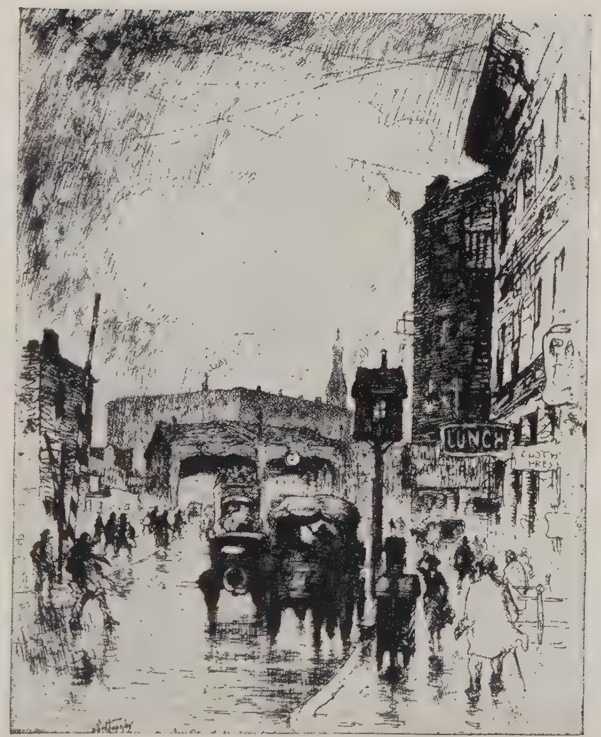
*See pages 584 and 586.

How different from the Henri spirit is the portrait of *My Daughter* by Frank Benson* of Boston. This seat of culture of the eastern states boasts of two especially accomplished painters, Frank Benson and Edmund Tarbell. Benson became very fond of outdoor portraits, doing them with great success, but his indoor compositions, groups of people in softly lighted rooms, have an exquisite charm. He painted many portraits of his own attractive family, sometimes upon the top of a wind-blown hill, again at the edge of the sea or in the reflections of firelight. An exquisite grayish quality, almost like silver, became a veritable mannerism with him in painting the half tones. Lights were always treated with a fresh, pastel loveliness, shadows with a rich depth. There is an elegant suavity to Benson's painting which alone would have distinguished him with the best of his school.

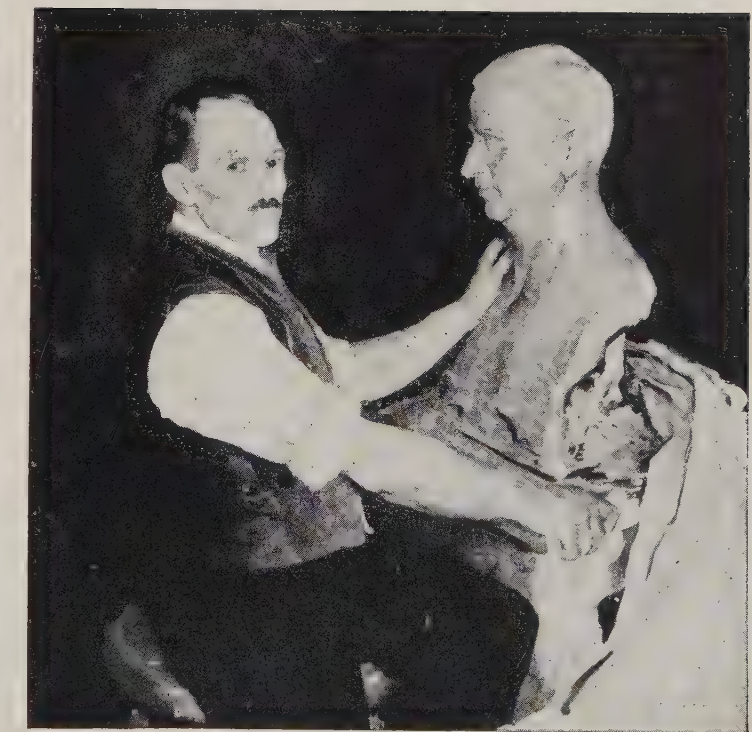
As a lover of the out-of-doors he became a hunter, but suddenly shooting to kill, even ducks, became horrible to him, and through the suggestion of a friend he took an etching needle with him instead of a gun on the next hunting expedition, and soon became the foremost etcher of birds in flight. His etchings of ducks on the wing, settling in a swamp, floating upon the tide, have made him one of the foremost of all etchers, and some contend that long after his paintings are forgotten his etchings will be famous. But it will be a very long time before the world sees half enough of either. Benson and Tarbell are both highly characteristic Bostonians. Tarbell chiefly delighted in rich New England interiors with small figures placed elegantly about. Both have exerted a great influence

---

*See page 586.



RUSH STREET BRIDGE.—HORNBY



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

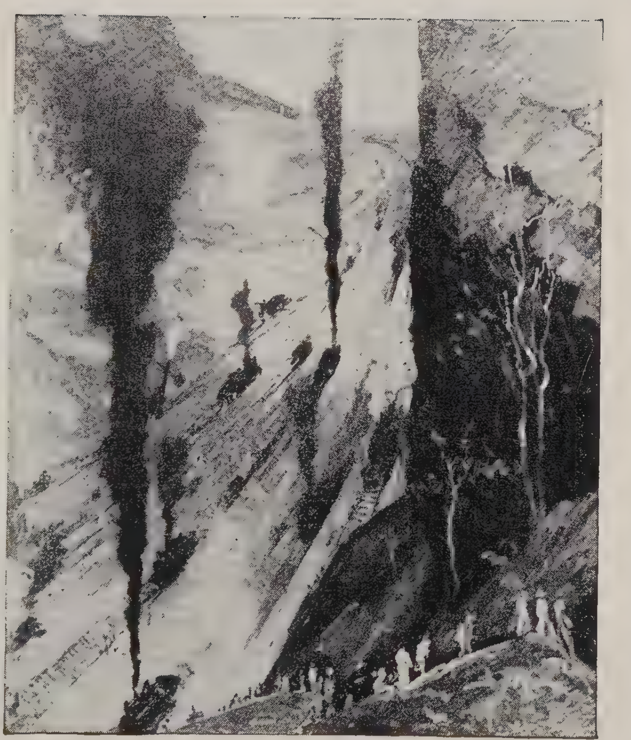
ALBIN POLASEK.—HAWTHORNE

through their teaching in the Boston Museum of Art and at Harvard University. One of their chief associates is Charles Hawthorne,* the painter of the fisher folk of Gloucester and Provincetown. Hawthorne has excelled them both as a colorist. He combines something of Chase, Henri, Benson and Zuloaga. There seems a marked Spanish influence in what he does. Hawthorne in turn is also an important teacher. He paints with a fluid stroke and a certain flatness of design which make his art seemingly more modern than the rest. At times he has a brutality very close to Henri's, but again he is as subtle as Benson. There is many an art patron today in America who would place Charles Hawthorne as the foremost living American painter. His portrait here of Albin Polasek, the Chicago sculptor, was the result of a very interesting circumstance. Polasek and Hawthorne were serving Chicago on a jury of painting and sculpture for the annual American exhibition when a commission was awarded to both to do the other for the portrait gallery of artists at the Institute. Time was short so they worked simultaneously, Polasek modeling Hawthorne as Hawthorne painted Polasek at work. It went admirably, and it is said that both men finished their tasks at precisely the same time and on the fifth morning.

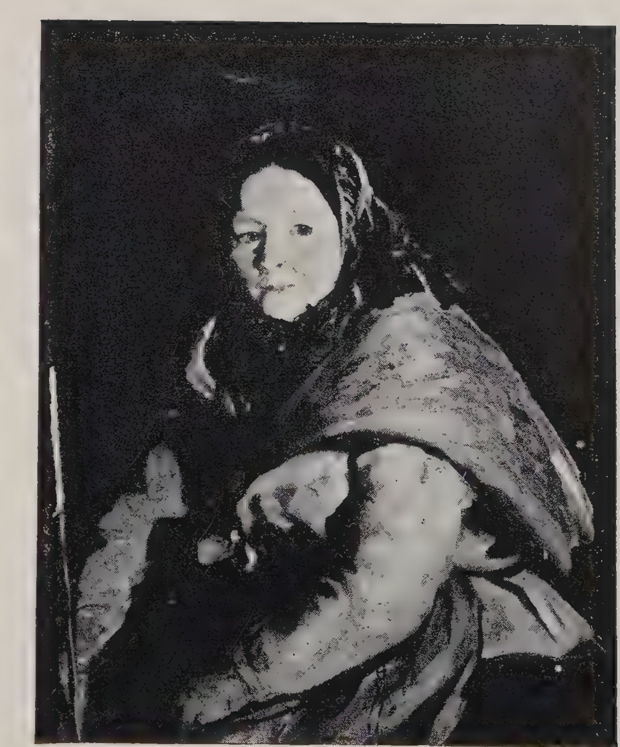
Women may not be neglected in this survey. It has taken America to give woman a position in the art of painting. France helped first, England not at all. Germany, Italy and Spain have been utterly unconscious of the possibility of women in the field of painting. England allowed Angelica Kauffmann, a Swiss, to be one of the original members of the British Royal Academy. What the total results were we do not quite know, but the reflection is a little bit unfavorable to Angelica, for she was the first, last and only woman ever admitted. France, in the middle of the nineteenth century, began recognizing women as painters. Vigée Lebrun of the "grand era" had left an enviable record and a row of glorious portraits, but among the first to be encouraged in the new era were Mary Cassatt and Elizabeth Nourse, Americans, both of them. They were so taken by the French recognition

---

*See page 582.



THE CONQUEROR.—LIE



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

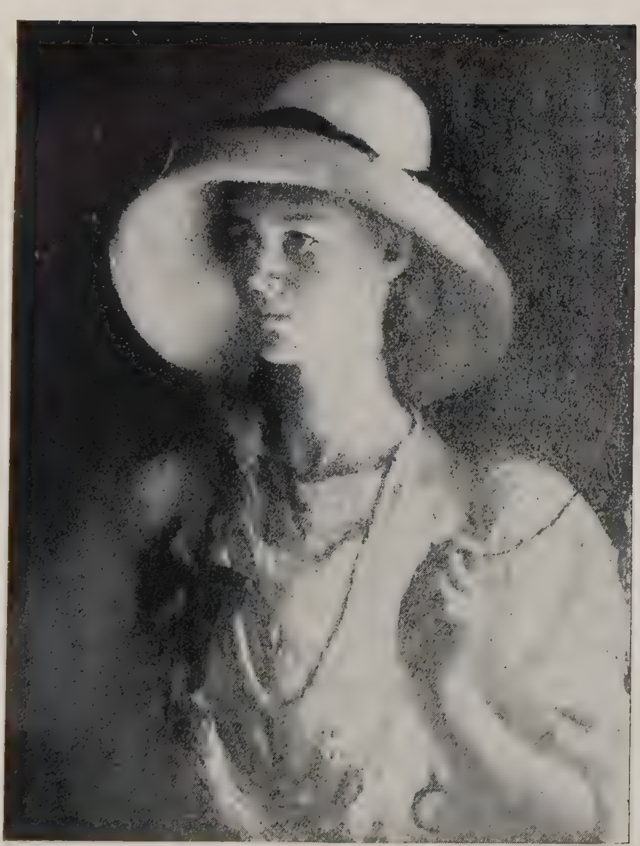
HERSELF.—HENRI

that they remained for the rest of their lives, Elizabeth Nourse doing family groups but Mary Cassatt children with their nursemaids.

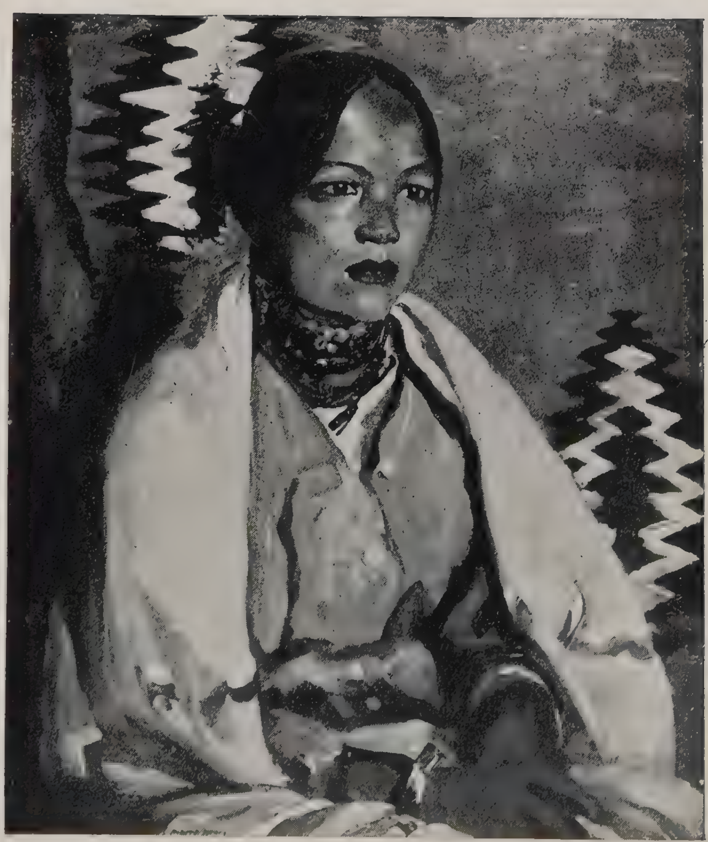
It is to be reasonably expected that women would paint children a little more sensitively than men ever could, and the maternal instinct is most subtly revealed in the beautiful children's portraits by Lydia Field Emmett, M. Jean McLane Johannsen, Camellia Whitehurst, Pauline Palmer, Martha Walter and Frances Cranmer Greenman. These brilliant women have not entirely confined their efforts to the painting of children, but children they have done best, and nary a man in the whole régime has done children as well. Most of them are mothers and have recorded their own beloved offspring from cradle hours upward. The equation has been one of intimate love, of personal emotion. How could a mere father or a bachelor uncle expect to equal the job? Frances Cranmer Greenman did it with great tenderness and subtlety, then kicked over the traces and rushed into the full tide of expressionism, eventually bringing back the doctrines of expressionism to the service of motherhood painting, and has become one of the most interesting and progressive Internationalists in the field of painting.

It is not to be suspected that women can paint nothing else brilliantly except the baby, for a number of our American women artists have become magnificent landscape painters, such as Eugenie Fish Glaman, Jessica Benton Evans, Marie Blanke, Anna Stacey, Emily Groom and Jessie Arms Botke. Then the American flower painters are largely women—Anna Lynch, Helen Stoddard, Julia Doerfler and the very accomplished Mabel Scott Key.

There is a children's picture by M. Jean McLane Johannsen done a number of years ago, called *The Hilltop.* A group of children sprawling upon the top of a hill blow soap bubbles into the clouds; an older sister or young mother is with them. The care free hours, the childhood days, are summarized in this big canvas. Most of the women who have gone in for landscape have become extremely modernistic, so their pictures must come into consideration in a later chapter; while the number is sparse



My Daughter.—Benson



Macedonia: Portrait of a Girl.—Henri

in comparison to the men there have at least been such glorious illustrators as Jessie Arms Botke and the great mural painter Violet Oakley.

One of the most accomplished landscape painters of the highly realistic school, reaching his climax in the early nineteen hundreds, was the late Oliver Dennett Grover.* He never diverged from his original purpose and consistently, through a long and productive life, went deeper and deeper into the portrayal of the landscape. His work can hardly be called interpretation because it was so literal, with the complete feel of the place, the time of the year, and the hour of the day that he painted. He was a magnificent composer but never an originator. His pictures are among the easiest to look at in all the field of art. They warm us with a glow of objective beauty; they satisfy us as glorious expressions of nature herself do. Their only drawback is that they invariably give us the wanderlust.

Take his *June Morning, Lake Orta.* Who in the cold winds of a midwest winter could look at this picture without going deliberately to a booking agent to take passage to the Italian lakes, this heaven-blest nook of nature, placid waters, sun-kissed hills, bejeweled islands, red-roofed villas, fragrant gardens and tall, strong pines? How the composition leads us gently back and forth through the gentle scene. We sit before this picture a few moments; the tension drops from us, we are relaxed and made calm. The smiling world which this artist so knowingly saw makes us smile with him.

How different is the startling dramatic tension of the painting of the *Culebra Cut* in the greatest of all man-made channels, painted by the American-Swedish landscapist, Jonas Lie.† Nature has been torn asunder; man refuses to sail around, but goes straight through. His little engines have made mountains move hence and the face of the earth is changed to meet his pleasure. Lie is a giant in portraying this and his picture, to the field of painting, is almost as great as the great canal itself. There are a number of these magnificent Scandinavian contributors to our American culture.

Of what a different type is the eloquent painting of the wide open sea by Emil Carlsen.* He is but one of the many, many great marine realists we have these days. Most of them paint all around their forerunner, the renowned Winslow Homer; technically their accomplishment puts his to shame. But whether they have found an emotional interpretation of the scene to equal his remains to be proved. Emil Carlsen is the gentlest of all these marine painters; he has almost the poetic sweetness of the late Alexander Harrison, but he does not paint with the stilted stroke that artists of a quarter of a century before employed. But Carlsen seems happiest in painting the gentle, languid sea—even the Sea of Galilee with *The Draught of Fishes* or the great storm with Christ visibly there walking upon the waters and calming them. Carlsen's moonlight marines are alone sufficient to give him an international reputation. Frederick Waugh paints the thundering bigness of the sea; William Ritschel the swirling hiss of it on the Pacific coast; Lionel Walden also chooses the Pacific, and loves it best in moonlight.

---

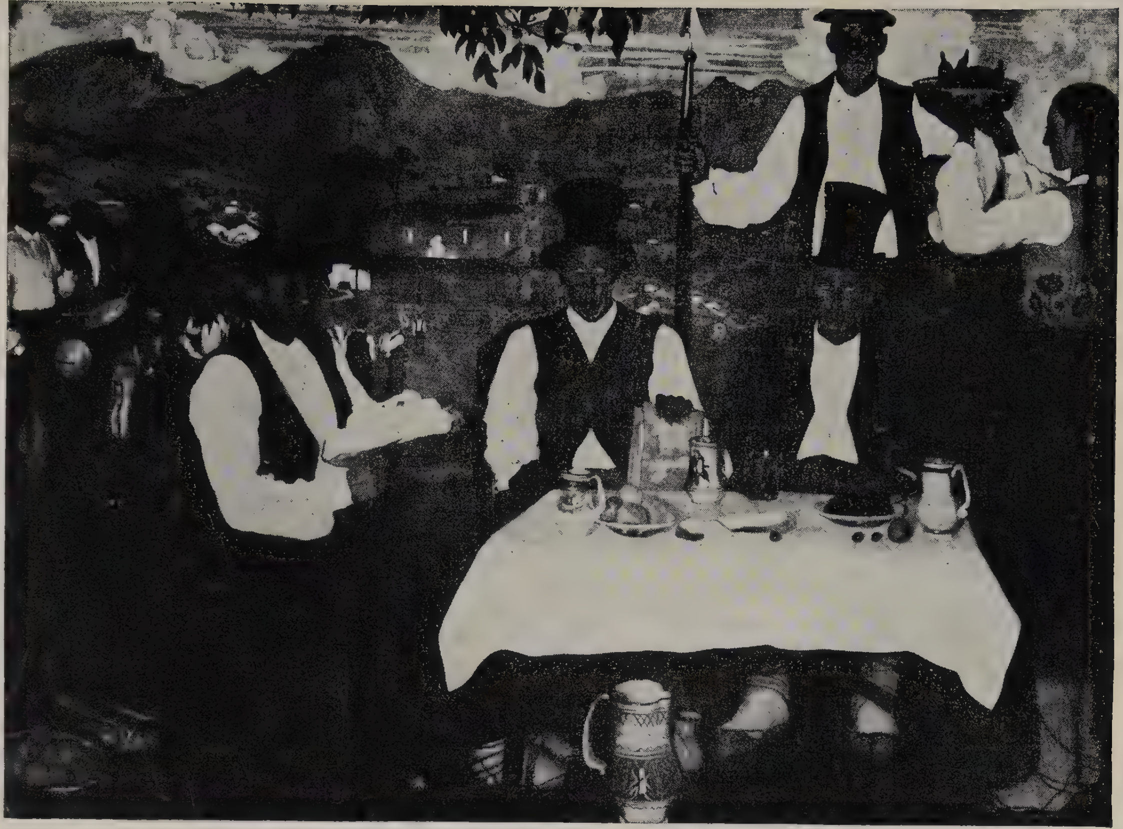
*See page 561. †See page 584.

Paul Dougherty takes the rocky coasts of New England and sees them through a dazzling kaleidoscope of color. Charles Woodbury is happiest out on the mighty deep with sunset after the storm, porpoises jumping in the wake of an Atlantic liner, or the oily calm that precedes the tornado. Leon Dabo does the negation of the sea in the thinness of the Whistler manner. Frederick Tellander shows the thousands of wave forms that make up the harmless surface on a joyous June day.

Our American winter realists constitute one of the most national and vital branches of American landscape painting. Gardner Symons† in some ways leads the list. In the *Winter Sun* the ice is breaking up in the river, snows are gradually melting, the skies become a robin's egg blue, and spring is not so far off, although the landscape is still swathed in white robes. Elmer Schofield and Edward Redfield are also leaders of this group. They are sometimes known as the "New Hope Colony" because most of their winter subjects have been pursued on the banks of the Delaware River at New Hope, Pennsylvania. In New England Guy Wiggins and Wilson Irvine give a more poetic touch

---

*See page 564. †See page 579.



THE AUTHORITIES OF MY HOME VILLAGE.—ZUBIAURRE to their winter landscapes at Lyme, Connecticut. Ernest Lawson and a group too large to mention carry out the impressionistic theories of juxtaposed colors, never painting snow white but specking it with little vibrant notes of spectrum color which give the impression of white under the dazzle of sunlight or in cool shadows. We cannot claim that these winter painters are such magicians in their representation of snow as the Swedish snow painters. But for the painting of the vigorous winter landscape they certainly lead the world.

Among the younger group there are the lovely deep-forest winter painter, John Carlson of Woodstock, New York, Carl Krafft of Brown County, Indiana, and the young Marques Reitzel, who slams out a vigorous winter landscape with a few fell swoops and makes it sing with life and truth. A number of these men are still to do their best work, but the spirit of their painting was well established in the realistic school preceding the World War. Because we choose to pigeonhole each one within a limited field does not mean that there they belong without departure. We merely use it as an autocratic method of classification. Hardly a name mentioned in this chapter is confined to or known only by the kind of painting with which we have credited him.

Most winter painters do spring and summer landscapes as well, and some indulge in figures. Most of the marine painters, Carlsen and Waugh for example, do still lifes, landscapes and symbolic compositions with almost equal facility; but in the main our American realists hit upon one scheme of painting and carry it forth even to the point of a definitely prescribed subject.

We cannot close this chapter without a mention of two of our most aristocratic and traditionally perfect American painters, who first attained their great success before 1910 but who are still painting magnificently. They are Cecilia Beaux, the woman who does beautiful women and distinguished men with a suave elegance which would doubtless arouse the envy of Sir Joshua himself, and Ralph Clarkson, who has done as many college presidents and leaders of American society as any portrait painter alive. There is a sureness about both of these portraitists that makes them sought far ahead of any possible acceptance of the commissions.

Just how we may estimate our great array of younger portraitists who have leapt into amazing success since the World War remains to be seen. Twenty-five years ago it was a rare thing for a portrait painter of the greatest reputation to get more than a thousand dollars for a canvas. Today twoscore painters could be mentioned who never touch a portrait less than three thousand, some of them five and others ten—Louis Betts, John C. Johannsen, Leopold Seyffert, Wayman Adams, Charles Hopkinson, Leon Kroll, Paul Trebilcock, Theodore Johnson, James Chapin, George Oberteuffer, Carl Bohnen, Frederick Poole, Oskar Gross, Claude Buck, and the Boston woman, Lillian Westcott Hale. There is still a younger and more startling group of so-called portraitists in America who, however, are not realists, so we reserve them for later consideration. In conclusion, let us say that the American Art Annual, the official yearbook of the American Federation of Art, now lists more than five thousand painters. No country in history has had so many at a single time and easily seventy-five per cent of this number come within the realistic classification. Our cursory survey may have omitted some of the most important, but surely those who have been mentioned are important enough for our consideration.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

JUNE *Morning, Lake Orta* by Oliver Dennett Grover. Landscape in its most perfect composition. Notice how the eye is led from the foreground's strong trees at the right diagonally across the picture to the bell tower at the extreme left middle distance, then back toward the center of the picture, eventually arriving at the top of the mountain at the upper center. Grover caught the reality of the landscape and produced it with great charm. Page 561.

Four Types of Women by Casorati, an Italian interpretation of feminine charm and limitation. This picture might be called "Allegorical Realism." Page 561.

The Open Sea by Carlsen. The blue expanse graced by summer whiteness of both sea and sky make this a lovely interpretation of the marine splendor. Page 564.

Christmas of Those Left Behind by Morbelli. The loneliness of the few remaining of the old guard symbolized by the emptiness of the room and the silence of the entire picture. Page 564.

Ninfee by Tito, another Italian bringing imagination to realism. One will always expect this land of gentle climate and beauty to picture the lovely things of life as dreams and fantasies. Page 567.

North River Shad by William Chase, portraiture if there ever was such. This painter was famous for his portraits of beautiful women and his still life pictures, especially of fish. He did the latter better than anyone ever has. Page 567.

Occupants of a Theater Loge by Monnickendam, the sturdy traditional painting of Holland developed into a modern characterization. Dark shadows never bother a Dutch painter. Page 570.

A Little Girl at the Piano by Lucien Simon. Far less clever than Whistler's *Mother* is this interpretation, but as objective painting, very brilliant. Page 573.

September Morn by Paul Chabas, the exquisite beauty of springtime adolescence in girlhood and in nature. This is academic painting carried to its most sentimental loveliness. Page 576.

The Winter Sun by Gardner Symons. The solidity and the reality of the earth on which we live. It is prose, not poetry, America's winterscape at its best in art. Page 579.

Silence by Fjaestadt. The painting of snow as masterful as Symons' picture is the painting of the whole of winter. Fjaestadt is the greatest of all snow painters. Page 579.

Albin Polasek by Charles Hawthorne. And while Hawthorne was painting this brilliant portrait of the young sculptor, he was being modeled, the two portraits being finished simultaneously. Page 582.

Rush Street Bridge by Lester Hornby, an etching by this brilliant young American etcher with all the English illustrative traditions in his concept. Page 582.

The Conqueror by Jonas Lie; the machinery of man mastering nature told in a dramatic way. Page 584.

Herself by Robert Henri; the art of Holland and Spain summarized in magnificent realistic American portraiture. Page 584.

My Daughter by Frank Benson. Entirely painted in soft yellows and grays, this portrait is a very cultured interpretation by one of Boston's leaders. Page 586.

Macedonia by Robert Henri, Realism to the last degree. Page 586.

The Authorities of My Home Village by Zubiaurre, a silent static organization of highly realistic elements, provincial costumes, food and table accessories, and sturdy Basque personages, a historical document as well as a beautiful design in color, Spanish to the last touch. Page 589.

POST-IMPRESSIONISM, CUBISM, FUTURISM

XVI

THE epochs of art so far overlap each other that at times they are contiguous rather than continuous and in the past half century have gone along side by side but not hand in hand, for at times there have been insurmountable barriers between them. Neither do they constitute a sequence nor do they form a rhythmic whole; they have moved with no universal order but have occasionally collided to their utter destruction.

In 1914 the movements of art were within the clearly defined channels of Literalism, Impressionism, Realism, Post-Impressionism, Cubism, Futurism, and Synchronism. Post-war confusion and readjustment extended the negative epoch beyond the four years of the war fully two years longer, but as art began to emerge from the great fog in 1920, it became apparent that the divisions between these channels had been definitely lowered, in some instances eliminated. The Germans called this mergence Expressionism, the French called it the new Modernism, and Boris Lovet-Lorski, the American-Russian sculptor, calls it Presentism. Whether there is obvious merging or not, there are almost no more ruffled waters. There seems to be a greater abundance in the flow, and the breadth of it is quite like the flood plain of a river well filled. We smile at the pre-war agitation over the "isms" for quite before any of them became overimportant, or dangerous, they have become "wasms." Possibly they are flowing into a great universal sea without reefs or shoals.

Early in the century we were startled by the various Secessionist movements in France. We heard much about the first three "isms"—Post-Impressionism, Cubism, and Futurism. A great outcry was raised in Paris against the asininity of the annual spring salon, and a new salon was formed—independent, secessionistic, radical—known as the

Salon d'Automne. The hostility which had been exercised against the impressionists fifty years before was as nothing compared to the abuse which this new movement had heaped upon it from every quarter outside of itself. America remained quite immune until the spring of 1913, when the sensational International Exhibition of Modern Art selected from the autumn Salon of 1912 was shown in the Seventh Regiment Armory in New York and at the Art Institute of Chicago. This American showing was promoted by a group of men, mostly artists of various channels of expression, in a spirit of disinterested devotion to art, and it was the first important event in the history of American art after the 1893 exposition. It was like a blow between the eyes to American conservatives, a cock-tail to jaded sophisticates, and the very elixir of life to groping youth struggling to find a place in the well filled field of American Realism.

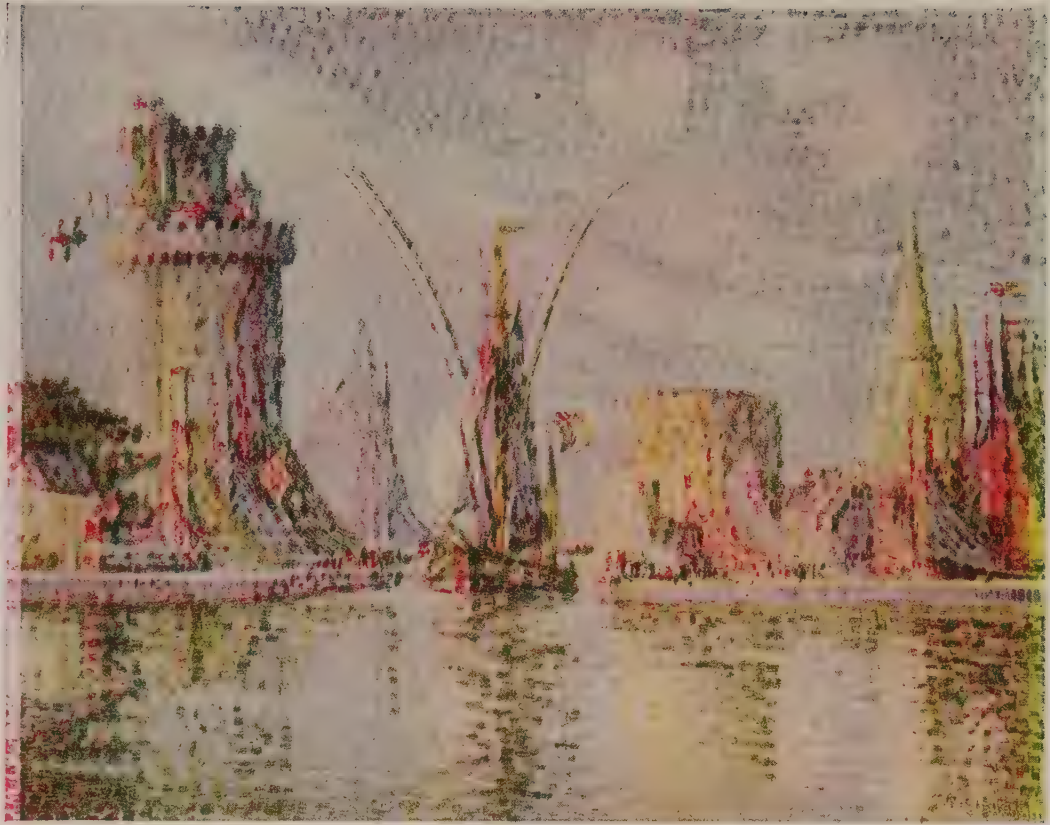
New York stood stunned, aghast, or elated, but it stood, nevertheless, and in line hour upon hour to gain admission to the great exhibition hall. Theodore Roosevelt, who had just left the chair of the presidency, wrote copiously about the exhibit for the *Outlook* and professed that never before had he been moved to write on the arts of painting and sculpture. The battle waged even more furiously as the exhibit went westward. In Chicago, trustees of the institute resigned, the director fled to California for a vacation. An open forum was established in the lecture hall of the Art Institute and a four-day debate was attended by a feverish crowd as its issues were defended chiefly by Arthur Eddy, a distinguished Chicago lawyer who had become a patron of the modern movement, and Charles Francis Browne, the accomplished Chicago landscape painter, who tried to save the established schools of art from utter destruction by laying low "the degeneracies, the dishonesties and immoralities of the new movements." The learned were all with him; youth followed the lawyer.

Guards of the exhibition relate that people were made ill, some actually having to leave the galleries in nausea; others were made ribald with laughter; some wept; many left in indignation. Only the few seemed to gloat over it and they were immediately held in personal suspicion. Such were the hectic days of the first International Exhibition of Modern Art in America! Of course, such an experience was a tremendous benefit to the art movement. America was stirred out of its lethargy; the indifferent began to believe that art was worth while; the untrained and uninitiated became desirous to investigate. It became dinner talk, the subject of club programs, and even street corner conversation.

Everyone began to feel that art was alive. Why not; if art is the expression of its age and the age is one of stirring scientific progression spilling its bounties into the laps of all the members of the democracy, why not a new art to express the stirring progress and material mastery shared by all? Yes, these spring exhibitions in 1913 were the planting of the seed of the new art life for the western world, and during the period of the war this seed had an excellent chance to germinate, sprout, and poke its head through the soil, so that when the fog was entirely lifted and the sun shone once more in 1920, growth became rapid and sturdy.

What is all this about? What is Cubism? Futurism? Post-Impressionism? Who were the instigators? How did it begin? Who are the important ones of the movement? What has been its lasting effect? A full answer constitutes the most brilliant chapter on art since Rembrandt painted in Amsterdam. And such a chapter no one has penned. The nearest to it is a book called "Cubists and Post-Impressionism" by the same Arthur Eddy. The great array of illustrations constitute its chief value, while the discourse, largely quotations from timely conversations and writings, is enlightening and quite helpful to the uninitiated, although Mr. Eddy was never able to explain with any satisfaction to others why he bought secessionistic paintings. Practically his only defense was that "a startling painting by a modernist costs no more than a case of champagne and does quite as much for a group of guests."

The whole thing is summarized under post-impressionism, a deliberate departure from impressionism, declaring against its objective realism. The first dis-



The Port of La Rochelle.—Signac

senters declared their allegiance to line, defending actual outlines as perfectly consistent features of design. Their stand was against imitative realism and for art organization. The most eloquent of the post-impressionists is still their leader, Henri Matisse.* Cubism was quite consistently a department of Post-Impressionism. It was the scientific part so fraught with laboratory proofs that from the beginning it was hard to say whether it belonged to science or to art. Futurism was the Italian interpretation of Post-Impressionism and Cubism, but the futurists added a note of movement, carrying the story of a single canvas into many episodes.

Cubism got its stability from the fine mind and the brilliant craftsmanship of Duchamp-Villon,† who was the creator of the famous *Nude Descending the Stairs.* This picture, a very tall upright, possibly six feet, done in beautiful browns, tans, buffs, deep blues and soft yellows, gave an unaccountable sense of motion through the interweaving of curious cylindrical and diagonal planes. The eye begins in the upper left-hand corner and moves across and downward through the picture, finishing in the lower right-hand corner. There are arcs and circles indicative of the repeated motion of a head, then many overlapping solid masses suggest the space that might encase a torso. Halfway down the picture are some shield shapes repeated often that might indicate a moving hip; then come some fan-shaped spaces of irregular proportions which might be the swinging of legs from hips to knees, from knees to ankles. There is absolutely not one line actually to represent a human figure. One critic says that it represents the air displacement of a descending figure; another that it is not a figure at all but the mental reaction in the brain of a person watching a nude descend the stairs. A very facetious utterance by one New York critic dubbed it "an explosion in a shingle factory."

The Duchamp-Villon we reproduce here may be explained in this way: The king and queen of a monarchy are fixtures; they remain; always do they exist. The crier goes through the streets calling, "The King is dead! Long live the King!" The successor is automatically there to replace the departed monarch. So in this picture one feels the building up of two static islands or mountains of cone shapes, horizontal planes, props, enfolding masses, complicated elements of stability, and between them flows a river of lesser shapes overlapping, tossing against each other. A counter-current of these same shapes moves across the picture in the opposite direction. This picture was originally entitled *King and Queen and Their People.* In the American catalog it was labeled *King and Queen Surrounded by Nudes.* We do not have Duchamp-Villon's actual analysis, but certainly this interpretation is not far off. The king and the queen remain forever, but the people of the kingdom come and go in endless rivers. The design is ingenious in shape, astonishing in its complication. We are interested in conjecturing the turn of thought necessary to produce step by step a picture of this sort, and he succeeded in doing many of this type without giving one single suggestion of objective form. There is not an idea in this entire composition that suggests anything we have ever seen. Cubism in its purest analysis has nothing whatever to do with vision; it is a systematic but perfectly volatile building up of planes.

---

*See page 605. †See page 609.

Picabia,* another avowed cubist, was represented in the International with a huge square picture called *Dance at the Spring.* It was done in five tones of brown, five tones of red, and five tones of pink and cream. Every shape is a well terminated triangle or modification thereof. It is a dizzy design of complicated patchwork, but somehow there is an up and down to the picture. There seems to be a ground plane with objects rising from it and these objects actually take on the guise of fractured planes enclosing the proportions of human figures. One can almost imagine arms, shoulders, heads, breasts, thighs, knees, and feet. The dance seems more an embrace as there is not much motion to any portion of the canvas. Why "at the spring" we cannot conjecture. Possibly the red and pink color, being the elemental colors of light, might indicate the springtime, the beginning of life, the spring of youth.

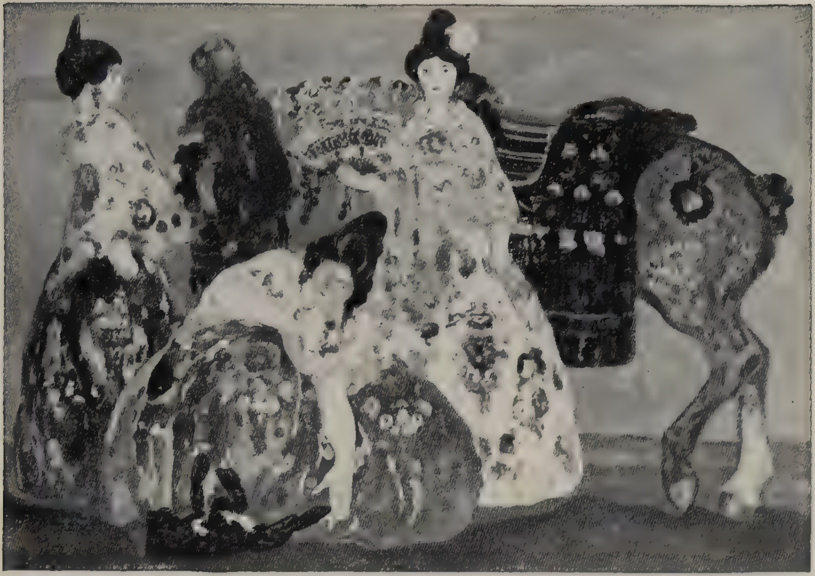
Picabia declared that the whole of cubism was based upon harmony and equilibrium as seen in geometrical figures, in other words, that it was not taking nature and reducing it to geometry, but taking geometry and breathing into it the meaning of life. Very little had cubism anything to do with the objective, with actual vision, although sometimes its products suggest human figures or the landscape quite obviously. The whole movement was analyzed and analyzed. It became a matter of intellectual deduction rather than esthetic spontaneity. The great Spanish genius, Picasso, at one time was an avowed cubist. Arthur B. Davies, the American mystical painter, became at one period an ardent cubist. Arthur Dove, a pupil of the Boston Museum, eventually turned his attention to cubist painting. And today, Lhote, the most sought-after teacher in all France, is the outstanding exponent of the cubist theories, but he has brought it back to objective revelation. He is not at all eager to prove abstractions through cubism but quite frankly to analyze portrait and figure in planes, building up his compositions with cubical solidity. Lhote never introduces a shape into a picture without extreme thoughtfulness. Sousa Cardoza, a Latin residing in Paris, applies the thing to landscape. Conical towers, pyramidal gateways, onion-like cupolas in very beautiful color, generally greens and lavenders, have an absolute charm. One of the great difficulties of the cubist expression, however, is its relentlessness. Every shape is dominant, fixed, and positive. It hasn't much feeling and while the imagination may be stirred, the emotions are not aroused. It is hard to think of it as being art; no, it is quite definitely of the laboratory. Lhote is the one who most nearly approaches emotionalism, for there are a number of delightful nuances in the passages of his planes and the sequence of his colors.

---

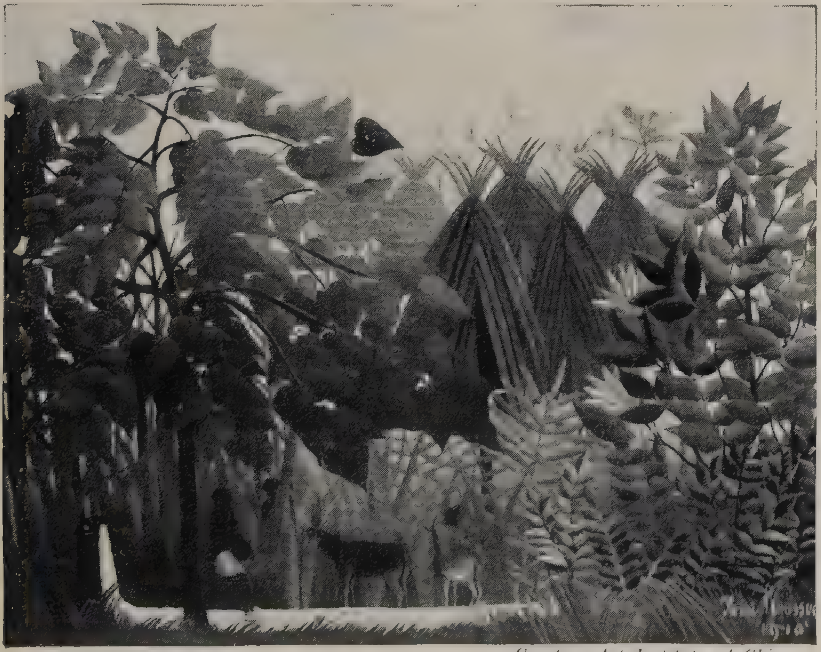
*See page 613.

How much discipline may enter the art equation is debatable. Everything beautiful is in order; there is no art in confusion, disorder, wastefulness, extravagance, or poverty; a full measure but not overflowing, perfect order without mechanical organization, perfection through freedom refined by restraint, are the principles of art. Cubism was a tendency toward complete discipline. The very greatest of the post-impressionists, Picasso and Matisse, were largely responsible for the formation of cubism. Both of these giants of the modern movements had their cubist periods. Cubism was carried into sculpture by Matisse and Brancusi, whom we shall study in Chapter XVIII. It was carried into music by such composers as Goossens, into poetry by Gertrude Stein, and into architecture by the eminent American, Frank Lloyd Wright. The summary of their aim was to divorce art from imitation, to depend naught upon natural aspect or sound, to organize the materials of art into new creations, strange fabrications drawn from a world of their own. All that nature counted for was to give the established laws of order, unity, variety. The spirit of dissonances and harmonies, rests and cadences, which constitute the grammar of music, were quite freely applied to the other mediums.

Futurism was the Italian development of cubism and the musical element of time was added to plastic and pictorial consideration. F. T. Maranetti, the Italian poet, was the great champion of the movement and eventually such interesting men as Russolo, Boccioni and Severini mastered it. The main difference between Futurism and Cubism is the difference between dynamic action and static stability. Cubism worked especially for fixity, while futurism worked almost entirely for motion. The aim was to use centrifugal, circular and diagonal lines and shaded color masses in rhythmic sequence to give the effect of many aspects of an object or many viewpoints of a scene. A Futurist picture was in no way limited to a single incident or a particular spot viewed from a fixed point. On the contrary, it might represent all the happenings to a man from the time he left his home in the morning until he returned at night; none of these experiences being completely revealed. The most trite, fragmentary sections only were pictured, steps, a corner of a street car, the pretty eye of a girl, a conductor's ticket punch, telephone, stenographer's pencil, keys of a typewriter, food appearing and disappearing, money, crowds in a store, the brass rail of a bar, a glass or two tipping up, an automobile tire, signals red and green, a policeman's billy, steps, the perked mouth of the welcoming wife, all jumbled in a sort of orgy suggesting the return of reason after an anesthetic, or a



AFTER THE FIESTA.—ANGLADA-CAMARASA



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

LA CASCADE.—ROUSSEAU

complicated dream vaguely remembered the following morning. This was futurism: infinitely more amusing than convincing.

Balla did a black and white drawing of a dachshund upon a chain walking in the company of his mistress who had large feet and long skirts. The feet are seen in fifty positions; the dog's legs whirl, his nose bobs, his tail wags as a feather duster. It is like the imprint of fifty snapshots one upon the other instead of in fifty consecutive films. He also did a picture called *The Faggot Cutter* which looks like a shower of pastel colored papers in a kindergarten class whirled by an electric fan after being cut into moon-like shapes. In the focal center of the paper storm a little brown figure slightly indicative of the extended arms of a man using an axe, with legs braced far apart, probably suggests the faggot cutter himself. It is very beautiful in color, delightful in shapes, and altogether fascinating. Prompolini is a bit more cubistical and he paints each picture in a most beautiful scheme of color, always dominantly one of the primary colors of the spectrum. Hundreds of little squares of various shades of blue against large dark blue masses suggest most prettily the village of Capri with the mountains about, the blue sea beyond, and the spirit of the blue grotto in its midst.

Gherardo d'Ottori is one of the most appealing of the present-day Futurists and he even depends more upon natural appearance than Prompolini. A very well delineated Italian girl is seated against a spring landscape; her head carries out the contours of the aloe trees which dot the distant hills. The meadows are filled with flowering almond trees, round and virginal. We see some of these trees right through the body of the girl, and they are repeated in her contours. The picture is entitled *Concordance.*

Our most eloquent American Futurist is Raymond Jonson,* of Santa Fe, New Mexico. He takes the motifs of the earth, the winds, the seasons, the ages of man, in fact, all the great cycles of life, and organizes them into very brilliant, symphonic compositions. We here reproduce his *Composition Five* which has as its motif *The Wind.* Certainly this is a timely picture. Does it not express beacon lights, airplane wings, radio waves, the flash of motion in sequence? The colors are blue, purple, green, and dazzling yellow. Someone asks where could a picture of this be hung in one's house? The answer is right over the radio, or on the landing of the stairway where people move rapidly by. His composition with *Earth* as the motif deals with reds and browns, tawny yellows and golds. Jonson is one of the inventors in twentieth century American art and his equal does not exist in England, Germany, or Scandinavia. He has powerful rivals in both Italy and France, but his art will hold its own even in these countries.

---

*See page 605.

Fauveism was the name applied to the non-understandable phases of early, radical Post-Impressionism, and the radicals themselves were dubbed savages, beasts, the "mad ones." Cubism had been a sort of reaction to or clearing up of fauveism. Futurism was frankly the Italian scheme for counteracting the apparent madness of painting which was radically opposed to impressionism. The fauves have been rather unimportant except in Germany and Russia. There fauveism was not deliberately opposed but just ripened into expressionism. The most important phases developed after Impressionism were those which were not sufficiently stylized to be specifically classified and all of these are simply known by the general term, post-impressionism.

In studying Impressionism we learn that form and design were of very little importance, that color was everything, that is, color which expressed light. Soft and woolly were many of the compositions which even Monet and Sisley did. Paul Signac,* a painter who openly accepted impressionism and became a great expert at juxtaposition, nevertheless found himself more and more conscious of pattern and design, and he began frankly lining with firmly placed, solid dots of dark color, the outlines of trees, buildings, and sails against the sky. Gradually pattern meant more to him than air or light. The aerial perspective which controlled Monet's vision gave way to flat design revealed in very brilliant color in the art of Signac. He was no more a post-impressionist than Cézanne or Seurat, but he did have an outspoken attitude against the limitations of impressionism that neither of these others expressed. There is no picture we could reproduce which would explain more tellingly the doctrine of juxtaposition. Even in the reduced color plate the square checks of his brush loaded each time with rich color and mixed not at all with the next stroke, tell the story of juxtaposition most convincingly, but the separation of each spot is as highly important to the whole as the arrangement of color. Without Impressionism, all of its poetry, sentiment and realism, Signac's art would never have been, so he is truly a post-impressionist.

---

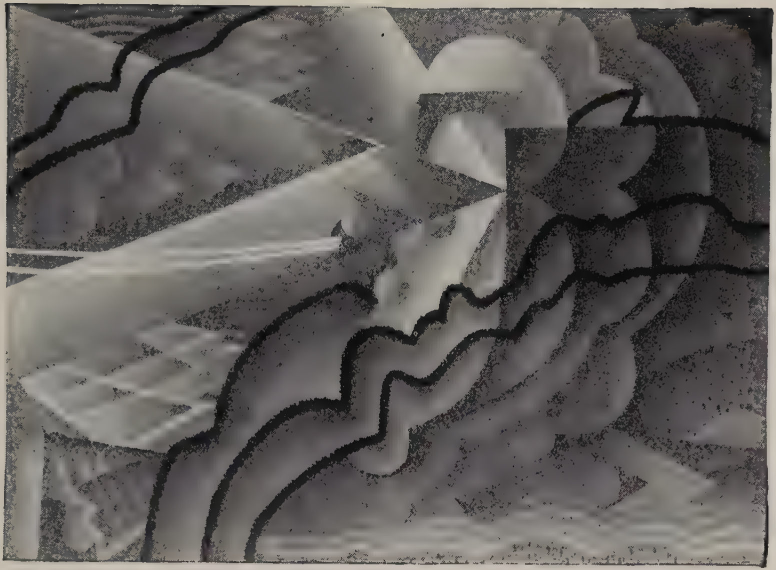
*See page 596.

The most naïve and altogether unpretentious of the Post-Impressionists was Henri Julien Rousseau,* whose picture *La Cascade* hangs in the Birch-Bartlett collection in Chicago. Rousseau is called the most naïve, unspoiled, unsophisticated, and childlike of the nineteenth century painters. He was entirely self taught, a clerk in the customs office in Paris, until he was fifty-five years of age, was put upon a pension, and taught music to the children in the simple neighborhood where he lived. His one ambition was to paint a picture some day that would be acceptable to the jury of the salon. He really knew nothing about painting but throughout his life was at it from early morning until dark, every Sunday, year in and year out. He went to the Louvre, to the Luxembourg and to the Salon, and came home and deliberately put into his current picture some feature that he had seen in a canvas by a master. His pictures were assortments of ideas, memories, and imaginings.

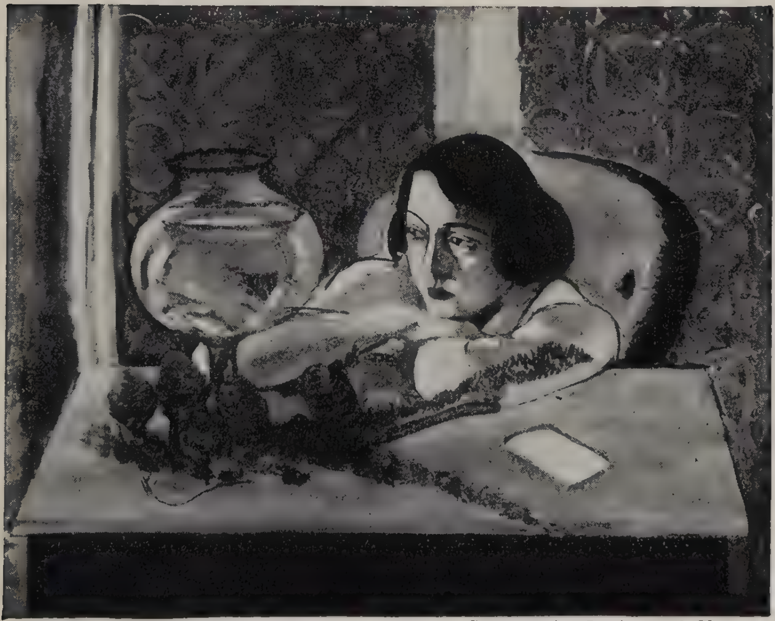
At one time he had sailed to Mexico and this gave him a keen interest in tropical things. But we know that most of the elements of his jungle pictures were seen in the botanical gardens of Paris. Nothing could be more naïve than the tree and leaf forms, the amusing topography of the ground, the naïve placement of the cascade, the "northern" animal standing in the stream, and the figure of a black native seated Egyptian fashion with his feet in the stream. The picture is almost entirely green and red, many of the leaves being flaming scarlet. Bamboo huts

---

*See page 601.



Composition Five—The Wind.—Jonson



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

Woman Looking at Aquarium.—Matisse

that have burst into flower at the top constitute one of the most naïve touches. One critic likens the art of Rousseau to the ukulele music of Hawaii or the gypsy songs of Hungary. There really is a native folklore touch and this we feel the more after seeing a number of his pictures. No two of them are in any way alike; they are the fresh stories of an imaginative child. A whole room of the sophisticated stylized paintings of Duchamp or Lhote might be quite boresome, but one would never grow tired of Rousseau's paintings did they fill room after room. The only reason for classing him with the post-impressionists is that his art was entirely unacademical and followed impressionism as a matter of chronology. He lived and worked until 1910 and today his pictures are rapidly finding their place in the great galleries of art. This douanier must not be confused at all with the Barbizon Théodore Rousseau. They were not related and their art may not be associated in any way.

Under Post-Impressionism there rapidly developed Individualism. Spain has produced two of the most interesting of the individualists of this period. Hermengildo Anglada-Camarasa, known as Anglada,* is as great an Individualist in the field of painting as there is today. He is subtlist, mystic, brutal realist, and romantic colorist all in one. His pictures are highly national, his background is Catalonia or the Balearic Islands. He is interested in people and their play. *A Toreador* shown at the Carnegie Institute in 1926 was the most glittering painting of gold and red and white imaginable. "Bambito," the most famous of all the contemporary Spanish toreadors, looks straight at us with his artificially made-up eyes, powdered cheeks and painted lips. He is the male beauty of the hour; his costume the most gorgeous gold and vermilion brocade over white satin with white satin stockings, black hat, and shoes, and behind him a gauze curtain of rose and green decorated with silver spangles. It is Spanish, Catalonian, ultramodern, fascinating but poisonous. Another one shows a woman swathed in white feathers and furs, a veritable cloud of whiteness, seated at a table in a wine garden. Her long fingers reach for a crystal glass of absinthe, formless black shadows float around her and shut off the gay scene of brilliant yellow lamps and festively gowned people under distant trees. The title of the picture is *Absinthe,* and oh, how it expresses the deadly drug! This woman's brain does not quite articulate and so all the forms around her take on distortions. Her eye stares from its socket; her lips are painted a vicious red; and her long finger nails a deep orange. Most of Anglada's pictures are very large. *After the Fiesta* reveals a horse, life size, with three very beautiful, richly gowned Spanish women grouped before it. The horse has all the paraphernalia that could be draped upon him for a Spanish fiesta. The ladies are in their most gorgeous attire and flirt their most resplendent fans. Even without its color our reproduction tells the tale of the richness of Anglada's paint and the freedom of his massing.

---

*See page 601.

The other great Individualist of Spain is claimed by the schools of France as well. Next to Matisse he is the most talked-of painter today and his versatility is far greater than Matisse's. Many there are who say that Pablo Picasso* is not only the greatest living artist but the greatest of a century. Such phases as he has gone through! An ardent exponent of Cubism, considered the most rabid of the fauveists, an avowed Futurist, a remarkable sculptor, one of the foremost lithographers of his age, yet a painter whose pictures bring tremendous prices before they leave his easel. He is never a prude or a moralist. He treats the nude figure with the same freedom that many a painter does trees or still life. He reveals the vulgarity of life as readily as its beauty. He turns from a declamation of tragedy to one of biting cynicism, from comedy to tender romance.

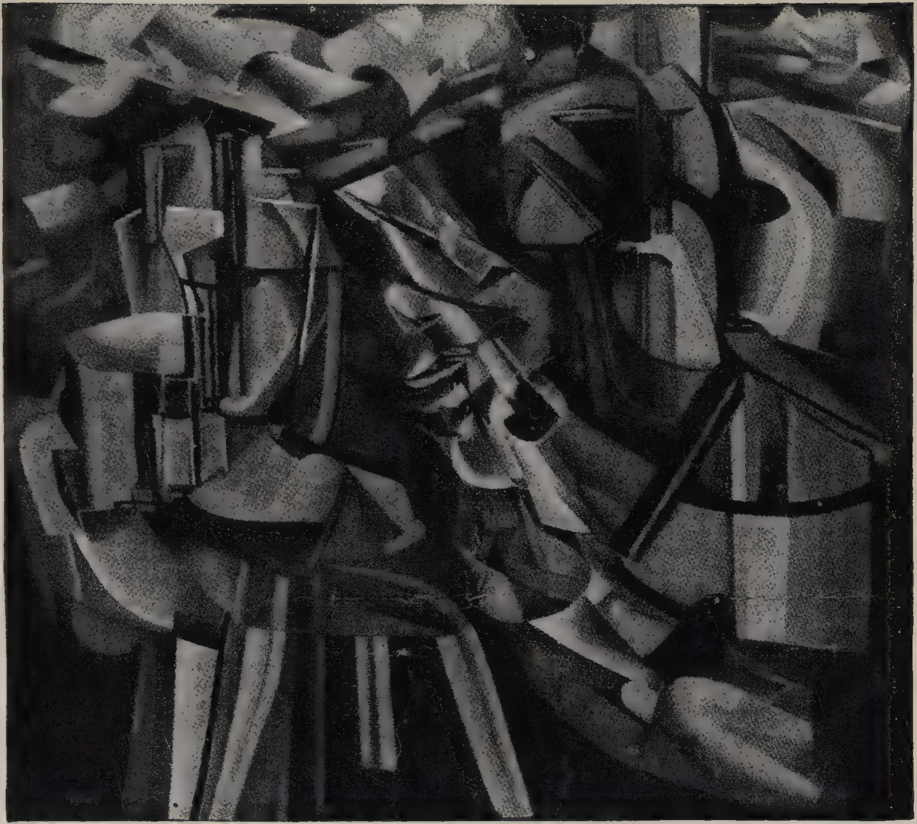
Very few things that he has painted are in the least pretty, but everything he has done is powerfully strong. He treats love with a brutal touch, taking away most of its romance and making it apparently biological. He sculps or draws the nude figure of woman as if she weighed three tons, literally mountains of flesh are piled up over a gigantic frame; he entitles it *Earth, Mother Nature* or *The Source of Life.* It is repellent to the delicate eye but once initiated we soon find ourselves understanding the viewpoint. There is often an overwhelming beauty to the color Picasso uses, and sometimes an overwhelming tragedy in its meaning.

---

*See page 623.

In *The Guitarist,* possibly the outstanding masterpiece of the Birch-Bartlett Collection, we have a picture done entirely in blues. The flesh tones have a greenish cast because of the blues that come into the shadows and half tones. The garment of this beggar upon the street corner of the world is a deep blue. The guitar, though realistically brown, somehow takes on a bluish cast. There is only one other painting so completely blue in all of art and that is Watts' *Hope.* Gainsborough's *Blue Boy* is a timid attack in blue in comparison to this. The *Hope,* as we have previously discovered, is very akin to this picture in subject matter. Turn to page 295 and compare the two. The Watts' lady is not blind; she could raise her hand and take the blindfold from her seeing eyes. She is not in despair; witness her beautiful garment and her lovely posture. One feels a bit provoked with her because she does not step down and stop her acting. But *The Guitarist* is not acting. His eyes are gone; his body is wasted; all earthly things have passed away for him; only the music of life, the music of his soul remains. In her mocking despair, Hope twangs away upon the one remaining string, but this man, knotted and twisted with suffering, toil, and age, the embodiment of all despair, draws his bony fingers across the strings of his guitar and parts his lips in song—a great masterpiece.

Notice the angular position of arms and legs, the fallen line of the head and neck; notice the curious, clashing arrangement, unbeautiful and unrhythmic, and yet completely balanced within the space of this rectangle. Had he done nothing else this one picture would have made Picasso a great man of his age. He lives in Paris most of the time and is closely associated with the various modernistic societies of France, and his pictures, though the most sophisticated and highly developed of any living master, have that charm of variety that we get in those of the simple Rousseau. What a great treat it would be if some



King and Queen Surrounded by Nudes.—Duchamp-Villon day we could see together a great collection of the art of Henri Rousseau and the art of Picasso.

The Post-Impressionists are legion, we cannot begin to enumerate them. Maurice Utrillo is the Post-Impressionist who so deftly indicates the streets of Paris with a few unphotographic strokes and colors. André Derain does still life, figure compositions, and landscapes with equal facility. In him there is the most magnificent simplification, not the least bit of scribble, but finished and absolute though done in perfect shorthand. Trees were never done more directly nor positively and yet with just a few strokes and masses; a vase of flowers was done as if he were demonstrating the shorthand of art to an amazed audience. André Derain is one of the most highly intelligent of the entire post-impressionist group. His art in many ways is more satisfying and subtle; his color more rich and beautiful than that of Matisse. But he has never had the power over the art world that Matisse still maintains.

Henri Matisse, through a self-acquired courage, ceaseless toil, in fact, a prodigious life of endless work, has won the most preëminent place in the field of modernism. He was born in 1869, was a student at the École des Beaux-Arts, was employed for a number of years to copy the old masters in the Louvre and thereby gained an academic training, a precision of drawing, and an accuracy of vision which were incontestable. But step by step he hewed his own path and for thirty-five years never swerved from it. Simplification, directness, æsthetic analysis, the organization of art, not the imitation of nature, constitute his creed. Never has he been interested in things that were romantically pretty. Classical beauty or idealism has never entered his consciousness. More thought and greater ease of execution have ever been his desire. In Detroit there is a painting of his showing three awkward, ugly pieces of furniture silhouetted against a tall French window slightly draped in lace curtains. The window stands open and beyond the curtains there is a wrought-iron balustrade and beyond that a tree. Upon the table is a round bowl holding yellow flowers. A waste basket stands in the shadow against the wall. Light glares from the window across the floor. The whole picture is stated with a dozen firmly drawn reddish brown outlines, two tones of green, two tones of cream, and a note of yellow. It is the shorthand of all painting not even equaled by the Japanese, and yet it has perfect eloquence in the telling of the things suggested.

The French Government has bought a portrait by him called *A Woman in red madras.* Against a startling primitive blue background is posed his model clothed in a violently patterned oriental print and a turban of brilliant red madras. Her nose is askew; her eyes, though never mates, look us through and through; her painted lips and rouged cheeks are somehow astonishingly real. The picture is positively violent and yet compare it with any portrait by a Matisse contemporary and it makes the other timid or artificially refined. In comparison with a portrait by Aman-Jean for instance, the latter lacks every vitality which the former has so perfectly and which somehow expresses our age. There is nothing romantic or nineteenth century about Matisse's painting.

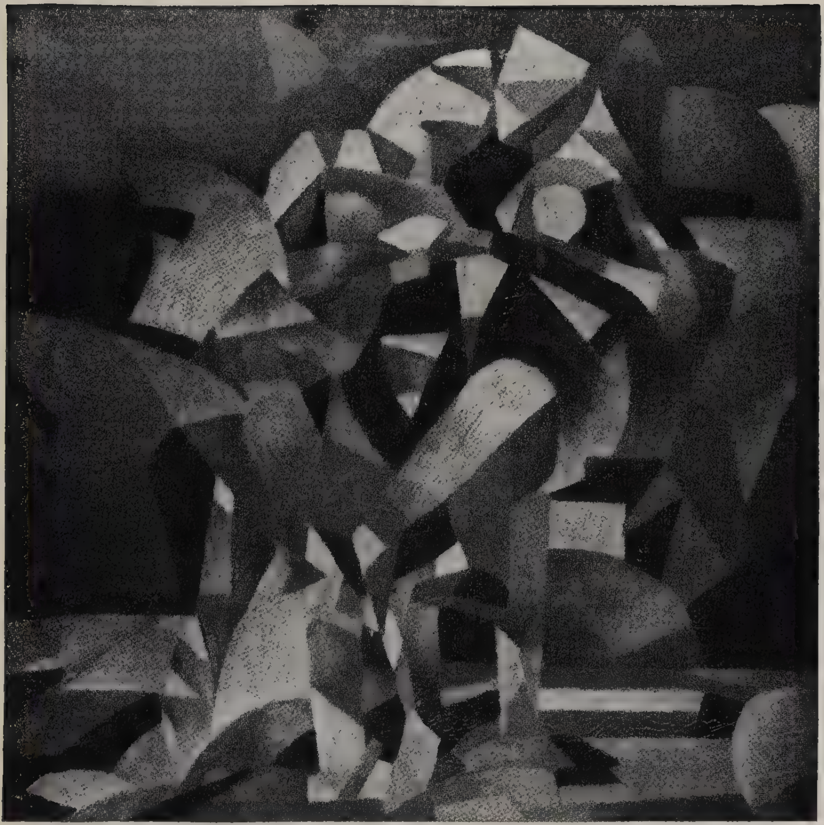
We have chosen *Woman Looking at Aquarium.** It is really a portrait of his daughter. Has he been gentle with her? Has he tried to reveal any of her subtleties? No, but has he not shown a stunning mastery and poignant characterization, the personality of this woman? All the accurate photographic drawing in the world could not have made those eyes so tellingly individual; the shape of the head, the line of the hair, the placing of the chin upon the arms—how interesting, real, and vital! Notice the arrangement of the entire canvas, the oval of the bowl, the oval of the head, the rectangle of the table, the rectangular shapes of the background, marked off by casement and curtain. Notice the white card upon the table. Place a finger over it to discover how necessary that particular spot of light is to give balance to the picture. Behold the deliberate outlines that he draws firmly but subtly around many of his forms, even on the light side of the lady's nose. The color is as deliberate and sure as the tones, spaces, and lines. It is a picture that would never attract a person who first comes into its presence, but the longer one sees it, the more convincing it becomes. We do not feel that any of his simplifications are reduced to quite that easy charming eloquence that Derain gets, but there is ever a vital note, a strength of interpretation that neither Derain nor the rest ever attained. Matisse is the greatest of his kind; Picasso is far greater in many directions, but in the one achievement Matisse stands at the head.

---

*See page 605.

A painting of his, called *The Spirit of the Nasturtium,* is quite completely abstract. Upon a table, little more than an ugly whatnot which does not stand straight upon the floor—in fact one of its legs finishes in the wall—is a still uglier bowl containing a lot of overgrown and squirming nasturtiums; against the blue wall are silhouetted two figures painted in flat pink and lined to indicate a distorted barbaric dance. In a lower corner are the back and cushion of a tolerably ugly chair. The whole thing is but slightly based upon eye impression; it is almost entirely mental concoction. Of that same series is one called *The Dance*—five wildly cavorting nude figures are bouncing around in a circle, hand in hand, and in the most violent action. The organization of the curves of these figures within the rectangular space of the picture is simply masterful, although the picture is far from delicate or pretty. As the years go by, Matisse develops with ever increasing assurance the proposition of art which he deliberately stated for himself many years ago. His sculptures are primitive, blobs and hunks of clay, but somehow indicating the characters portrayed most convincingly.

There is no stopping point to Post-Impressionism. It has spread to every land, but so much of it has taken on the definite program of other classifications that it is hard to conclude any analysis of this phase of art. In America the influence has not been very far reaching, and when it has forcefully influenced one of our painters it has made of him an internationalist. The actual values of post-impressionism do not somehow seem necessary to the enlightenment of the American spirit, but in England there has been a more obvious result. The impulse given to it in London was largely the result of the example and teaching of Lucien Pissarro, who has dwelt there for a quarter century. He is the eldest son of the famous Camille



Dance at the Spring.—Picabia

Pissarro of Barbizon fame. But the English have been apt to imitate the defects of their French master when they could not understand his excellencies.

Jacob Epstein is doubtless the most important of all the English Post-Impressionists, but we must discuss his art in our chapter on contemporary sculpture. Nevinson, the leader of the English graphic artists, brought much of the principles of Cubism and Post-Impressionism to his war pictures which are among the most brilliant in the great London war museum. Mrs. Dodd Proctor has brought a Picasso solidity or solid three-dimensionalism to her wonderfully round portraits. Paul Nash has developed a most decorative and fascinating treatment of landscapes and buildings, bridges and factories, through his interpretation of post-impressionism. Miss Ferguson paints portraits in tempera with a tremendous dash, not minding at all if one eye turns out green and another black. We somehow feel that she has her tongue in her cheek and does not take much of her own art seriously. The Russians went in for post-impressionism with such furious energy and such intense sincerity that they developed a totally new school which we will summarize under expressionism.

If art is the expression of its age and this age is as different from all the ages that have gone before, as we think it is, our art can certainly have little in common with esthetic traditions. The shortening of time and space, the direct accomplishment of things without labor, the mastery of material substance, are all certainly elements of present life. We do not mince matters. We are not interested in imitation, counterfeit or camouflage. About the only thing that is left in life which is like the age of our grandfathers is that we still eat and sleep and wear clothes; but how is our food prepared, with what ease are we clothed, and think of the warmth, hygiene, and scientific comfort attending us when we sleep! Yes, the age is different and possibly the direct simplification, the masterful interpretation of life through thought and mood and design as exploited by Matisse and Balla, Picasso, Lhote and Derain, constitute the great eloquence of this age. At least we are too close to it to judge it fully.

We may only know the regard the world has personally for these men and officially for their art. A visit to the home of Matisse is a revelation. One expects to find a black bearded Cossack, some diabolical Bolshevist. Not at all. The quaint, old-fashioned iron gate that is opened in response to our ring and which admits us to the rather overgrown and old-fashioned garden just beyond the Pont d'Orléans on the outskirts of Paris is our first surprise. We find the garden dotted with weatherworn antique statuary, some of it from the poorest Roman period, others of questionable Greek origin. The steps lead us into a very old-fashioned Victorian house. The furnishings are more amusing than elegant, more odd than harmonious. There is a warmth of living about the place and the rooms are unostentatiously homelike. Then you meet the master, a quiet, retiring, altogether self-effacing Frenchman, small of stature, with gentle blue eyes and a red beard turning slightly gray. He declares that he is still a student eager to find a better way to express the truth of beauty. He wants you to know that it is the way he has done it that counts, not the story or the value of his subject matter. He makes you feel at once that you understand his language. He hasn't an aggressive note about him. He does not wish to convert or proselyte. He has the simplicity of a French peasant, but before you leave you feel that he has the penetration of a sage.

Not one of the Post-Impressionists or the Cubists or the Futurists whom we have met is less than convincing, splendid individual. They have marked personality, they have courage and determination. Not one of them is swayed by commercialism or fashion. Without exception they are sincere and self-effacing. There is none of the dilettante about them. Most of them could have made fortunes if they had turned their talents to the fashionable trend of popular taste. They are the strong ones, the pioneers, the forerunners and pathfinders. It behooves us, when we approach an exhibition of so-called Modernism, not to scoff. Our lack of appreciation is entirely due to our own inability, not to the shortcomings of what we behold.

The most authoritative and perfect collection of Post-Impressionistic painting in America is the Birch-Bartlett Collection in Chicago. There are magnificent examples of Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, and German Expressionism in the Detroit Museum of Art. The Butler Art Institute at Youngstown, Ohio, contains a brilliant survey, while the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington is even more comprehensive than these other collections, although the examples in many cases are not quite so important. New York has given no official support to the newer movements. It is the market place of American culture; it is the center of distribution; and all of the highly important modernistic products have been shown there but Dallas, Tulsa, and Seattle give more important and official support to Post-Impressionism than New York. At last a Museum of Modern Art has been formed for the metropolis and it bids fair to be the most important museum of its type in the world.

Los Angeles has been the recipient of a brilliant gallery of modern French art. It has been recently installed in the Los Angeles Museum and is a gift to the people from Mr. and Mrs. William Preston Harrison. Andre Lhote is splendidly represented. Signac, Vlaminck, Derain, Utrillo, Matisse, Chagall, Gleizes, Picasso, and Brock are all represented. There are water-colors, oils, pastels, crayons, and black and whites. Most of the pictures were purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Harrison directly from the artists in their studios, hardly any because they were especially serious or important examples, but all because of the delight they gave to these patrons. And the exhibition is one of the most timely, jolly, and amusing shows of art in the world. Why does art have to be profoundly serious? It is an interpretation of life, and as Doctor Harry Pratt Judson used to say, "Life is one-third serious, two-thirds a joke." A number of these modernists may after all be laughing it off in a most delightful way.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

THE *Port of La Rochelle* by Paul Signac. In this type of painting, surfaces are not considered; forms are suggested by little daubs of brilliant colored paint darker or lighter as the occasion demands. No outlines are drawn; light and air through vibration is the chief result. Page 596.

After the Fiesta by Anglada. This Spaniard attains his impression by dragging quantities of paint over the canvas, the brush drawing firmly the edge of each shape. Roundness of light and shadow do not interest him. The color is brilliant and rich. Although each shape is painted with a great flatness of tone, he does not hesitate to use pure black and pure white. These extremes were forbidden in true Impressionism. The design within the spots of his pictures is free painting rather than accurate decoration. Page 601.

La Cascade by Rousseau. This picture is as simple, unaffected and naïve as the Anglada is sophisticated. Rousseau painted with the playfulness and the naïveté of a child. The forms he uses, while naturalistic, are in their combination far more fantastic than true. His color is simple, plain and delightful, and his pattern is the frank expression of an untrained though very sincere and loving mind. Page 601.

Composition Five; The Wind by Raymond Jonson. Italian Futurism revised and converted into a western world manifestation by a young Midwesterner. The picture is not suave enough to be Italian, sturdy enough to be German, subtle enough to be French, or literary enough to be English. Jonson lived in the mountain heights of New Mexico to get this theme. Air currents, the rebuff of wind forces, high and low barometer, spectrum light, force converted through currents are all quite apparent in this design. It is not entirely intellectual, either, for there is a dancing emotional appeal through the varied rhythms of this modern concept. Page 605.

Woman Looking at Aquarium by Henri Matisse. Artists and critics alike endorse the composition of this picture as one of the achievements of the age, expressing more fully than any other the whole idea of Post-Impressionism. Nature is observed; her principles are adored. But in converting life to the canvas, design and arrangement are treated before natural appearances. The result is that we are mentally and emotionally projected into the canvas. It matters not whether the anatomy of the lady's shoulders is fully revealed, whether the card upon the table has the same perspective as the table itself. As an arrangement of light, dark and half-tone spaces, one may best enjoy this picture by turning it upside down where its variety and unity may be comprehended without adjusting the theme to natural appearances. Matisse helps us to see the world about us in these new relationships. Relative values are soon observed to be unlike what we have always thought them to be. Page 605.

King and Queen Surrounded by Nudes by Duchamp, the very climax of Cubism, organized cylindrical, triangular, cubical shapes to mean nothing the eye has ever seen, merely to symbolize the movement and sequence of thought told in very beautiful color which in itself has an emotional appeal. If we lay aside our notions as to what pictures should be we enjoy contemplating the varied shapes and tones of this fantastic design. Page 609.

Dance at the Spring by Picabia. As in a puzzle picture one can discover two figures in a dance-like embrace. This picture is far less intricate than the Duchamp. It is entirely in red, pink and cream. Whether spring means the season of the year or a natural well of water has never been solved. These creations are only of value when they mean something to the beholder. Page 613.

The Guitarist by Picasso. This picture is as blue in color as the Picabia is red and it is quite as angular in line, although it is objective while the Picabia is abstract. With forceful deliberation, Picasso drew the figure, placed the head, hands and legs purposefully. Not a note of this picture is accidental; very profound purpose prompted the treatment in every particular. Page 623.

GERMAN AND SLAVIC EXPRESSIONISM

XVII

A VERY certain disintegration of old schools and formulas was well under way in Europe before the war. Paris was the pulsing center of this chemicalization, but Munich and Moscow were the poles. Russian producers had established a vigorous colony in Paris and both Russians and French met in Munich. The Germans did not seem to travel much themselves but their staunch prosperity and material mastery called to Germany, especially to Munich, its neighbors. Russia accepted the doctrines of either without hesitancy but added a glorious wildness, a bombastic freedom which mathematical Germany and poetic France knew not. By 1910 both Germany and Russia had carried most of the doctrines of the Post-Impressionistic schools to wider horizons than France had ever dreamed. In some respects the Russians had confiscated æsthetically the city of Paris. Here Russian musicians such as Rimsky-Korsakov, Stravinsky, and Prokofiev met such Russian painters as Boris Anisfeld, Iacovleff and Nicholas Roerich, and with the assistance of such designers as Leon Bakst and under the patronage of the generous and visionary impresario Diaghilev, they brought the new Ballet Russe, a correlation of all the arts, into being and swept Europe with the greatest thrill the modern theater had known.

Forms of entertainment, doctrines of interpretation, the understanding of the arts, all took on a new light under "the Expressionism" of these versatile Russians. Lithography, etching, and other graphic mediums of printing rendered a new service to art under the Expressionists of Munich. Germany really coined the word and it means precisely what it implies—expression of the emotions through the arts rather than the telling of the visual aspect of the world.

Kandinsky of Moscow joined the Munich group about the year 1900. He was then thirty-four years of age, a writer as well as a painter, and with unrestrained vehemence he exploited his discoveries and the new theories of the movement. He declared that color and form have the power to produce emotional vibration apart from their association with any visual aspect of the material world. He believed that pictures should be arrangements of forms and colors based upon harmonies and discords quite allied to composition in music. He believed that the laws for such might be borrowed from nature or not, quite as the artist felt. He could not believe that treating a flat surface with ideas, expressed through color and line applied in a flat way, depended upon the depicting of realistic contours. In other words he was totally given to the abstract rather than the concrete or material. Kandinsky's proposition occupied about the same relative place in Munich and Moscow that Duchamp-Villon's did in Paris. It was so complete and intellectual in its statement that its æsthetics and emotionalism were slightly submerged. Kandinsky's sway as a great influence has been just about as lasting as Duchamp's. But he did more to scale the walls and triumph over the obstacles than any other from his realm. He opened up new worlds for the artists of Petrograd, Warsaw, Berlin, Prague, Moscow, Munich and Vienna. He was not unheeded in Paris, where as late as 1928 there was a sensational exhibition of his products. Berlin is the trade center for his wares and his writings have been translated into other tongues.

His pictures to the uninitiated seem little more than scribbles and daubs of gay paint and scratchy lines placed meaninglessly as if by a baby. At first the beholder is annoyed, then incensed, then amused. There is not one tangible form, not one realistic appearance. All the colors seem to be used; scribbles seem to go in every direction. There is no evident rhythm, organization or unity. It is quite definitely the caviar of art. No painter has provoked so much indignation and downright anger as Kandinsky. Many of his compositions are called "Improvisation" and he confesses he does not know how it is going to turn out when he begins. One wonders if he knows what it is when he has finished. There does not seem to be any marked variety between his different improvisations; no distinctive plan or principle seems to have been followed. And yet reams have been written about him, about his marvelous vision, his wonderful freedom. At least he knocked the old limitations into a cocked hat, and we must admit that his results do not indicate delirious ramblings. The longer we look the surer we are there is a reason for each note, but it is a philosophical or an intellectual reason. He claims that his improvisations are the spontaneous expression of inner character slowly forming the mature spiritual feelings.

Now that we have cleared this up so that it is no thicker than a London fog, let us proceed to discover the influence of this man and his doctrines upon German and Russian art. The use of the seven colors of the spectrum and pantomime lines from the dignity of perpendicular through the action of diagonal to the rest of horizontal was no longer employed, only for the limit of visual representation. Some post-impressionists to be sure still clung to natural aspects even though they treated them with abrupt lines and symbolic colors.

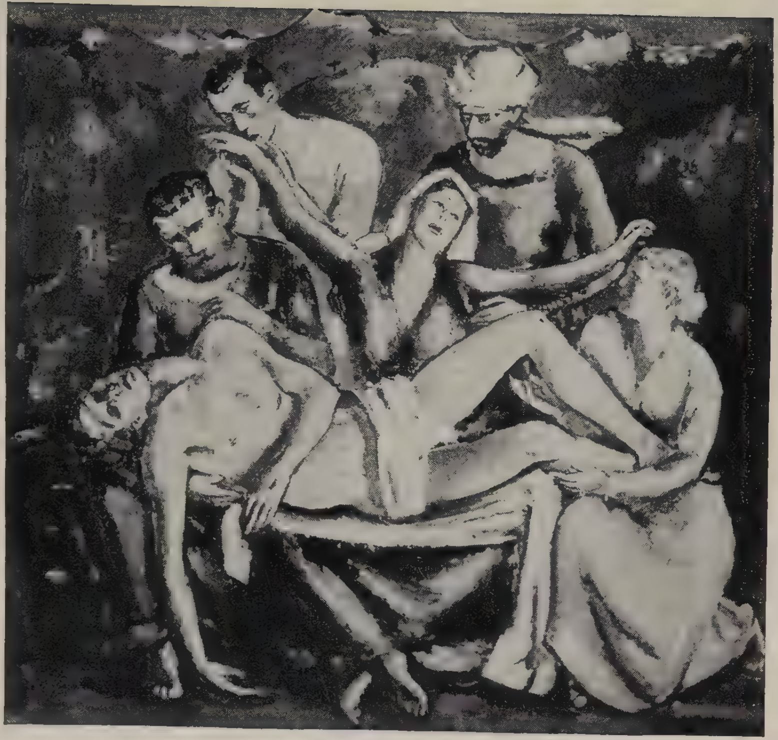
The immediate followers of Kandinsky would have nothing to do with objectivism, but by 1912 the utterances of life, as they appeal to us through the sense of sight, became once more the theme of even the expressionists. But the old time limitation had been broken down and the new viewpoint made subject matter simply a means to an end. No regard for anatomy, construction, and lawful growth was heeded. The principles of light and shade, of three-dimensional roundness, of correct and normal proportion were tossed to the winds. The world began to see that the first great Expressionist had been El Greco, the seventeenth-century Spanish painter, who freely distorted his forms to "express" the emotion desired. The secessionistic exhibition in 1912 in Munich was considered so radical that it was deemed dangerous through unlawfulness and the Kaiser went down to Munich and closed it up. Indignation was rife; later the moralists stated that if the secessionists had had their full way unhampered, the German unity would have been so divided and dissipated that the war would never have happened. Be that as it may, Munich by 1913 had become a rival of Paris and more art students were going from America to Munich than to the French capital.

Then came the war and staggering out of it in 1918 in Germany rose only Expressionism. Everyone of the old schools and methods had perished. Even Franz von Stuck,* the most significant of the Bavarian painters, took on many of the characteristics of Expressionism. Von Stuck was the same powerful individualist that Besnard was in France but the war did something to von Stuck. He closed the doors of his magnificent Munich villa; he professed a bitterness toward life; his art became scarce in each succeeding exhibition and in 1928 he passed away. But he left a thrilling array of sculptures and paintings, and his home was the most magnificent of the modern residences of all Germany. His works are found in all of the important modern galleries of Europe, especially in Munich, Vienna and Budapest. He employed a rich coloring quite consistent for a German and used the color scale solidly and massively all the way from black to white and with an extremely finished decorative effect. There is a painting in Budapest of a stalwart, glorious young man, powerful in muscle, intense in emotion, who has fallen upon his knees in worship before a sphinx. This sphinx is alive; her head is that of a Valkyrie; her eyes flash fire; she is beautiful but monstrously cruel; her throat is magnificent and her breasts merge into the body of a lion. She viciously extends her forepaws as if to embrace the worshiper, but the great talons dig deep into the back of the man and he throws himself backward with a cry of anguish and pain. The world is bathed in shadows, except for the glowing red of the sky back of the sphinx's head.

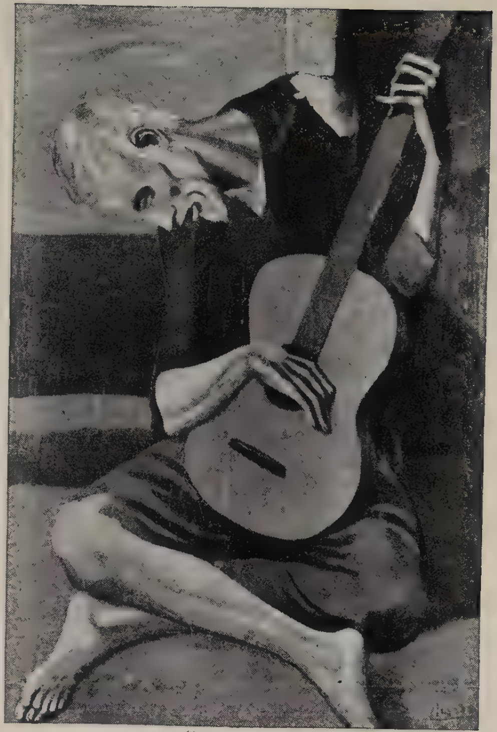
Von Stuck was very fond of mythical heroes. He did Pans and satyrs, Hercules, Atlas and Apollo. His art was extremely masculine, power transcending delicacy. When he did *The Crucifixion* it was not the photographic delineation of the scene as it might have occurred but a symbolic arrangement of massed figures dexterously placed upon

---

*See page 628.



ALTAR PIECE.—FAISTAUER



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

THE GUITARIST.—PICASSO

the canvas to give full expression to the emotional idea of the scene. The crucified Christ and the two thieves occupy the left half of the canvas. The right half is occupied by the eclipsed sun and the three Marys. The faces of two of the Marys and the body of the Saviour are in light, all the rest of the picture is in deep shadow. The body of Christ is pale and luminous, a whitish green with a silver light, making a strange halo around the drooping head. The body is endlessly tall. One could not measure it; it is as tall as the imagination could possibly make it. We see it as if through distorted eyes after a great shock. The thieves are merely gray masses of shadow as they hang upon their dark crosses. The Marys are convulsed with the great emotion of the scene. They cling to each other to keep from falling and writhe with the overwhelming sorrow that is within them. The sky is a vicious orange while the earth is black and cold.

Von Stuck did a number of very interesting portraits, but was never content to make them placid characterizations. They became intensive, dramatic caricatures. To his portrait of *Saharet,* the Spanish dancer, he brought an intensive Spanish emotionalism. Von Stuck was never for making things pretty. His *Salome* is the most vicious, voluptuous, crazed of all the Salomes. His picture of the subject, Oscar Wilde's poem, and Strauss's music for the opera, make a very remarkable triad. Each tells through its own language precisely what the others do in theirs.

Carl Schwalbach, one of the outstanding German expressionists of today, deals almost altogether with the theme of loneliness, dejection, the solitude of the soul. It is doubtless his reaction to the war. Most of his pictures, whether in water color or oil, are of nude figures in groups of two or more, generally female figures. He paints usually in a yellow analogy; every color mixed with yellow. Persons try to speak to each other but do not understand. Most of them are bringing empty jugs to fountains or pausing in dejection to gaze at empty vessels which stand upon the ground around them. Sometimes these persons are entwined in each other's arms or long scarves bind three or four of them together in a single group. Their bodies are almost cubical; there is no sensuous beauty or motion to them. They are as stolid as trees, as solid as mountains.

A highly characteristic expression of this form of painting is our illustration entitled *The Fortress of the Blue Horse*,* by Franz Marc, which is one of the many, many important canvases by German artists in the largest collection of this art in the world. It fills the Kronprinz Palatz in Berlin. This picture is done in direct strokes of blue and purple with a few silvery and yellow tones filling the lights. A rainbow carries just a few notes of green and red. It is close to Italian futurism for it moves with tremendous speed. The muscular action of the horses, the rhythmic sequence of line and the laws of dynamic symmetry are beyond criticism. Compare this picture with one reproduced on the same page by Baer.* There is a similarity in viewpoint, but in the Baer canvas emotional expressionism takes the place of dynamic action.

A wonderful group of young men is rising out of the Munich school. Some have come to America to live and work. Fritz Zillig, Gus Mager and Ernst Fiene are among this group. They are all ardent expressionists but the latter two are very curiously close to the art of Cézanne. Ah, that universal influence of Paris! One marked development through expressionism is versatility of subject matter. The expressionists are not limited to portraits and landscapes. They do everything—still life, imaginative compositions, aëroplane views of city streets, the brothel, low dives, scrub women at their vile tasks, dogs asleep before fireplaces, a wine set of glass and silver upon a sideboard or one-eyed one-armed workmen cleaning a sewer. Art is the expression of life, and Expressionism stops at nothing in life. The influence of German expressionism is extended to other countries besides Russia. France in 1928 waxed warm toward it. The greatest of all the Swiss artists, Ferdinand Hodler,† came under its spell.

Hodler was born at Berne in 1853 and he got everything that was possible from the academic schools of France and Germany. He even spent two years in the St. Fernando Art Academy in Madrid but he shunned all Spanish influences. He was determined that he would be central European, and largely through the influence and example of Anders Zorn Hodler became a patriot and returned to his native land to spend the rest of his splendidly prolific life in translating the Swiss, their glorious country, and their struggles for life as they had never before been done. Hodler in every way is the greatest voice of his nation and one of the mighty painters of modern times. Without him the history of art in Switzerland would be a very thin affair.

---

*See page 637. †See page 633.

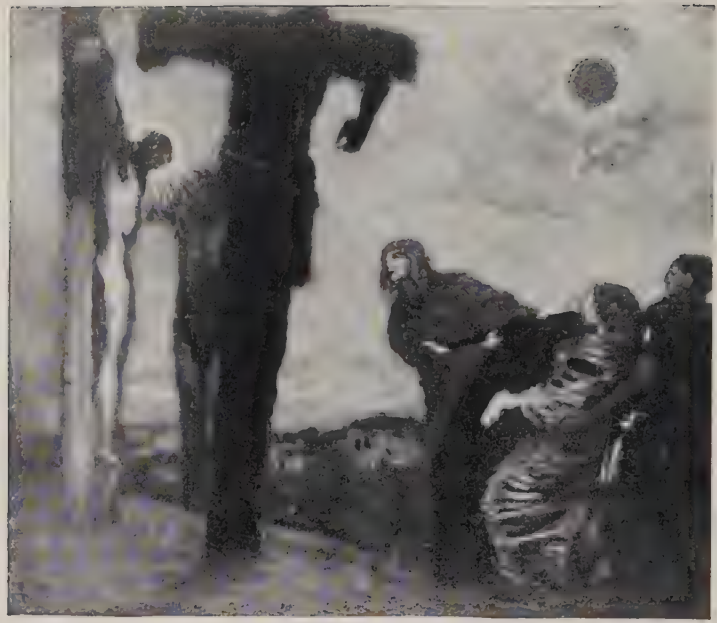
He always declared that his best lessons were learned in his student days at Geneva under Barthélemy Menn. He drew with a perfect mastery of realism but generally chose to translate that realism into emotional expressionism. His earlier pictures, most of which are to be found in the museum in Zurich, are as tight, dry, and academic as anything in the Munich school under Lenbach. Then he accepted the commission to do a series of mural decorations for the University of Geneva. He went to Munich and studied with Fritz Ehrler who had already done four large lunettes representing the seasons for the Geneva University. Hodler learned his technical lesson from Ehrler and then went ahead on his own. He was not a bit interested in following the French Puvis de Chavannes, the Italian Giotto, or the German Ehrler. He wanted to be true to himself; to do a thing that was distinctly and absolutely indigenous, so he chose the struggles of the Swiss as his theme—a few of their historic battles, their conquering of the mountains, their struggle against the heavy winters, their lumbering, mining, fishing, hunting and agriculture. Nearly twenty years were consumed in working out the studies and the final compositions. In the museum of art at Geneva, some of them are now hung and a half dozen of the panels never got beyond his Zurich studio except to be placed in the city hall at Zurich.

Today his portrait studies—done in tempera, chalk or water color, for the large oil compositions, are greatly prized. We reproduce one here, the portrait of a confrere, a distinguished man of Geneva whom he wished to put into one of his large historical murals. The man was mountainous in size with powerful square shoulders, a square cut red beard, ruddy countenance, and piercing blue eyes. Hodler dared to paint him in the position of all squareness, looking straight at us. It is a fearless portrait and executed most unconventionally.

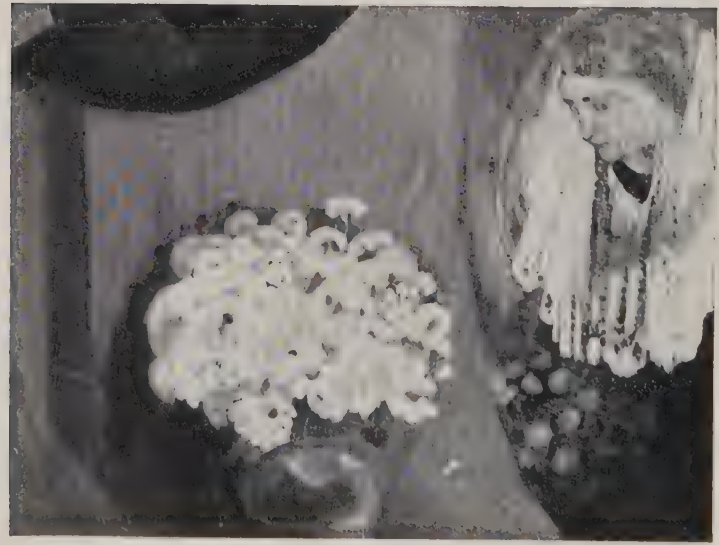
Even in doing women, subtleties or delicacies never entered the theme. A powerful, brutal, vigorous revelation makes them appear positively ugly to most beholders. One of his large panels is of *Truth.* An angular nude woman, quite unbeautiful to see, stands in the center of the composition, hands uplifted, and with blank expression she looks straight at us. Turning from her on all sides are figures, male and female, drawing shabby garments around themselves or raising their hands in horror and disgust. They are evidently not willing to face *Truth.*

Another composition shows *Woodsmen* felling the great pines into a mountain stream. The blows of their axes and the swirl of the spray from the stream combine to make a very dynamic pattern. Another long, horizontal composition called *Night* reveals five groups of reclining figures typifying various kinds of sleep—peaceful, disturbed, conscience-smitten, hateful and nuptial. The simple sweep of the contours of the bodies, the dark garments that partly clothe the figures, the shrouded black one seated upon the chest of him who has a conscience! These figures all lie in the snows of winter but they are not at all aware of the coldness of the world around them. Each is only conscious of the fires within himself. Some portions of this picture, that representing nuptial sleep in particular, are extremely beautiful. In his war panels he was inventive and magnificent, daring to place figures side by side, or one above the other almost in the Egyptian fashion of wall decoration. As an originator, not a painter of the early twentieth century stands higher than Hodler, and he was so definitely an illustrator and so accomplished a realist, even though his great output may be classed with the expressionists, that he is quite acceptable to the realists and the academicians.

Expressionism has found two great exponents in Mexico in the persons of Maximo Pacheco and Diego Rivera. These men seem to combine everything of Latin America, Spain, French cubism and German expressionism. They are very learned artistic men, and through them Mexico



Crucifixion.—Stuck



Flowers and Woman.—Anisfeld

is coming into its own as an art-producing country. America has many expressionists but we may select only a few. Others who might be included will be treated as internationalists in Program XX.

We herewith reproduce a North African painting by one of the Baer brothers.* They are a delightful pair, these Baers, hailing from Chicago but maintaining a studio in Paris and another at Laghouat out on the Algerian desert. It is very difficult to tell their work apart; they are more akin in their design and line than even the famous Zubiaurre brothers of Spain, so it makes nary a difference whether George or Martin did it. It is a Baer, and that isn't meant to be a pun! These young men have found something in color and line which is almost a recapitulation of everything expressionistic from El Greco to the present day. Their lines worm and squirm across the canvas; hardly anything is drawn or painted in commonplace normality. The forms of camel, goat and man are merged into a rhythmic syncopation which makes the whole an extremely modern creation. Occasionally they have been known to do pictures in Paris or Chicago, but it is their impressionesque translation of North Africa that gives their art its distinctive place.

Anthony Angarola, an Italian by birth, an American by adoption, had developed Expressionism in relation to the landscape to a very high degree and had begun to carry it into symbolic figure painting, when his untimely death carried him away in the fall of 1929. He had just returned from a year in Italy and had brought with him a very brilliant exhibit of paintings. From the beginning, Angarola was never a realist but synchronized his subjects into rhythmic symbols or expressionistic emotions. In the spring of 1925 he won recognition throughout America with a canvas entitled *Compassion.* A group of peasant people suggesting many or all nations are standing or kneeling in worship and supplication in a meadow surrounded by aloe-like trees. Their garments form cubical patterns, turning the picture into a very interesting modernistic design. In their midst stands a colossal figure three times the size of any other; a luminous halo surrounds his head which is obviously that of the Saviour. He reaches out his hands and looks down with a kindly expression upon those gathered about. Oftentimes Angarola's compositions were nothing more than pictorial arrangements in delightful color, often in blues and greens that merely suggest trees, roofs, windows, chimneys and meadows. He chose the color as well as the arrangement of line or shape that would best express the mood of his scene.

---

*See page 637.

Possibly the most vigorous and intensively original of the American Expressionists is Salcia Bahnc,* who hails from Serbia. A few years ago Miss Bahnc first attracted national attention with a tall water color panel symbolizing woman. Five-sevenths of the canvas was filled by the figure of a seated woman in the most feminine of all peasant costuming. She bent her ear to listen to the voice of a tiny Greek-like figure standing upon her shoulder symbolizing her intuition, but she looked toward a similar tiny Greek-like figure standing upon the palm of her hand symbolizing her inspiration.

In other words, through the Expressionism of her language, Miss Bahnc wants us to know that while woman follows her inspiration, she nevertheless listens to her intuition. The picture would have been very lovely had it ended there, but no, Miss Bahnc went further. In the lower two-sevenths of the canvas we find the tiny figures of two primitive men with knives at their belts tossing dice to see which one will win the woman, but the knives indicate that the one who wins may really be the loser in the end. Since then Miss Bahnc has turned her attention more toward real expressionism rather than story symbolism. She organizes canvases with moving sequences of line, suggesting the rotundity of the parts of the human body in their correlation with the rhythms of trees and undulating hills.

She does a portrait of C. J. Bulliet, the distinguished American art critic and she places him in a small spot, filling to overflowing a very small chair—suave, but in the busy active lines of ill-fitting clothes that never stay still; all at the focal point of a large canvas filled with scribble. Her own portrait which we select here is a vital expression of her character. The movement of the figure, the tip of the head, arms pinned tightly to the sides of her body are hardly apparent at all. It is portraiture allied in no way to the old school. She has organized, composed her space with the elements of her own character that she feels most intensely and that are at all possible to reveal through black and white, swirling and resting lines. Whether we can understand it thoroughly or not, it is intensely, fascinatingly interesting. Of all of our younger Americans none is more free in expression than Salcia Bahnc. Those who may worry about the greatness or the lasting qualities in her art need not worry. She changes her own attitude, her spirit and her method almost yearly, and each new venture in her own mind quite transcends everything that she has ever done before.

---

*See page 640.

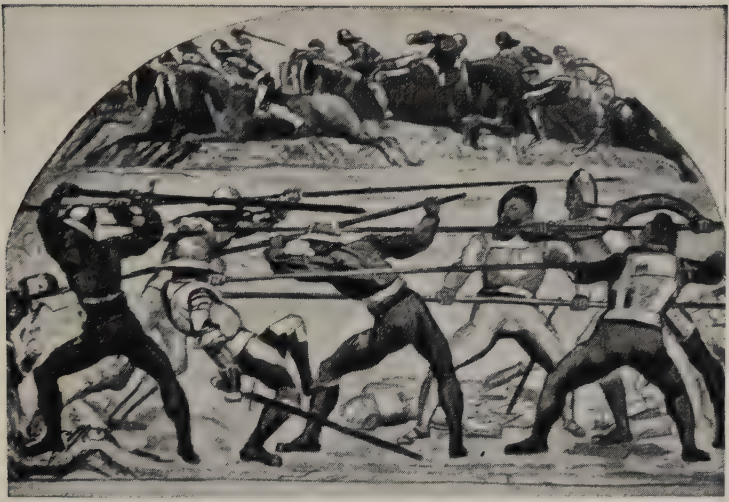
Among the Expressionists in America who have carried the ideas to the landscape, yet with charm for all and offense to none, is Frederic Clay Bartlett, a patron of the arts, one of the governing trustees of the Art Institute of Chicago, a financier and a world traveler, who with all that, has become one of America's foremost painters. He treats the landscape—whether it be the Rialto bridge in Venice, the meadows before his studio at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, the boat landing at Mackinac, Michigan, or the bridges of the Seine with an ease of direction, a charming simplicity, and a highly decorative sense. He seems to pull the very essence out of his subject and to record it with the most delightful ease and perfect mastery. With him there is no photographic interpretation.

Adrian J. Dornbush, a young man of Dutch heritage, who has had an American university education and has dabbled with the schools of France and Holland as well as America, is coming into his own with great gusto as a spirited expressionist, telling very vitally the stories of the growing pains of America. The uncouthness of factory districts, city suburbs, and squalid little villages seem to arouse in him an unbelievable enthusiasm. He organizes landscapes in the four seasons with knowing and feeling, and a sweep of brush that quite belies his years. P. C. Diem carries his Expressionism into the field of Primitivism, doing Madonnas and the Christ child with primitive distortions and attenuations, the spirit of the child-like adoration and mysticism that really gives the theme existence.

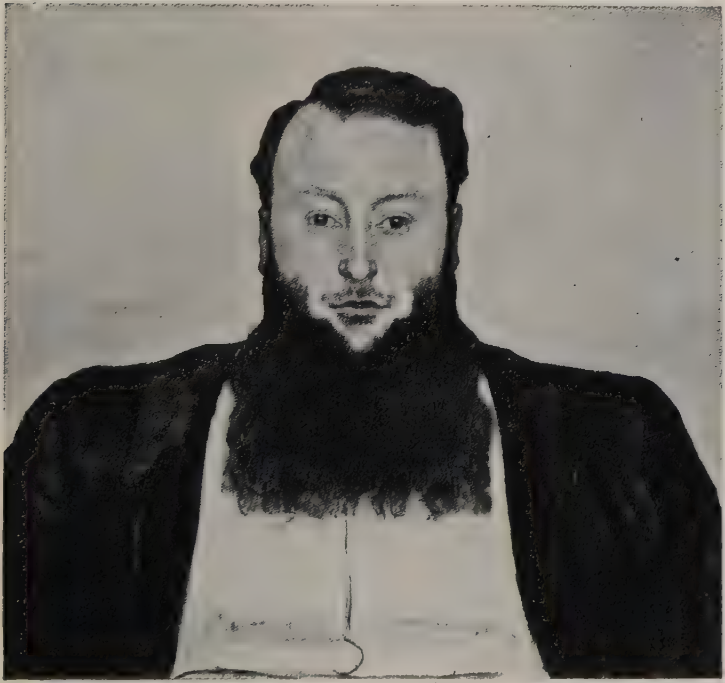
Scandinavia has produced a few expressionists. Among the most conspicuous is Eugen Jansson, whose nudes are about the most startling in the realm of art. But he does landscapes particularly of northern cities at night with reflections of their thousands of lights in the waters of the fjords. His lines swirl back and forth across the canvas like so many things alive.

And there is a Dane who is amazingly ahead of his country, possibly of his time; one of the most versatile of living artists, J. F. Willumsen, master of pictures, sculptures and ceramics. We can scarcely believe that a painting of his which hangs in an art museum of Copenhagen, painted in 1883, could possibly be by the same man who has startled the world in 1929. The former picture is the most literal, academic, photographic painting of the interior of Knights' Hall in Christian VII's palace of Amalienborg. There are three Watteau-like figures in the picture and the furniture is of the Louis type, but we must remark that the light which streams through the room from a tall French window is usually well considered. In 1886 he still painted interiors, but there were mills and butcher shops and the brush stroke was freer. In 1887 he went to Paris, and in 1889 had absorbed Impressionism, Post-Impressionism and all the rest. His *Wash House in Paris* which hangs in the Museum at Göteborg is as masterful as a Manet, and his *Music Hall of Paris* painted in 1891 is Post-Impressionistic to a startling degree. Then came his Post-Impressionistic scenes of the gay streets of Paris and potteries and ceramics which were done between 1892 and 1895 in Copenhagen. In 1898 he turned seriously to sculpture and some of his creations in this direction we will study with delight in our next lesson. By 1900 he had become an out and out Expressionist but, characteristically Scandinavian, he made his way home after every jaunt or conquest, taking his triumph with him to the glory of his native land. Portraits, nudes, landscapes, fantasies he paints with equal success. His sculpture places him in the foremost rank, but aside from that his painting easily makes him the most interesting contemporary master of Scandinavian art.

There are a number of very brilliant Expressionists in



The Battle of Morat.—Hodler



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

Portrait of James Vibert.—Hodler

Austria. Our picture of *St. Francis Preaching to the Birds* is by Laske*—the most naïve and imaginative of them all. But surely one of the greatest painters of this school in the world today is Anton Faistauer.† He is a highly educated, gentle and exquisitely poetical master, standing quite at the top of present day Austrian culture. He is a mural decorator with the freest tendencies, doing ultramodern church interiors in archaically primitive fresco. A little church of his not far from Salzburg contains a great many small decorations besides the huge altarpiece of *The Descent from the Cross,* a detail of which we reproduce. The laboriousness of the Academy is entirely eliminated. Here in the freest sort of painting are indicated figures whose features are merely suggested, but all in the overwhelming anguish of the tragedy. There is a speed of action, a tremulousness of motion that make us feel it is really alive, although we are well aware it is merely an art transcript of an emotional idea, hardly accurately enough visualized to be descriptive. In fact it is not descriptive. It is merely suggestive.

Everything that Faistauer does, whether it be a simple easel landscape, a portrait of a member of his family, the religious ornamentation of a church, or the gay illustrations upon the walls of the entrance hall of the Festspiel Haus in Salzburg, stirs us without our knowing why. It is always a bit breath-taking. Probably it is his fine mind. It may be that he is the great genius of his hour. It is quite easy to imagine him holding celestial conversation some day with Leonardo da Vinci, Giotto, Puvis de Chavannes and William Blake. It is quite easy to imagine that he is of their kith and kin.

His outlandishly delightful decorations in Salzburg were done in twenty-six days. They fill the very high walls of a huge room. The room itself is badly proportioned, although excellently illuminated, but there are windows, archways, doors, hit and miss all over the place. Architecturally the whole thing is very bad. Faistauer did not try to remedy through cleverness of design any of these shortcomings. He accepted them, slammed on his delightful illustrations where he pleased in happy disregard of shape or position, the flatness of the wall, or the sensibilities of the results. There is a banquet scene above the tables of which are the real windows of that wall; then above the windows a balcony of spectators looking down upon the diners. Up a long panel in the wall go the steps and scaffolding that lead to the structure of a new building upon which workmen are clambering. Trumpeters and dancers make the frieze on an opposite wall; a very primitive Apollo plays a harp to the delight of ancient kings; mermaids make music as dolphins splash about in another panel; Adam and Eve having a picnic lunch in the Black Forest are being tempted by a serpent with an apple in its mouth; the whole scheme is essentially astonishingly playful. If it had been done academically or laboriously it would have been ridiculous. If it had been done seriously or devoutly it would have become laughable. He met the situation and played with it so joyously that every concert goer passing through this room to the annual festival arrives at his seat or in his motor car in a more jovial mood than if Faistauer had not wrought his magic there.

---

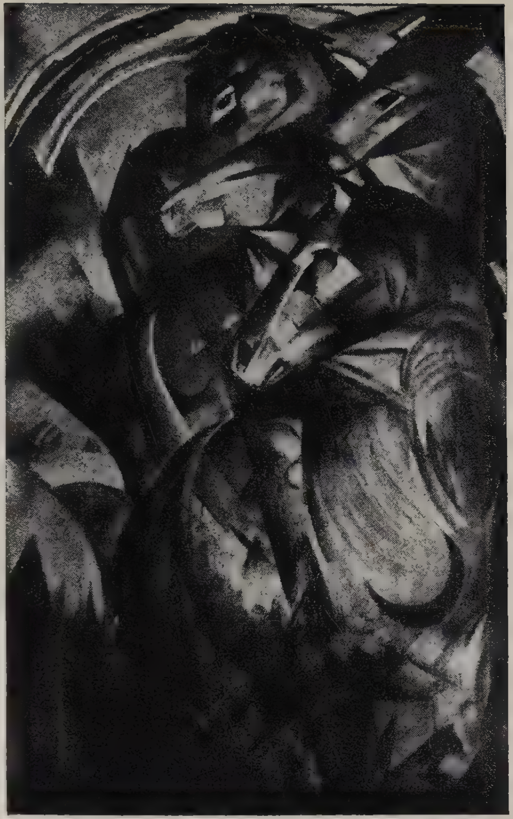
*See page 640. †See page 623.

Now we come to the boldest and most glorious of all the Expressionists—the Russians who had not only captivated Moscow and St. Petersburg before the war, but were heralded to the ends of the earth and received by all countries with open arms, when they fled the Russian Revolution. When in the history of art has there been so dramatic a scene? Every great artist of an extremely brilliant nation being obliged to flee forever from the homeland upon a moment's notice! This was so because practically all of these artists were royalists in their sympathy and there was no place for them in Russia, once the revolution set in. Most of these painters succeeded in getting to foreign lands with their families, many of their possessions, in some cases their fortunes intact, their paintings and carvings and tapestries, and even a very notable and altogether regal Russian cat. It was Leon Gaspard who managed to land in New York, not only with his canvases but a cat destined to be the best known feline in America. Iacovleff went to Paris, Soudeykine to Berlin, Fechin to London, and eventually to New York; the great Russian Nordic, Professor Nicholas Roerich, first went to Sweden and then to New York;

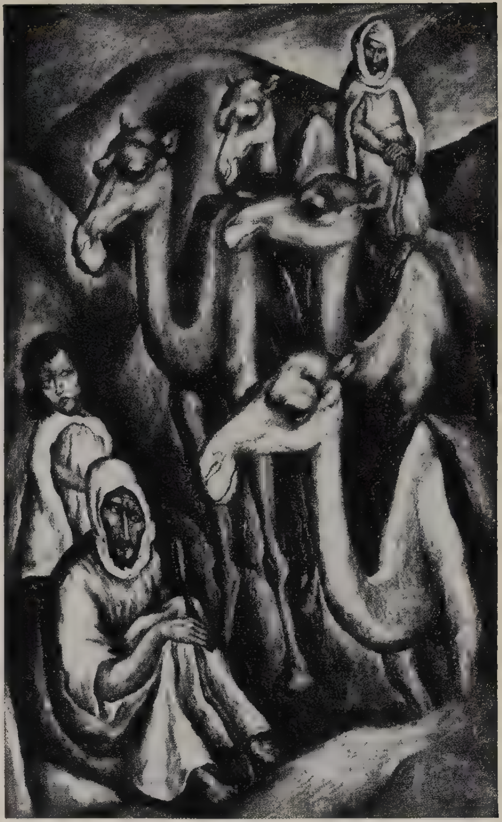
Grigoriev, Gontcharova and Larionoff settled in Paris. Fechin and Boris Anisfeld found Boston and Philadelphia most congenial homes for permanent residence. Most of these illustrious persons have now become full-fledged citizens of their adopted countries.

A similar story might be told of Russian sculptors, but the Russian musicians and dancers fared better. Most of them were shortly called back to Russia by the Soviet government and the development of the Art Theatre of Moscow has gone on unabated with the exception of the few years of the heat of the war and revolution. Outside of this what has happened to Expressionism in Russia since the war we cannot yet tell. In the Russian spirit there has always been something Oriental. The stories of *A Thousand and One Nights* by Scheherazade—the *Arabian Nights* tales—seem to fit better into Russian folklore than to any other. We naturally expect to find in Russian expression a Byzantine foundation, which is near-Oriental, plus regal Christian splendor and wild northern barbarism; and this is precisely what we do find. No tame eloquence or conventional language could tell all this and Expressionism as it had been developed in Munich became the grammar of Russian art. It offered unrestrained freedom, bold originality and depended largely upon individuality for its success. One of this brilliant array made his message felt in the new world with such dignified and serious mastery that he rapidly became the most important internationalist of our time, a great example to thousands who look to the arts as the medium through which international understanding will come about. So we reserve our discussion of the art of Nicholas Roerich for the last chapter of this study.

Leon Bakst, the stage costume designer, was the first Russian Expressionist to be felt in America, and that through the exploitation of the Ballet Russe. Leon Gaspard came early in the dark days of the war and brought his crisp clear painting of snow, of dramatic scenery, of brilliant figures coloring market places into almost every exhibition of America where excellent modern pictures were shown. Nikolai Fechin, the second year after the war, won the grand prize at the Carnegie Institute for his lavish



The Fortress of the Blue Horse.—Franz Marc



Caravan at Rest.—Baer

portraits painted with more pigment than any artist has ever used. He drags the paint over his canvas with his palette knife and his thumb, a richness of color ensuing which is the height of painting luxury. Soudeykine has contributed ceaselessly to the new stage settings of France, England and America.

Boris Anisfeld* was the first of the big painters to bowl over the whole American public with a great one-man show. It was first displayed at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts. This institution under its director, Doctor Fox, has done more to further kindly relationships with European artists than any other American institution. By all means the largest array of important one-man exhibitions from Europe have been made possible by the Brooklyn Institute. Anisfeld in his very first American show was found to be the most dramatic colorist and the most theatrically brilliant of all painters. His subjects ran the whole gamut of human thought. His color was a free use of everything, from the hottest, most dazzling reds to the coldest and most ethereal blues. He did the *Garden of Eden, The Crossing of the Red Sea, Suzanna and the Elders, The Rape of the Sabines, Mammon, the God of Gold,* the stories of Scheherazade and portraits galore, all startling in their decorative beauty as well as their penetrative revelation; primitive and elemental was his color in many cases. His dramatic design was always startling. Anisfeld made stained glass windows, created patterns for woven fabrics and did one of the most magnificent and possibly the most perfect stage production that has ever been done.

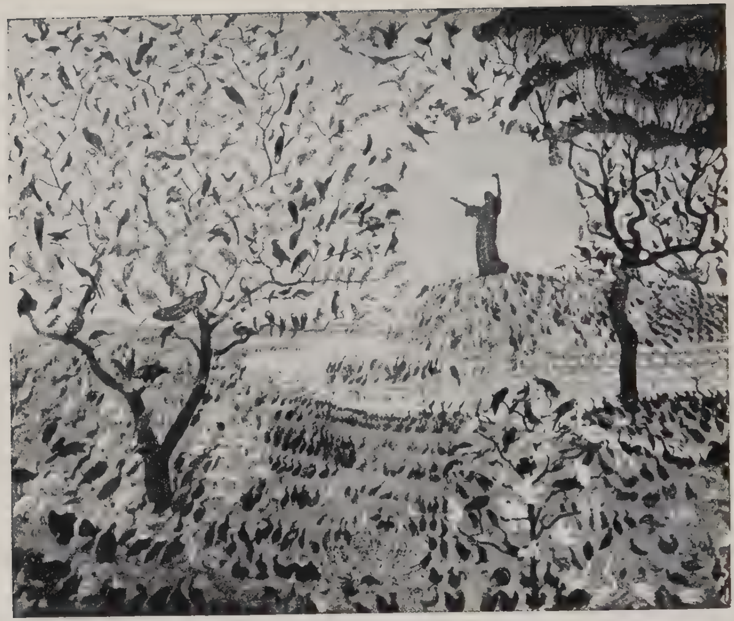
He worked in close collaboration with Prokofiev, the modernistic Russian composer, and in unison they produced the most perfect correlation of music and color, action and song, illumination and story that had ever been done. It was a very great opera, based on an ancient Russian fairy tale, entitled *The Love of Three Oranges.* The production cost a hundred and fifty thousand dollars aside from the sums paid to these two brilliant men. It was done by the Chicago Civic Opera and was so much above the heads of the American midwesterner that it was sung but ten times and then went to the storehouse from which it has never been unearthed. There was not a mood in Prokofiev's music that was not found instantaneously in some color arrangement on the stage. To the western world audiences this was almost unintelligible; it was not opera the way they knew it. What was it? They left the theater mystified and evidently did not long for more. When we begin talking of these Russians we cannot separate their arts or talk about the fixed limitations of any medium. To think of Boris Anisfeld merely as a painter without considering his achievements in the theater would be rather impossible.

---

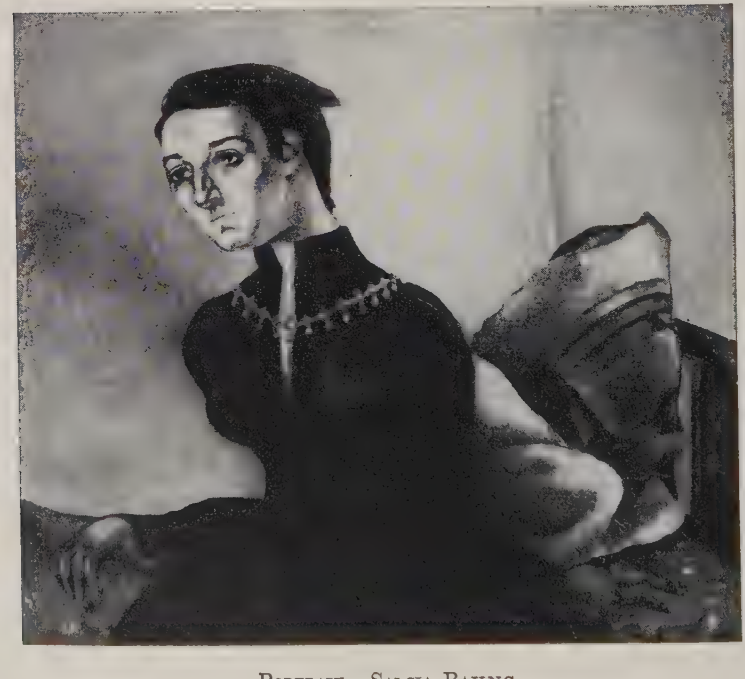
*See page 628.

In the Delphian Foundation Text, Great Periods of Painting, Dr. Alexander Kaun made a very excellent survey of the Russian modernists but since this writing there has been a revaluation of most of these modern things, and some which seemed to be highly important a few years ago are now quite disregarded and the reverse is also true. Of course, Repin was the most melodramatic and magnificent of all the Russian realistic painters. Then came the more decorative and more mystical Mikhail Vroubel and the magnificent Ryabushkin. He was the last of the school of the realists in Russia and following close upon his heels were Roerich, Anisfeld and Boris Grigoriev. The picture of the Russian villagers by Grigoriev in Book Five is highly expressive of the Expressionistic interpretation of Cubism. It has something of the elemental mystical spirit of the ancient Byzantine ikons. Christian Brinton thinks this picture has no parallel as a product of Bolshevist Russia. Later Grigoriev's canvases took on a lovely calm and he did his young wife and sturdy child with the precision of the English portraits by Dodd Proctor.

The picture we have chosen by Anisfeld, *Flowers and Woman,* is very serene and composed, for him. What is the relationship between this woman in her white lacy veil and this bowl of white and yellow flowers? Do we not feel immediately the thought of the woman as she gazes upon nature's beauty? Is not the spacing of the canvas expressive of something emotional, mystical? A curtain is lifted that we also may behold the flowers and in an oval almost as separated from the rest of the canvas as the vision of heaven in primitive Christian pictures was separated from



St. Francis Preaching to the Birds.—Laske



Portrait.—Salcia Bahnc

the earthly parts of the old altar pieces, appears the woman. Is she really there or is it purely a hypothetical vision? One may feel in this gentle canvas boldness, invention, complete originality.

After the Anisfeld exhibition swept the land, then came the great Roerich show, and after that the Iacovleff. This painter who chooses to be a Frenchman now has deliberately attempted to bring the spirit of Chinese painting into European painting through his Near East background. He actually painted in China at Peking and Shanghai and made a very careful study of the art of the great Oriental masters of decoration and symbolism. When he painted portrait types of Chinese persons, he did them as deliberately in the Chinese manner as he could, except that he made the garments more silky in their texture and the backgrounds of streets or bazaars or rivers a bit more realistic in their perspective than any Chinaman would ever have done them. He did apply the flat decorative principles of Oriental art most excellently in some of his Occidental canvases, two of which are the *Absinthe Drinker* and the portrait of himself and his entire family at their castle overlooking the Baltic. In the *Absinthe Drinker* we have a man who is far, far gone under the influence of the drug. The table upon which he leans reels entirely out of perspective. The wall careens; the wizened little unfortunate's eyes have blurred, and there is a sickish smile upon his lips. All this is told almost without light and shadow in a very flat manner that is truly the meeting of Oriental technique with Occidental Expressionism.

The family group is still more interesting. Startlingly realistic are the five people grouped in somber array in the foreground on the top of a high rocky cliff. Beyond and below them appears a clear blue little bay with a rockhead of land jutting out beyond it into the Baltic itself. Over this cape is seen the vast stretch of the cold northern sea. Upon the promontory is the medieval castle of the Iacovleffs. It was from this castle they were forced to flee when fate drove them from their land. In the picture is the artist himself, a handsome red-bearded man, angular and lithe. Near him in a most fashionable costume is his very beautiful wife; then there are the two sons, quite grown, and one of the son's wives. The whole thing is painted with a great crispness, a sharp-edged pattern.

About the most expressionistic of the Iacovleff canvases is one called *Seaweed Gatherers.* Two Mongolians, entirely stripped but for breech clouts, climb into rugged heights among sea cliffs. They have huge baskets upon their backs. In crevasses far below, the water at low tide is seen. The muscular forms of the men, the stratification and fracture of the rocks, the line contours of the little pools, all suggest but one thing, the movement of seaweed floating in the tide. It is a rhythmic, expressionistic composition, done entirely on the motif of seaweed.

Nicolai Remisoff does bombastic, rotund scenes of large-sized Russians filling little cafés. Soudeykine became best known through his delightful, playful settings for the famous international *Chauve-Souris.* Gudiachvili has done Christian tableaus such as the *Adoration of the Magi,* with the most attenuated stylization. Burliuk fled to Japan and the South Sea Islands and there worked out rhythmic symphonies in line and color that are closely akin to French Cubism and Italian Futurism. Adolph Feder has gone back to his own Russia and brings us large compositions of rather heavy pastorals. Constantin Gorbatoff gives us dream pictures in scintillating light, more Impressionistic than Expressionistic, of blue, bubble-shaped domes silhouetted against the shimmering light of the Volga dotted with little yellow sails. Gontcharova has applied the principles of painting almost entirely to fabric, costuming and other things of the shop and theater. Her work is highly Slavic and her coloring is exquisitely pastel gradations against black and white foundations; the design is so free and unconventional that it marks something quite new in art. Larionoff puts the wildest fantasies into water colors and designs for the stage. He is excelled in his imaginative fantasy by only one and that is the exquisite French Expressionist, Marie Laurencin, the painter of the romantic mind of a little girl. Her pictures are whimsical but exquisitely organized and balanced.

Let us conclude our analysis of Expressionism with the description of one painting by Marie Laurencin. It is entitled *Pastoral Fantasy.* A girl, delicately feminine in a simple pink gown, floats over a pastoral scene containing a blue brook, white arches of a bridge, a red roof, a white house and a white chimney and the soft green of treetops. The exquisite, floating, feminine creature has as a companion a deer who lifts his antlers high into the air and paws for balance as he is wafted along. The motion of these two bodies is repeated by the arches of the bridge, the antlers by a few dark tree branches, the chain-like ornamentation in the hair of the lady repeated in the leaf forms of foreground bushes. Nothing could be more naïve, more simple, and all the efforts of a ponderous thinker and the tireless energy of a magnificent craftsman could never make the telling of this tale more eloquent than Marie Laurencin has in the beautiful simplicity and the fine restraint of perfect Expressionism.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

ALTARPIECE by Faistauer. This is a detail of a large altarpiece for a new church near Salzburg. Of course, it is the Entombment and fraught with the tragedy and anguish of the incident. It reveals an eloquence almost inexplicable and yet could he have done more with the theme by painting with any greater accuracies or care? There is an inter-relationship of line, a momentary dash of the brush that leads the eye quickly to the neighboring forms and lines. It is utterly objective but deliberately opposed to photographic eloquence. Page 623.

Crucifixion by Franz von Stuck. Ponderous and awful is this interpretation. The hideousness of the spectacle is seen as if in delirium; the color is no less ghastly than the forms. It is a very great translation of the crucifixion and its message by the painter. Page 628.

Flowers and Woman by Boris Anisfeld. Contemplation is apparent here. It has almost the feeling of Yogi philosophy within it. The color is very fresh and lovely, the forms real but unusual, and the arrangement highly inventive. We wonder what it is all about but we must admit that it is lovely. Page 628.

Portrait of James Vibert by Ferdinand Hodler; directness and frankness itself, charming because of its deliberate attack. Square was the man, square is the interpretation. The color is as deliberate and relentless. Forceful determination in the character of Hodler is as apparent as in the character of the man he portrays. Page 633.

The Battle of Morat by Hodler. This is a mural decoration where violent action has been made to conform to the static wall by keeping most of the lines of action purely in the horizontal, and having the figures at the left and right swing toward the center. It is highly original in its treatment and sterling in its purpose. Switzerland has produced no greater mind in art. Page 633.

Caravan at Rest by Baer. Here the strange forms of life in North Africa are made still stranger by curious but eloquent distortions and attenuations. Baer wants us to see the relationship between camel and Bedouin, Bedouin and desert. It is a delightful dynamic design more syncopated than rhythmic. Page 637.

The Fortress of the Blue Horse by Franz Marc. Rhythm and more rhythm, lines that go as the beat of a musical conductor's baton. The color is cream, green, blue and purple; purple, blue, green and cream—even the rainbow is only red and orange in suggestion. Somehow this German artist has caught the spirit of the horse without objectively revealing him or saying a thing in color that has anything to do with the external appearance of the horse. It is magnificent, however, in color and design and highly delightful to look upon. Page 637.

Saint Francis Preaching to the Birds by Laske. A playful illustration is this, marked with originality. In the light of Saint Francis the world seems to have been made just for birds and in the joy of this artist birds almost make the world. Page 640.

Portrait by Salcia Bahnc. Here is Post-Impressionistic interpretation at its very climax. The original of this portrait is a charming, fashionable small woman and yet this painting of herself feels like her. It is a very well understood interpretation. The twist of the body, the apparent elimination of arms, the curious turn of the head, the gaze in the eyes, and the arrangement of the background lines all mean something. Is it the struggle of the Semitic race, the oppression of Eastern Europe, or is it merely some mental reaction within this individual? As in all true Post-Impressionism, each individual is asked to make his own interpretation. Page 640.

SCULPTURE SINCE RODIN

XVIII

THE whole sculpture world trembled with a new life after the advent of Rodin. Whether one is moved by his art or believes in his philosophy of beauty, there is no denying his immediate influence and his world-wide power. We shall in no way attempt to trace the chronology of sculpture from Rodin's acceptance in 1885 to the present day. Neither do we attempt a complete survey of this art since the Chicago fair, but take a few outstanding representative sculptors who have reached the zenith since Rodin's utterances were first acclaimed. Two men, very close to the spirit of this master and coming directly under him, are less individual than the rest just because of this. They would have been far greater if their full mastery could have developed independently, for even though great success has attained their production, it is always considered somewhat in the shadow of their leader.

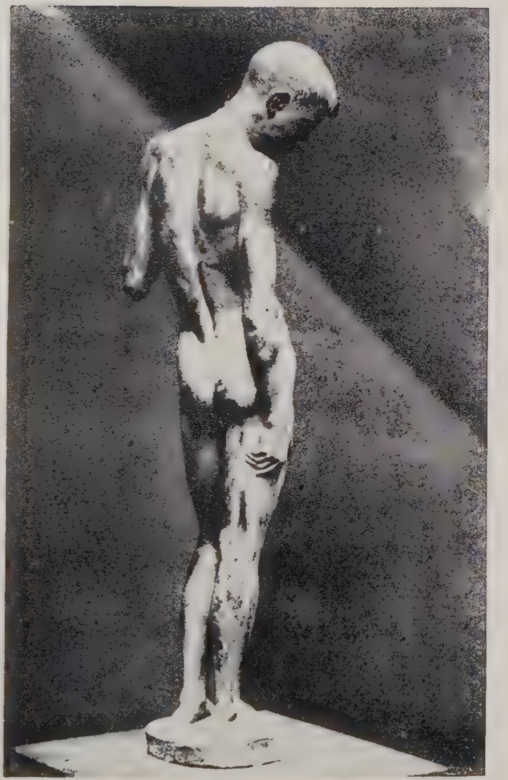
Antoine Bourdelle,* whose body at the moment of this writing is being placed with the noble dead of France in the crypt of the Pantheon, has only recently captivated America with an overwhelmingly lovely exhibition of his sculptures. The exhibit was first made at the Grand Central Art Galleries in New York, then portions of it were sent to Buffalo, Cleveland and Chicago. It was almost entirely in marble and bronze, consequently tremendously heavy and difficult to transport. Bourdelle had a great deal of the very technique of Rodin and in the center of the exhibition was his tender, beautiful tribute to his master, a study of the French giant done in a way that must have pleased Rodin but which had a stylization that is distinctly Bourdelle's. Rodin left the surfaces just the moment he had indicated the pulsing life therein. Bourdelle did likewise but often added an arabesque treatment in purely decorative lines that meant nothing to the structure or to the soul of the work but merely added a little charm to its surface. It gives a feeling slightly Assyrian and is a scheme employed by many an artist today. Possibly Bourdelle's greatest head study is his massive interpretation of Beethoven done in black basalt. It is a huge chunk of the earth, tested by volcanic fires and thrown out upon the mountainside a gnarled and tortured mass. Within the shadows of this mass Bourdelle has caused the countenance of Beethoven to merge forth, veins strained upon the forehead, eyes closed in blindness, mouth firmly set with a great passion. The face is furrowed with emotional torture but a power of determination and masterfulness is felt.

---

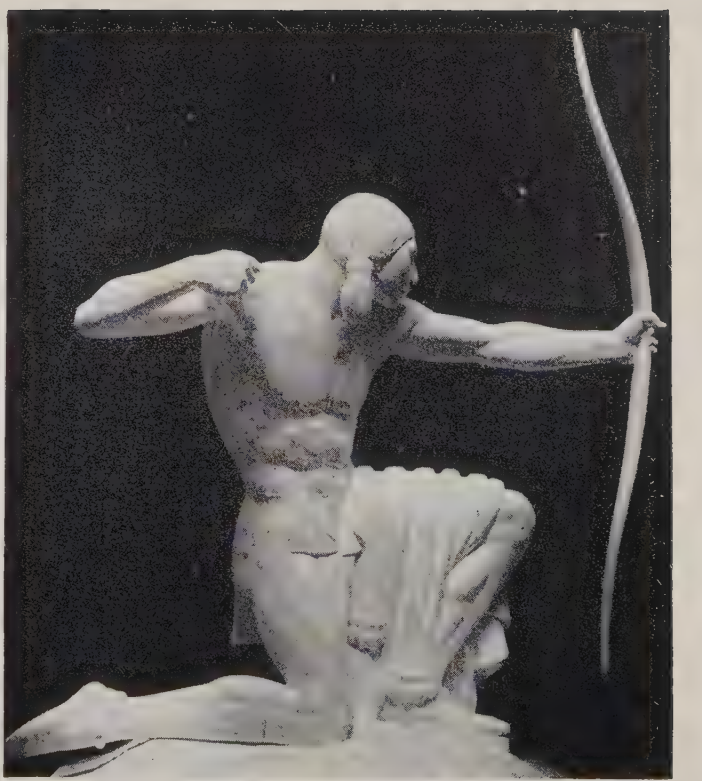
*See page 652.

Quite opposed to these living, pulsing character studies are his highly decorative ecclesiastical groups, most of them done for modern churches. Possibly his most famous is the *Virgin of Alsace.* A graceful, aristocratic Mary in medieval costume steps forward to display the Christ child whom she raises aloft. The babe extends its arms and smiles wisely at us. It is not a babe but a mature idea in a miniature form of maturity seated upon the shoulder and braced upon the arm of His mother. It is what we term "architectonic" sculpture, belonging as it does quite to the architectural setting that it has been given, and it is even more consciously Gothic than anything Rodin did. The third phase of Bourdelle's art is his pure allegory often done in the round, but often again in bas relief and ever tending toward the primitive. His largest commission was a frieze for the Théatre des Châmps Élysées in Paris, the most startlingly modern building done in Paris up to 1912. He had also done the over-proscenium sculptures for the opera at Marseilles. He chose the classic gods of Olympus, but treated them with a crudeness, a rugged primitiveness that is at once powerful and decorative. We never find quite a nicety, or passages which stir us emotionally, in Bourdelle's sculpture. He seems always to be propounding a theory or exploiting a technique.

Certainly his great masterpiece is the most powerful and primitive thing that he ever did. It is a heroic conception of Herakles. The original bronze was done for Prince Eugene of Sweden and there it is in the garden of his lovely



Study of a Boy.—Maillol



Indian.—Manship

castle on the fjord just above Stockholm, and in no other spot of the world will it ever be so effective. Bourdelle must have had in mind the Vikings, the Scandinavian giants, for his Herakles is not a Greek or an Egyptian, not a Goth or an Oriental; he is a Nordic. And he is evidently high upon the mountains, and suddenly, to throw his whole weight upon his gigantic bow, he braces one foot upon a rocky peak and throws himself backward against the string. In sculpture violent action in one direction cannot be managed unless there is equally violent action in the opposite direction. Bourdelle has done it in this dynamic piece. The pull of the bow opposed to the action of the man's muscle, the brace of the form against the rock, opposed to the downward pull of gravity, makes this in many ways the most forceful piece of sculpture in history, and it alone would make Bourdelle a master. Somehow we cannot feel the same degree of originality or successful accomplishment in anything else that he did. If we were asked to name the ten greatest works of sculpture since the Chicago World's Fair, this would surely be one of them.

A pupil of Bourdelle's who is now practically the dean of French sculpture is Aristide Maillol.* Maillol is a bit more abstract, more decorative than either Rodin or Bourdelle, but in his free modeling such as the *Study of a Boy,* he is very close indeed to Rodin. He has spent more time doing headless torsos than anything else and the French critics go into raptures over the boyishness or the superb feminine loveliness that Maillol gets. He is essentially a modeler. He seems to breathe forth delicately each turning of plane and each separate part of his figures. There is nothing radical or untraditional about either of these sculptors. They are accepted as twentieth century fulfillment of the traditions.

This is the medium that most specifically interprets life, yet it is the medium that is most usable in decorative and symbolic monumental creation. The Egyptians are still to be estimated the greatest monumental sculptors, because they combined the two requisites, for their figures suggested life that rose to the dignity of decorative symbolism. The Egyptians were masters of viewpoint, and above all, magnificent craftsmen. When they wished to chisel their heroes or gods upon the face of a great cliff they did not make realistic snapshots of particular little incidents, but spaced their subject matter to conform to the great area to be decorated and then embellished it with a decorative glorification, making the face of the mountain more stupendous and more magnificent than it naturally was. Our modern sculptors would do well to emulate this idea.

---

*See page 648.

There is nothing in all the world of art that may be so great and that is generally so bad as sculpture. Unless the artist is working with modest fragments, doing figurines to be cast in bronze, glazed terra cotta, or porcelain, he is attacking a profoundly important matter and fails utterly or triumphs completely. There seems to be no middle ground in sculpture. It is either a success or a failure, and if a failure, should be promptly dumped. One of the first things we should do in America is to consign to the ash heap all of the bad sculpture we have. To be sure we would not have a great deal left, but it would be a glorious beginning. The same thing is equally true of France, Germany and England. While Paris has more splendid sculpture placed within its borders than any other city in the world, it also has more bad sculpture than any other, and were it not for the sentimental emotionalism of the Parisian, loving his memories and his traditions, he would demolish tons of it before the dawn of another day.

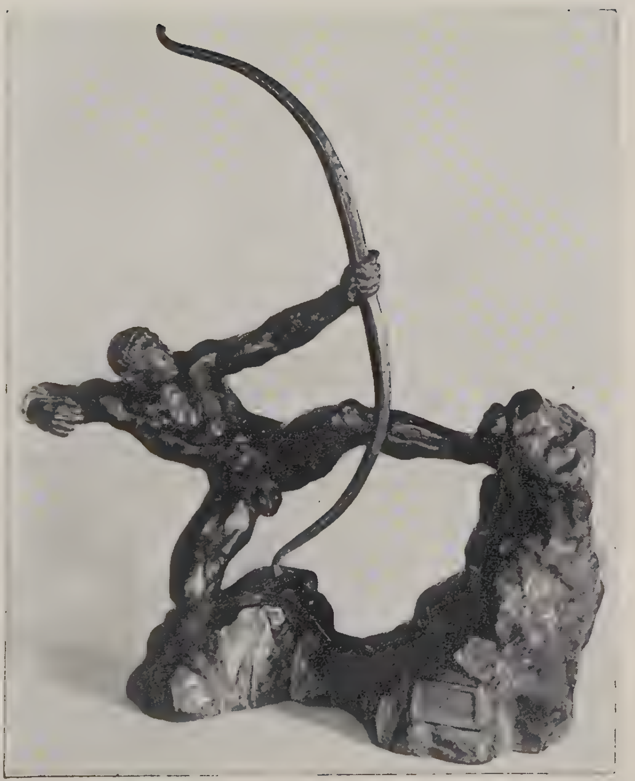
Whether pure sculpture may be used abstractly or not is still debatable, as it deals so specifically with the human form. How far attenuations and distortions, symbolic abstractions, and emotionalism may disregard the proportions of nature is the question. In other words, may the principles of Post-Impressionism, Cubism and Futurism be consistently employed? But in each of the active, art-producing countries since the war, there have developed serious and influential sculptors who have declared that sculpture was the medium of all others to expound the truths and the beauties of the new movement.

England has the most talked-of of all modern sculptors, He is not an Englishman but a Hebrew. He comes from no aristocratic stock, but from a family of peasant outcasts. Jacob Epstein* is the man and his success is one of the sensations of the hour. Almost immediately after the war he did a *Resurrection,* which brought the condemnation of half the art-loving world clattering down around his ears, while the other half fell upon their faces in salaams. It was the figure of a middle-aged man with huge bones, slightly emaciated body, a powerful intellectual head, but with eyes in a daze. He had torn his arms free from his grave shroud; had broken the ropes that bound his crucified body, and strode forth with his palms turned out to show the great nail holes. It is obvious that the countenance is that of Woodrow Wilson, and undoubtedly Epstein consciously or subconsciously had Wilson and his position in the World War in mind. Apropos of this allusion it is interesting to note that the three most important European sculptors since 1920 have used Wilson in heroic concepts. In fact, today he figures as one of the two most significant American subjects in international sculpture; the other is Abraham Lincoln. Is it an irrelevant thought to state that not beautiful women but homely men have been the subjects of most of the world's successful sculpture? Epstein has done a series of diabolical portraits, quite the homeliest, most primitive, mud-like things that have been dignified by the name of sculpture. Yet within them there is a power, a living, trembling personality, and a vitality of craftsmanship that are positively unique. Take his interpretation of Kramer which we reproduce here—the bony shoulders, the thin body, the shabby shirt buttoned across the chest, the unkempt mass of hair, the gigantic nose, pitiful mouth, and heavy eyelids. They all somehow live. It makes us positively gasp. It looks as if the sculptor had thrown his clay upon a skeleton and that before our eyes it was being converted into life.

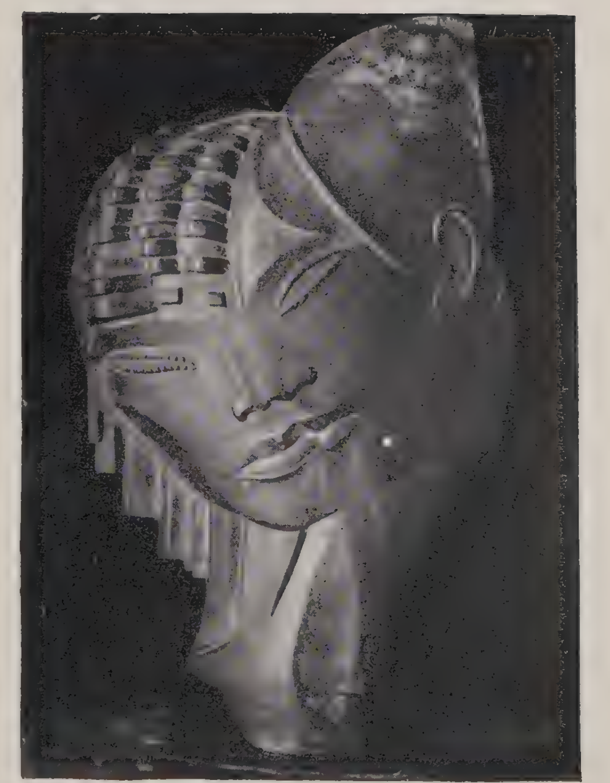
---

*See page 659.

Those who have been satiated with the smooth, overdone sculpture of the romantic nineteenth century certainly rejoice in the daring of this man, but when we see a number of his things as they were shown in the Leicester Gallery in London in 1928, we come away with a slightly dark brown taste in our mouths. We wonder if we have been keeping good company. Is it simply a part of that iconoclasticism of the day which considers it perfectly proper for a fine people



HERAKLES, ARCHER.—BOURDELLE



THE MASK.—LOVET-LORSKI

to swear in gentle company? Epstein is too close to us for us to give him a final or just estimate.

When the underground railways of London built the first American skyscraper in that blessed old mecca of the English-speaking races, Epstein was commissioned to do two sculptural figures for the exterior, one typifying night, the other day. They were both unveiled in 1929 and London will not be over the shock for many a day. Five months after the second one had been revealed they were still the subject of most of the newspaper editorials and voice of the people columns in each of the London dailies. Each of the groups contains two figures and they are placed at curious junctures of the horizontal lines of the building's façade. *Day* seems to have created the greater excitement of the two. A seated colossal figure, more primitive than an aborigine, gazes out from the flat wall; between his knees, standing directly toward us but with his head twisted around at an unnatural angle, gazing into the countenance of the adult, is a little boy. Both figures are quite nude. Most of the London opposers called them "naked." If they had come from the Mayan Andes or from the Negroid sculptures of Central Africa, they could not have been more elemental. The psychology of placing these things upon an ultramodern steel and concrete skyscraper dedicated to electric underground transportation is a bit difficult to understand, but some day it may be called the greatest thing of the early twentieth century sculpture; who knows?

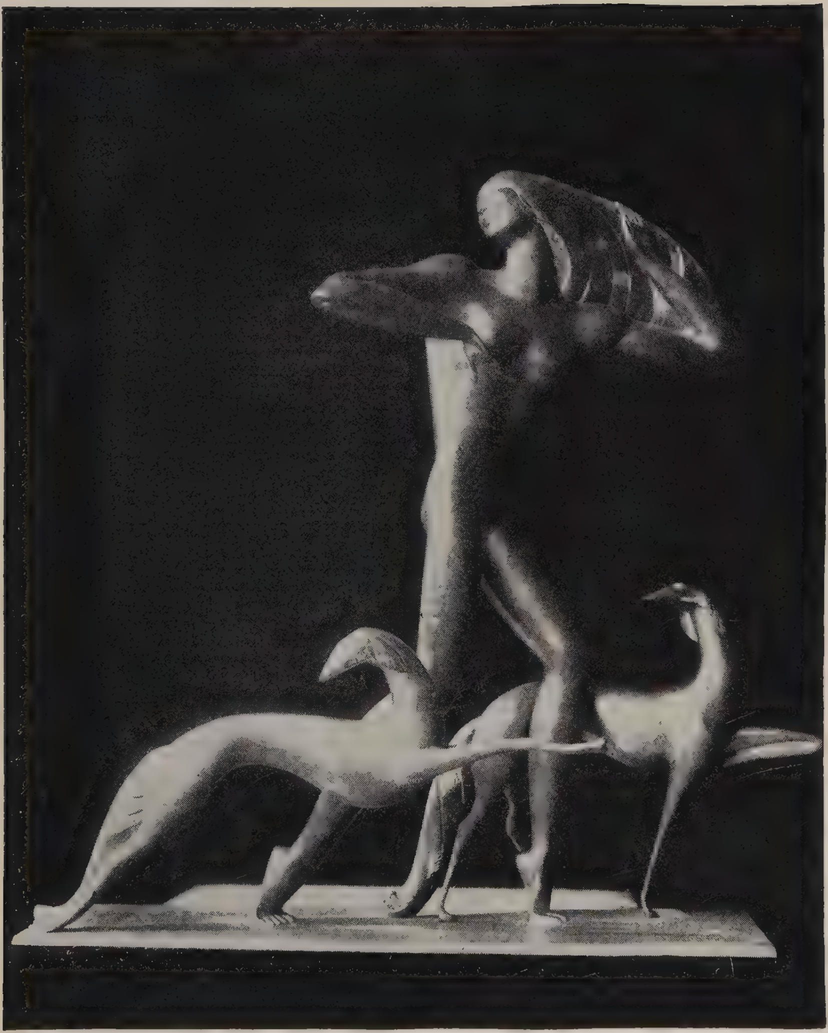
Some of us are far more thrilled and elevated by the truly magnificent art of the greatest Slavic sculptor of all time, Ivan Mestrovic* of Serbia. This artist has taken all of the principles of the heritage of sculpture from every great period and has revised them to a modern expression. He has not neglected the emotional support of art but he has made of his eloquence such decorative beauty and such poetic loveliness as sculpture has never before seen.

Mestrovic is truly an expressionist; in his head of John the Baptist we find that he did not hesitate to make it twice as long as it should be, eyes far greater than sockets could hold. He has done many interpretations of *Madonna and Child*. They are sometimes attenuated almost to the point of being symbols of figures rather than figures, but mother love, spiritual elevation and primitive mysticism are ever felt. Coming into an exhibition of Mestrovic's art, we gasp with an uncontrollable excitement; we are moved emotionally as by no other modern sculptor. What a tremendous thing is his *Moses,* very nearly as great as the *Moses* by Michelangelo in Rome. This symbol of wisdom, this father and leader of his race, a sage, a prophet is he; but with an anger that shakes heaven and earth he calls the attention of his people to the tablets of the law. This work of sculpture is done in the broadest sweep, the most dramatic line. An obviously similar treatment does he give to his dramatic portrait of Woodrow Wilson. Clothed in the gown of the university this attenuated, spiritualized Wilson holds a book which is obviously the suggestion of the Fourteen Points of international law, which brought around the armistice of the World War. Mestrovic is not the only thinker who has intimated some sort of a parallel between the Fourteen Points and the Ten Commandments. In seeing Mestrovic's *Moses* and Wilson together one might pause a moment before deciding which was which, and Mestrovic had precisely that in mind.

---

*See page 673.

In some of his rounded, sculptured female figures he is quite akin to Maillol; *Dancer* and *Memories* are very French in their spirit, *The Widows* shows the crushed hearts of two women, one supporting the other but each overwhelmed with sorrow. Another post-war reaction is his horrifying woodcarving of Christ on the cross done in the tortuous, emaciated anguish of early Byzantine, primitive Slavic sculpture. The body is little more than a skeleton, which might have hung upon its cross for twenty centuries. The skin is like leather drawn across the bones, and again that is precisely what Mestrovic meant; the Christ that had been crucified there for twenty centuries. The stylized decorative marble figure of his mother is much admired in America. She is clothed in the plaited skirt and fluted hood of the Jugo-Slavic peasant, but oh, the face is so gently, exquisitely modeled. The external treatment is so decorative and rhythmic that it becomes a beautiful



Diana.—Lovet-Lorski

thing to look at from any angle, whether or not we care about it as a character interpretation of a specific person.

Chicago in its great new scheme of city beautification has placed two tremendous equestrian bronzes by Mestrovic at the entrance to Grant Park. There, across the street from the hotels and office buildings of Michigan Avenue, stand these magnificent horses as glorious as any in the field of art. Upon their bare backs are Indian riders, one about to throw a spear, the other pulling a bowstring. The composition of these two conceptions is beyond words to describe. As achievements of art they are probably the greatest equestrians since Donatello. Those who contend that they are Arabian or Serbian horses rather than Indian ponies, that the Indians themselves are classic giants or northern heroes, are looking fruitlessly for photographic realism or historical accuracy. Is it not quite as well to have a thing of beauty superb in art, a symbol of the attainment of power and mastery in a new world? These Indians are not just the defeated red man of the pioneer days; rather are they the spirit of Chicago rising from the unknown to the supremacy of beauty undaunted, unafraid—the conquerors. Rather are they the western counterparts of Siegfrid, Parsifal, Galahad and Ulysses, and they are revealed in the only true tradition that we have on the North American continent.

Mestrovic thinks of his masterpiece as being the chapel at Cavtat. Not only the sculptures of this Jugo-Slavic edifice did he model, but he was entirely responsible for the architecture itself. It is a profound religious document erected near Belgrade, but it is neither creedal nor historical. It is simply an emotional, spiritual expression of the struggles, the tragedies and the eventual salvation of the Jugo-Slavic race. One of the most distinctive inventions of Mestrovic is his treatment of carving in the flat; some of it in wood, some in plaster. The figures are left perfectly flat, with decorative lines delineating them, and the background is carved or chiseled away. With the exception of the one step backward to the background, the rest is practically etching or drawing upon the outer surface.

This has also been done very effectively by another Serbian who is now an American citizen, young John David Brcin. He was never a pupil of Mestrovic or even a sympathetic follower, but somehow his equestrian groups, his portrait busts and his carved reliefs are all as Serbian in spirit. Brcin is at work this winter of 1929-30 upon a very great monumental commission of many splendid sculptures for the new courthouse at Omaha, Nebraska. It is the most important commission ever given in America to one so young, and judging from the models and preliminary drawings, the results will be highly American as well as international.

Germany and Czechoslovakia have produced a number of very important sculptors of this new movement. But as might be expected, their forms are generally round and full and beautiful. Stursa of Prague is one of the first to use simple materials such as sandstone and cement. He works deliberately to keep figures in close relation to building structure. Quite the finest garden sculpture, consistently of rock form and so rugged that weathering will improve rather than destroy, is being done in Germany and Czechoslovakia.

Metzner is the most important of the architectonic sculptors. Leipzig, Dresden, Berlin, Hamburg and Hanover have stirring examples of his huge figures set into the structure of the façades of modern buildings. Another German, Rudolf Belling, does portrait heads and figure groups in a manner that is entirely cubistical. Milly Steger is the most sensational of the German women sculptors, generally doing standing figures of young girls, making them so primitive that they often seem to be imbecile. Wilhelm Wauer builds figures out of square rods of iron and gives them a sense of violent action. Wilhelm Lehmbruck does enormous figures with very small heads. He has been regarded with high favor among modernists. Another interesting development in eastern Europe is the new use of terra cotta in sculpture—monumental buildings, walls, doors, roofs all done in baked and glazed clays with the work of the sculptor figuring as definitely as the work of the architect. A Russian who has worked largely in Germany, although recently transferring his residence first to

Paris and then to New York, is Archipenko, who is certainly very startling in his expressionistic attenuations of form.

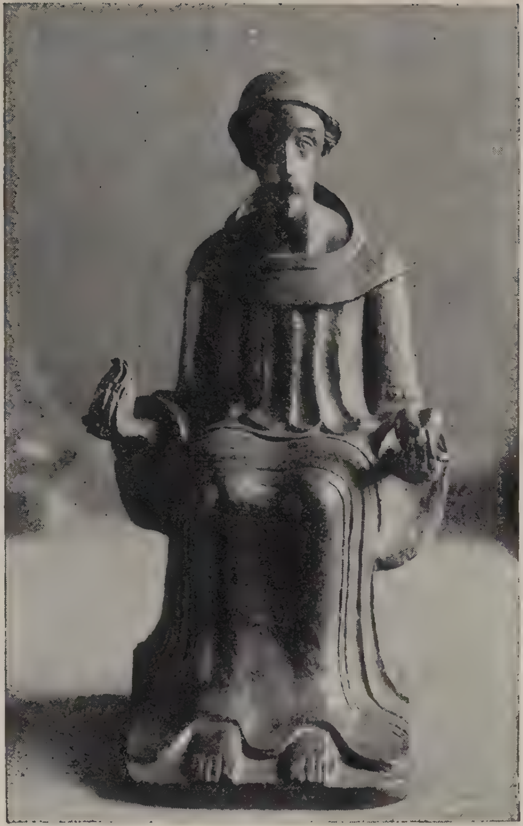
One of the most astounding facts regarding post-war sculpture is that 90 per cent of the memorial sculpture to the heroism of the World War and which lines the battlefront from Metz to the English Channel and adorns the public square of almost every city and village of all Europe, is of about the artistic caliber of the Civil War monuments erected in America. After beholding more than four hundred of these monuments and memorials, we feel certain that less than a dozen are destined to live very long. It would appear that every mediocre sculptor of Europe had had a chance to do a war memorial. In many of the small towns of Italy, Germany, France and Belgium, they are little less than dreadful. There is a very fine memorial at Nice; a lovely one at Augsburg. Only one of the many around Verdun has the least art merit and without exception all those in the great sector of Ypres are bad.

This seems to be the case with every comparable situation in history. None of the war monuments of ancient Greece amounted to anything. Their sculptures of the time of peace are all that are left to us. Possibly it is destined that the fine arts may not be used to glorify or even memorialize the hatreds of man. Even in the Roman triumphs, representation of battle and glorification of conquest constitute the poorest parts of their sculpture. Triumphal processions, to be sure, were magnificently done and heroes gloriously immortalized.

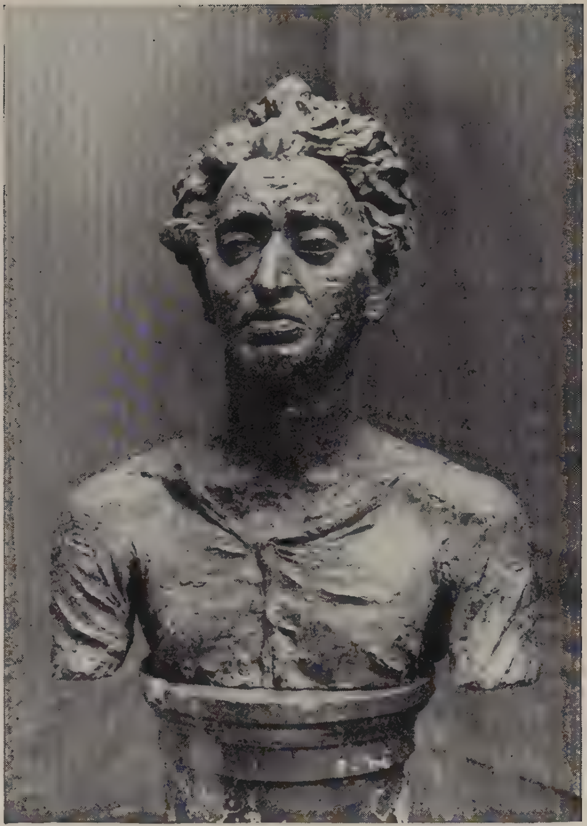
There are a few sculptors in Italy today who have done some very touching things in symbol of the World War—Minerbi* being the best of the group. In his *Nike* or *Victory* symbolizing Italian triumphs of 1917, which is the chief feature of the war monument at Ferrara he has done a very poetic and spirited work. We reproduce a fragment from this statue. Caduti, of Rome, has done a number of excellent war memorials, also using winged figures as the chief subject matter. When the Scandinavians have done things typical of warfare or struggle, they have made them more magnificently monumental, more emblematic of the earth.

---

*See page 667.



SAINT FRANCIS.—FAGGI



KRAMER.—EPSTEIN

Compare, for instance, the detail of the Sten Sture Monument* by Milles of Sweden with the *Victory* by Minerbi. What solidity and sculptural power there is in the Milles! How really unsculptural in its airy flying effect is the Minerbi!

Milles† is one of the great living sculptors and not only is Scandinavia conscious of his power and achievement, for his works are to be found in practically every Scandinavian city; the world at large is beginning to recognize him. The Swedes of Chicago have just commissioned Carl Milles to reproduce for Chicago the Four Triton fountain which stands in his own garden in Sweden. A high spray is blown from cockle shells by four Tritons swimming rapidly in one direction across the surface of a broad pool. It will surely be one of the loveliest fountains in America. The Sten Sture monument as a whole has the rugged quality of the Vikings and the mountains of the north. The Graf monument at Gips has much of this ponderous rugged Norse quality.

Milles was born in 1875, was educated largely in Paris, but his characteristic Swedish nationalism took him back to his own soil. Up to 1903 he had done a lot of portrait busts, dancing figures, peasant groups, bas relief friezes, but quite in the French manner. When he returned to Stockholm in 1904 he began some vigorous portrait sculptures of distinguished northerners; F. Boberg, the architect and husband of the famous painter, Anna Boberg; Mittag Laffler, the professor of mathematics at the University of Göteborg; Oscar Levertine, G. Stridsberg, and others posed for him. We must admit they have something of a Rodinesque quality. Seldom does more than the head appear from the rock, but it is always powerfully done with sure and dramatic characterization. Milles shows himself closely akin to Liljefors in his portrayal of birds and animals. In Göteborg there is a magnificent Vingarna, a sort of Norsk Ganymede; a gigantic eagle rises slowly in powerful flight, lifting the body of a young man from its imprisonment in the desolation of the fjords.

Two glorious fisherbirds chiseled in granite are seen in the garden of Prince Eugene. There are probably no more beautiful birds in all sculpture. In the same garden are some bronze groups of the prehistoric plesiosaurus, huge seal-like creatures with serpentine necks and heads. They are most amusing and sculptural and they, too, somehow symbolize the primitive North. He has been extremely fond of doing elephants, herds of them climbing a mountainside or tramping through a jungle. Milles has cast some of the largest bronze groups ever done but he has lately turned his attention to the chiseling of marble and sandstone. In some cases he has stained the marble with dyes, giving a very naturalistic color to flesh tones. He has done the goddesses of northern saga and his modeling of the flesh is most exquisite. When working in sandstone, as in the *Danse Egyptienne* group which we reproduce, there is a more stylized feeling, a more architectural edge. No one of the North has done so much to carry sculpture into its new possibilities as Milles.

---

*See page 667. †See pages 663, 667, 670.

The other most distinctive sculptor of Scandinavia is J. F. Willumsen,* the versatile Post-Impressionist, who is equally successful in the field of painting and of sculpture. He is a Dane. In the museum at Copenhagen there is the most astonishing sculptural group of modern times. It fills the whole end of a great room, many of the figures being gigantic, and even the smallest fully human size. It is practically a relief in the round and is treated as a wall panel, although in three or four planes. It is entitled *The Great Relief* and is done in three kinds of bronze and ten varieties of marble. The materials alone are practically priceless. No other sculptor has produced such a costly group or one of such imaginative creation. It stirs us as the rising from the earth of every element and symbol of life; it gives us much pleasure through the joyous contrasts of its gold-bronze, white, black, pink and green marbles, and the variety of sizes of the figures employed.

The two great lower central male figures represent Thought or Reflection at the left with arm extended in wide gesture, done in deep yellow African marble; Instinct, at the right, with a placid smile upon his lips and eyes closed, is done in light yellow Sienese marble. Observe the chiseling of the faces, the treatment of the bodies. There is a sense of realism but the treatment is utterly decorative. The group in the upper left hand symbolizing Weakness and War is the most curious of all. The flesh tones of Weakness are done in Verona marble, her skirt in African marble, and the figure of War is done in onyx; the fluting of the skirt and the metallic scales of the armor are certainly curious concepts for sculptural treatment. In the upper right-hand corner the Workman with long beard and rugged garments is done in red marble, while the Woman suggesting a Grecian Niobe is done Fior di Pesco, a baked terra cotta.

---

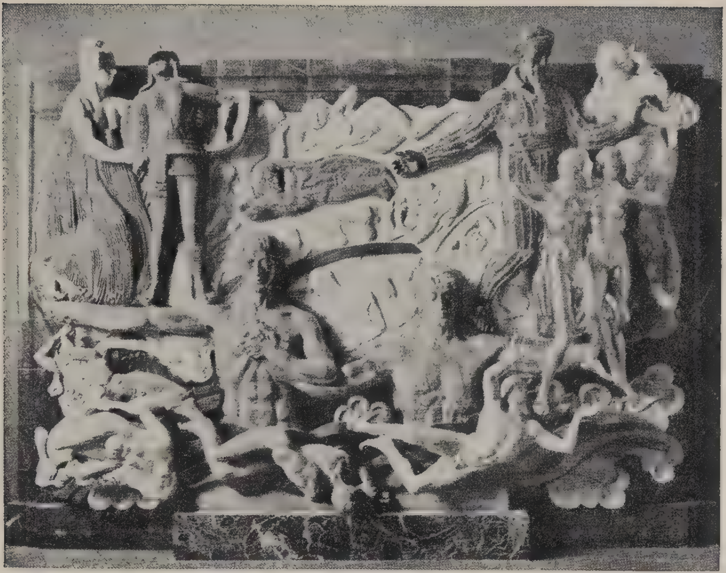
*See page 663.

Below them are two young lovers in the most dazzling shiny gold-bronze. The small figures along the lower edge are done in limestone and typify Suffering, Dejection, and Hope. At the very top of the whole thing is a reclining figure of a young girl; her eyes are closed and this is evidently her dream; or, possibly, all the figures of this great group are embodied within her. Willumsen has never explained his intention fully but it is certainly the most courageous, ambitious and talked-of work of sculpture in Europe today. Some would feel that it well rewarded a trip to Copenhagen, and amazing indeed it is to find it in the city of Thorwaldsen—the most sentimental of all the sculptors of the nineteenth century.

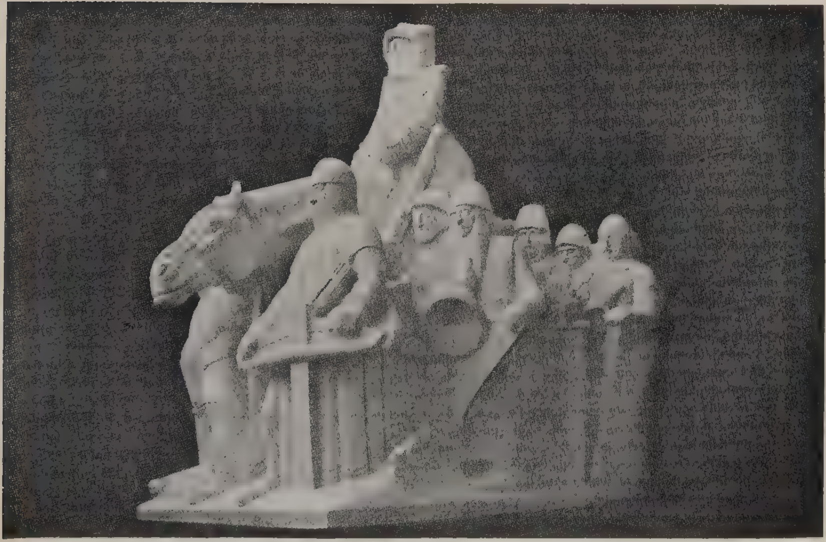
One of the most attenuated and modernistic of the living sculptors is Elie Nadelman,* who is illustrated here by one of the most serene and altogether beautiful heads he has done. It is simply called *Marble*. Nadelman's great scheme is to reduce everything to its simplest possible term. His drawings do not always indicate this for sometimes they are so complicated in their constructive, muscular delineation that they become excessively verbose. He often treats the sculptured figure, however, with the most deliberate distortions and stylizations. Feet are invariably made extremely small, legs taper down to a dot. When he does animals, the bodies are round and solid but the legs are as slender as reeds. He has a playful, imaginative air, but often becomes so exotic, especially in his nudes, that we do not know whether to take him seriously or humorously. There is always a grand gesture and a most sophisticated sophistication.

---

*See page 670.



THE GREAT RELIEF.—WILLUMSEN



STENS-STURE MONUMENT.—MILLES

The only sculptor of our time who outstrips Nadelman in attenuations and sophistications is Brancusi, who does not hesitate to eliminate every feature of the human anatomy, leaving only undulating, billowing masses in a few eloquent curves without head or feet, arms or hands, breasts or thighs. He uses the most precious materials and in his forms there is the sense of amœbic life. Brancusi is thought by many of the aristocracy to be the last word in sculpture. Many of his performances do look very elegant in the modernistic settings of the 1930 interiors.

Now we come to the modernists of American sculpture. First let us consider three of European heritage, who claim America as home, but who are among the most eloquent products of their native lands: Alfeo Faggi of Italy, Stanley Szukalski of Poland, and Boris Lovet-Lorski of Russia. Faggi* has more deliberately gone back to the primitives than any sculptor alive. He is a poet and an Italian, a dreamer and a mystic. One of his greatest things is his half-seated troll-like figure of Walt Whitman, but somehow when he is treating a thirteenth century Italian theme, he seems to be well within his range. For the new and very modernistic Church of Saint Thomas in Chicago, Faggi did the Stations of the Cross in bronze relief. They are like the simplest, primitive drawings of a child. His Saint Francis which we illustrate is more sophisticated, but has it not the flower-like spirit of thirteenth century Florence within it? It is semi-Byzantine, semi-pagan, and it is almost Buddhistic. Stylization carried to its last possibilities marks the art of this dreamer-sculptor who hails from sunny, mystic Tuscany.

Stanley Szukalski has the burning fire of ten centuries of Slavic struggle within his soul and he puts it forth in one of the most eloquent art expressions of the age. His drawings and sculptures alike have stirred the world to endless rapture. He is unlike anyone. When he was a boy of nineteen he did a *Hand of God,* merely calling it *Birth.* Rising straight out of the earth and reaching into the very heavens is a hand of ten thousand sinews, muscles, and bones; a hand filled with torture and anguish yet bursting with creative power and life. Within it held closely and struggling to free itself is a babe. It is the cataclysm of earth tremors, erupting vulcanoes, storm-tossed seas—all of the pain of birth is held within this concept. Szukalski and his American wife, also an artist of unusual ability, have lived much in Poland the last few years and it is anticipated that his next American exhibition will be a sensational triumph.

---

*See page 659.

Boris Lovet-Lorski,* a refugee from the Russian revolution, became a teacher at the Layton School of Art in Milwaukee in 1920-21. Later he made his way to New York and became an American citizen. His first work of sculpture done in the new land was a crouching, distraught figure with a great clod of earth resting upon his shoulders and bent head. He called it *Resurgam,* indicating that Russia or possibly his own spirit would rise some day and throw off the earthly clod. His first expression after he had been adopted by the new land reveals a centaur galloping through the surf; he has just pulled a bow with a powerful arm letting fly an arrow, the head thrown back in a joyous laugh; the whole design teeming with elation. It is named *My Arrow.* Later Lovet-Lorski turned to doing stylized portrait heads, especially of charming women and beautiful children. New York architects became much interested in his efforts, and his designs for pilasters, terminals, finials and decorative wall friezes were sought for the new buildings. This enabled him to go to Paris, where he felt materials were cheaper, more available, and craftsmanship for bronze casting and marble cutting more expert.

In 1927 he stirred America with a precious exhibition of highly stylized forms in most costly and beautiful materials: Cretan marble, silver-bronze, black basalt, and so forth. A colossal head of Salome done in the blackest of all marbles was both rich and emotional. A series of musical themes done in silver-bronze, reclining or half-flying figures in highly exotic and archaic lines, were designed to repose on the reach of grand pianos. In gold-bronze, Diana, a delicate attenuated figure accompanied by two fleet dogs of poetic exotic concept, gives absolutely the feeling of rare music or elated heartbeats.

---

*See pages 652, 655

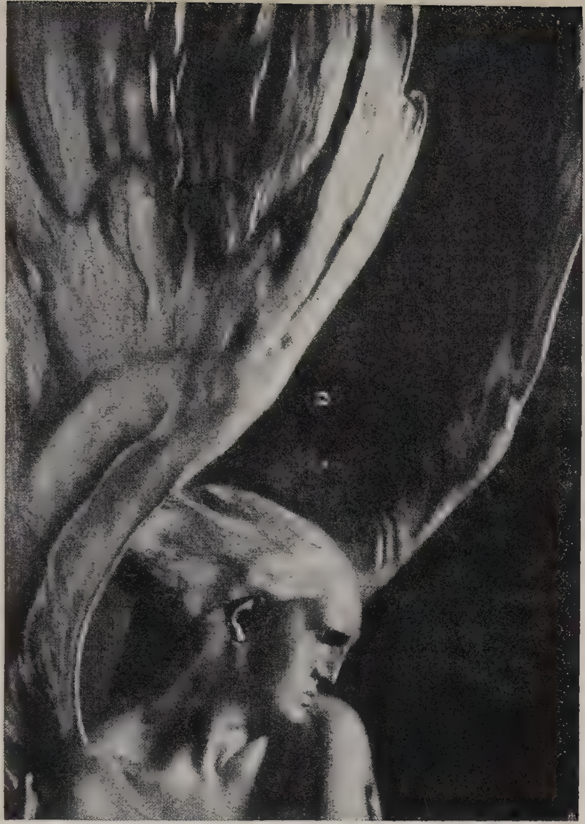
During the spring and summer of 1929 he captivated Italy, where he had gone to model the portraits of the royal family. He turned to very low reliefs in various metals. *The Mask* is one of these. The eyes are almost Oriental. The decorative treatment of hair and accessories almost Assyrian. It does not have the extreme and diabolical arrangement of the flat metal masks and faces by Gargallo, the wildest and the most interesting of the modernists of Spain, and yet it has something of that same freedom. In Lovet-Lorski's sculpture there is a deep emotional sense, something very close to life. We are never left cold after viewing his work. Probably all of these young giants of modern sculpture will come into their own in the Century of Progress Exposition of 1933.

Another American who has taken inspiration from the stylization of primitive sculpture, but more particularly from the classical elegance of Assyrian expression, is Paul Manship,* who not so many years ago was an elevator boy in the St. Paul Hotel, St. Paul. He won the Prix de Rome, and his three years in the American Academy there gave him an equipment to return to America with triumphant success. His most used theme was the centaur, satyr and nymph of Greek mythology, and the Assyrian fluting of hair and draperies was well suited to this subject. Carrying the same idea into American folklore was a slightly different matter. *The Indian* of our illustration demonstrates this. It is most stylized and classicized. There is a companion piece to this, an exquisitely wrought stag with head tossed back in death agony as the arrow from the Indian's bow pierces his heart. Manship's art has been sufficiently understood to warrant the application of his style even to portraiture and his popularity in America has been phenomenal.

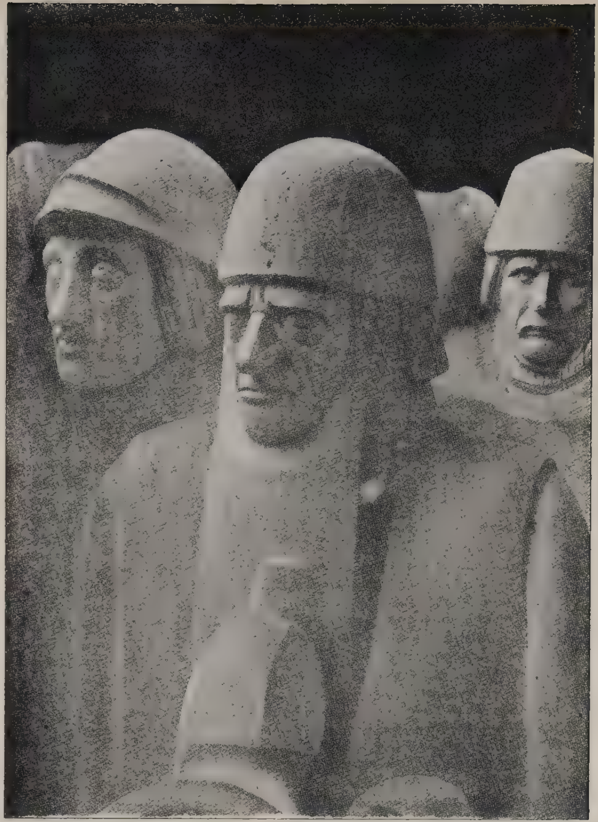
In the antipodes do we find the art of Charles Haag, who has carved the spirits of the forest in wooden figurines, seventy or more of them, that are the veritable revelation of the souls of trees plus the folklore and the fairy legends of Scandinavia and the whole of northern Europe. We have a few extremely humorous and delightful peasant carvers who have brought the simple traditions of Euro-

---

*See page 648.



Victory, November 1917.—Minerbi



Detail of Stens-Sture Monument.—Milles

pean lands into the American environment. Karl Anderson Hallsthammar is the leader of this group and he does the most humorous and amusing woodcarvings of genre figure subjects, painting them in naturalistic colors. They are almost as realistic as the notorious Rogers groups, but they are infinitely more deft as art and much more playful.

Emil Zettler has a suave elegance and a decorative aristocracy in his portrait sculptures. Alfonso Iannelli is at once the most imaginative and decorative of the sculptors of the middlewest. He is so conscious of the possibilities of the sculptural sense, in the manipulation of new materials, that his creative ability is sought by builders and manufacturers. He is really one of the geniuses of the modern age.

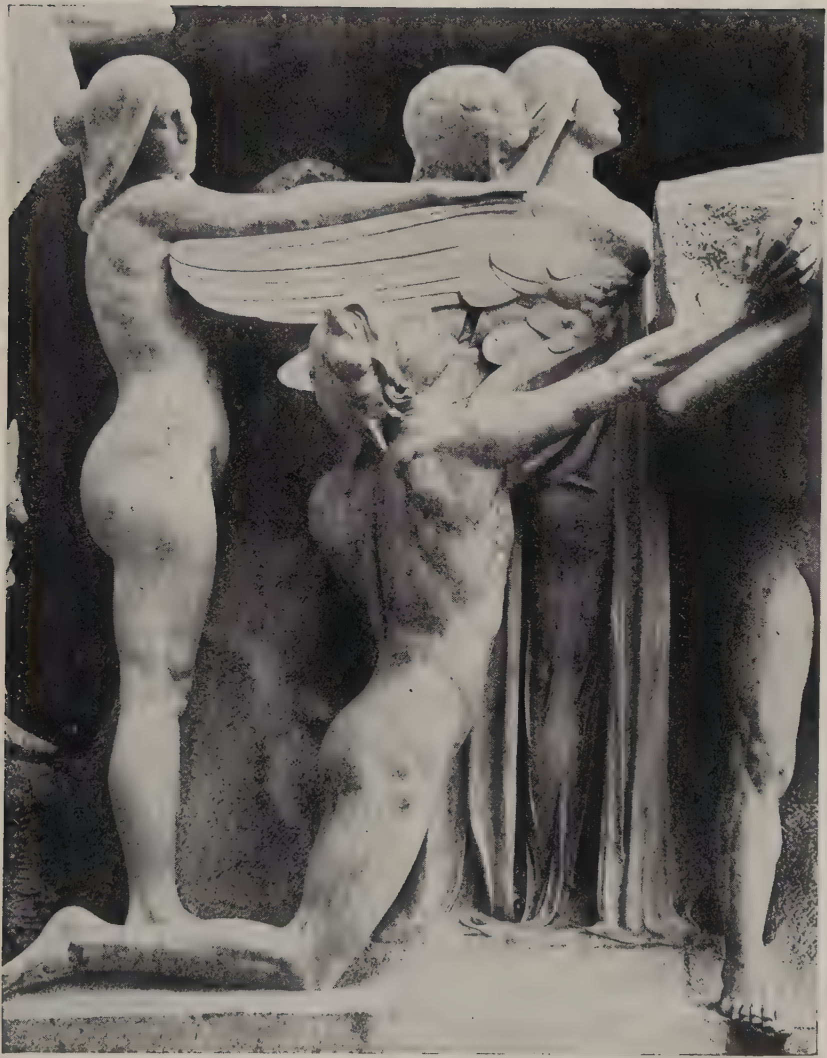
A number of the big academic men of America have turned to doing pretentious war memorials. Some have been successful, others not, but a quiet, unobtrusive but tellingly decorative memorial by James Cady Ewell in Highland Park, Illinois, is a worthy example to many communities desiring to do a similar thing. Mario Korbel of New York does torsos, dancing figures and portraits with an extremely poetic eloquence. Anna Hyatt is magnificent with dancing figures and animals. Numerous others are quite worthy of mention here but if each one so far indicated is taken as a key to a group all will be well included.

Let us conclude our brief survey of contemporary sculpture with a consideration of an American who is an Expressionist and a Realist, a Secessionist and a Conservative, a Modernist and an Academician all in one.

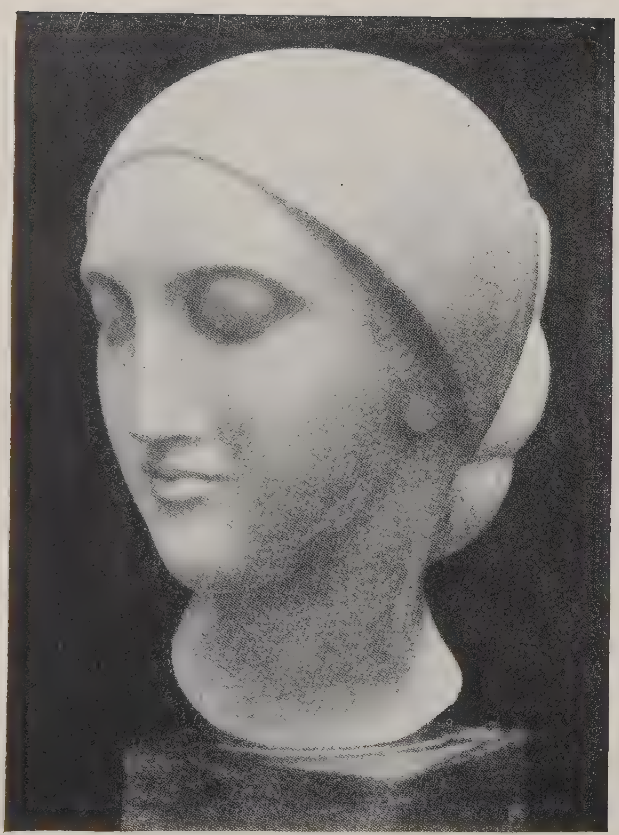
George Gray Barnard* first came into prominence about 1895 with an heroic-sized group of two giant men entitled *I Feel Two Natures Struggling Within Me.* It is one of the best known works of American sculpture. One of the giants is prone upon the ground, coiled about the feet of the other, who is slowly rising to a standing posture. Barnard's second triumph was in the two groups of figures entitled *The Brotherhood of Man* done for the steps of the Pennsylvania Capitol. This work was the first sculpture by an American to be awarded the gold medal at the Paris

---

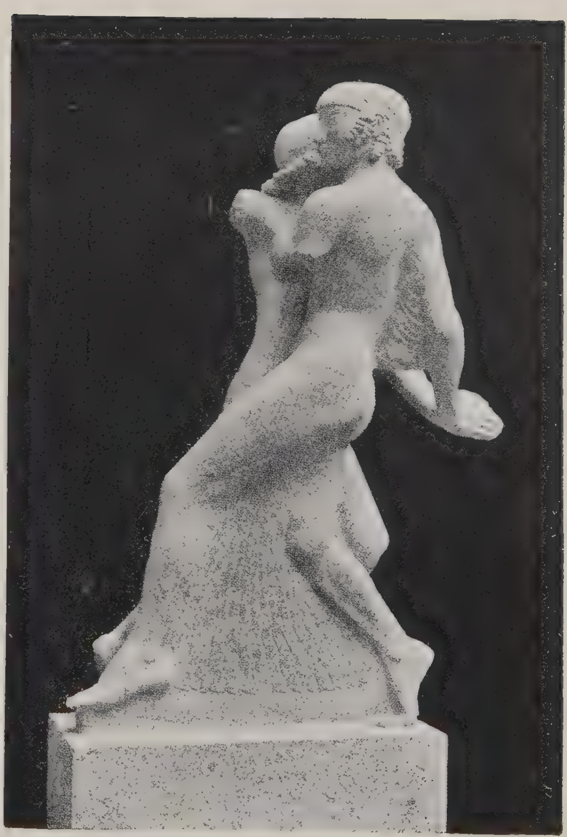
*See page 669.



Detail from Brotherhood of Man.—Barnard



Marble.—Nadelman



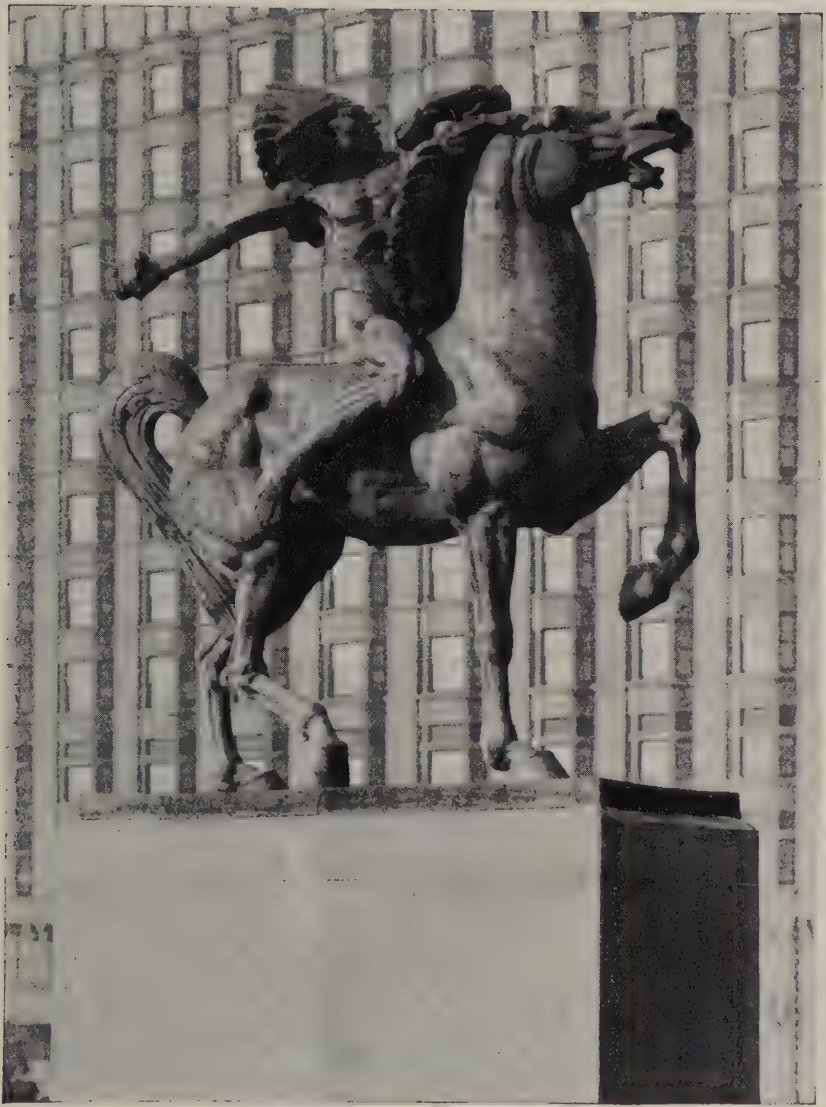
Danse Egyptienne.—Milles

Salon. One of the groups was entitled *The Burden of Life* shown to be borne by the coöperation and fraternity of man. The other is entitled *Work and Brotherhood.* More than two dozen superbly chiseled figures of both men and women constitute these highly original works. When these triumphant marbles were at last brought to Harrisburg and placed upon the steps of the capitol, the Purity League raised a violent protest and Barnard was forced to come from his Paris studio to partially drape some of the figures with marble coverings. This was a testimony to the prudery of America and has made the groups even more conspicuously nude than before.

In the gardens of Columbia University in New York City, Barnard's famous *Pan* fountain has been placed and the *Urn of Life* was one of the conspicuous objects at the St. Louis Exposition. But his most American, most original and outstanding work is his *Abraham Lincoln* which Charles P. Taft presented to the city of Cincinnati. A simple modest countryman of primitive midwest America stands with hands folded across his waist in a position of slight embarrassment. His ill-fitting clothes cover a rugged and ungraceful body, but in the countenance is the patience and the suffering, the vision and the hope, the human tenderness and the spiritual pity of the Great Emancipator. A self-trained scholar, an eloquent orator, a woodsman, and a mountain of rock all at once is this man in Barnard's concept. He is sufficiently real to be recognized as Lincoln, but the expressionism of the treatment has made him primarily the embodiment of great ideas. Barnard has done other Lincolns, a mask and then a colossal head. Each in turn has seemed greater and more intensely satisfying than the last. At least, he has made of Lincoln some other than a Western Zeus. He has found in the elemental spirit and the elevated soul of this great American subject matter akin to the simple homeliness and the unspoiled majesty of the great man. Others have made of Lincoln a god or a hero. In Barnard, he is neither, but the symbol of the western world, the new America.

An American, John Storrs, a serious, wholly independent student of the Art Institute of Chicago who studied under various masters of Europe, comes forth a marked individualist. He does the most architectural of all sculpture, and somehow his works fit into buildings which they adorn or into rooms which they embellish with more correlation than any sculptures we know. Storrs has been definitely inspired by Cubism and he is a most successful Expressionist. He does not seem interested in doing sculpture just for its own sake. He wants it to correlate with the setting it is eventually to have. He has only one rival, Alfonso Iannelli. Their viewpoint is very similar, although the results are quite different. Iannelli is a more playful, charming worker, Storrs more profound and introspective. Storrs manages metallic surfaces, rectangular planes and cubical forms, giving them genuine æsthetic feeling.

At the beautiful Arts Club of Chicago, there are two female figures which stand upon high pedestals, and practically become caryatids for the low ceilinged room in which they are placed. Gigantic beams above them contain the steel girders of a sky-scraping tower, and the weight of the whole thing seems consistently borne by the short-legged, powerful-shouldered women who are among the most solid and forceful creatures of modern sculpture. Their legs have obviously been made abnormally short. This particular note gives them gigantic strength and helps them to fit wonderfully into the low-ceilinged room. Storrs lives in France most of the time, although his commissions are largely in America. He is not as disassociated and abstract as Archipenko or Brancusi and neither has he the exotic loveliness of Lovet-Lorski. These five men are contributing fitness and embellishments to architectural sculpture which are greater and more eloquent than any since the Gothic age.



Equestrian Indian.—Mestrovic

REPRESENTATIVE ILLUSTRATIONS BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

STUDY OF A BOY by Maillol, the trembling, living surface structure, balanced and anatomical, but left in an unfinished unpolished state the more to suggest the life within. This is a definite outgrowth of the Rodin principles. Page 648.

Indian by Paul Manship, a very different concept from the Maillol, finished and polished to the last possible touch, a gem of marble cutting and a concept of almost classic grace, pretending not to be naturalistic but aiming only to be decorative and beautiful. Page 648.

Herakles, Archer by Bourdelle—his masterpiece. Bourdelle was a disciple of Rodin, working for dynamics. Manship is a disciple of the tranquil Assyrians. Page 652.

The Mask and *Diana* by Boris Lovet-Lorski. The exotic loveliness of one of the world's most brilliant young sculptors. He always aims for preciousness and employs the most costly materials such as gold or silver bronze, Cretan marble, Russian basalt, etc. The mask seems to have been bent and hammered out of shining metal and while it stands upon the pedestal it is in bas-relief. The *Diana* is a gold bronze group in the round expressed through rhythms unified between Diana and the hunting dogs. Pages 652, 655.

Saint Francis by Alfeo Faggi. This American of Italian heritage combines the spirit of elemental Italian primitivism with the exotic ritualistic decoration of Eastern art. This is, in every way, the most sophisticated and stylized St. Francis imaginable. Page 659.

Kramer by Jacob Epstein. In what contrast to the Faggi! How frankly brutal and monstrously real! This is the greatest of all challenges directed toward Romanticism. Page 659.

The Great Relief by Willumsen. In the small reproduction no idea of its magnitude can be had. It is a challenge against the traditions, a statement in sculpture apace with the inventions of science. The whole gamut of this art runs between the work of Thorwaldsen and this masterpiece by Willumsen. They are to be seen only a mile apart in Copenhagen, but are as far apart in spirit as the extremes of the universe. Page 663.

The Sten Sture Monument by Milles. This Norsk group only slightly reveals the talent of this foremost of the Scandinavian sculptors. The group is not only massive and solid as a sculptural unit but highly architectonic and altogether magnificent in its feeling of the North legends. Pages 663, 667.

Victory, November, 1917 by Minerbi. The whole memorial is filled with the same flame-like swirl that this detail reveals. It is as dynamic as the Milles is static. Page 667.

Detail from Brotherhood of Man by George Gray Barnard. This fragment reveals but five of the twenty or more figures in this great composition for the Pennsylvania State Capitol. The various elevations of life symbolized by man and woman are expressive of the theme of the fortunate aiding the unfortunate. It is in its largest sense a perfect symbol of the State. As sculpture, it was recognized by France with a gold medal and is considered by many authorities the most original and perfect concept of the age. Page 669.

Marble by Nadelman, refinements of sculpture to the last word, the elements of sculpture to the first principles, the exotic sophistications of the new century to their final eloquence. Page 670.

Danse Egyptienne by Carl Milles, the other phase of this talented Swede's art. Dynamic motion but never beyond sculptural restraint. Page 670.

Equestrian Indian by Ivan Mestrovic. Strong and monumental with the flame of youth in its veins, this magnificent symbol of America stands against the myriad blinking windows of modern Chicago. It is one of the pair placed at the entrance to Chicago's Grant Park, a perfect achievement in a great esthetic scheme. Page 673.

INFLUENCE OF MODERN DESIGN IN THE HOME

XIX

WHEN the fine arts have reached their climaxes they have been closely associated with the general activities and the daily life of their time. Art at its best is never unrelated. The trouble with most nineteenth century production was that each work of art was created for its own sake irrespective of any place it might fill or any service it could perform. In the Greek, Gothic and Renaissance ages, such was never the case. The setting for each work of art was well considered before the work was begun and again that is becoming the habit in the twentieth century. The influence upon things in general is conspicuous and important. The frame and background of every presentation is now demanding attention.

One of the most important expressions of today has to do with the fine arts only in theory, but it is soon discovered that the successful arrangement of the home beautiful depends upon fine art principles as completely as painting and sculpture do. Home beautification is not merely a matter of interior decoration, which too often leads to interior desecration. The understanding of composition, unity, variety, relative values, related proportions and emotional expression are as necessary to make a room truly beautiful as to compose a poem or write a sonata. Tremendous changes have come about since the World War in these things and as soon as America finds that spending money lavishly and extravagantly does not assure beauty, the seeking of these art principles will bring about for the people the most correct and beautiful daily surroundings mankind has ever had.

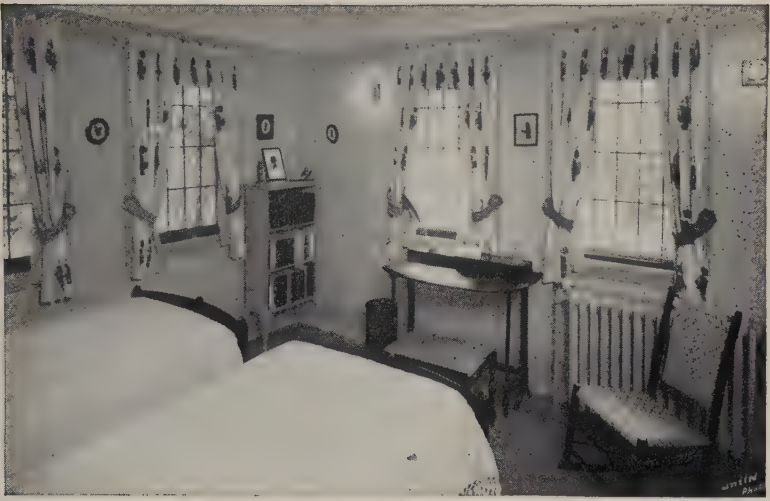
A few decades ago, with the development of machine printing upon fabric and of the mechanical loom, elaborate designs and patterns in rugs, furniture upholstery, draperies, and wall coverings became the craze. This period is called Victorian, and the taste displayed, or perhaps the lack of it, was largely to the credit of the great English queen. Now there comes such a reaction against this that another extreme, that of having no patterns upon any surface, may swing the pendulum too far in the opposite direction. At least there is relief from the clutter of unrelated patterns which are far more disturbing than pleasing. It has not been so long since carpets boldly displayed large red roses upon a green background; since wallpaper shouted its existence from a dizzy pattern of aggressive cartouches arranged in perpendicular, diagonal, and horizontal sequence. In those days we also coyly hung a fish or tennis net around the walls of a bedroom and stuck within its meshes cabinet photographs of all the known and unknown relatives. Furniture was overstuffed with deep buttoned tufts, and a straight line hardly existed in chair, table, sideboard or picture frame. Whatnots were everywhere; filigree wooden grilles were over the stairs and doorways; lace curtains hung to the floor or were looped up in billows; an onyx table upon wobbly metal legs stood in the parlor bay window to display an imitation marble reproduction of a coy young girl with cherries hung between her teeth. Picture frames were enormous and leaned out from the wall at the top, and were always hung too high. Furniture hardly knew good design, and color schemes with restraint were unheard of. What a change has taken place, and what rest and beauty the departures have brought!

Today we have learned that simplicity and restraint are the keynotes of beauty. We know now that anything extravagant or overdone is waste and that waste can never be beautiful. Most home decorators today are willing to acknowledge that even the recently accepted dependence upon period design is not altogether desirable. Early American or Colonial chairs, Queen Anne highboys, William and Mary beds, Jacobean dining room suites and Louis XIV couches, no matter how fine they may really be in grace or utility, beauty or service, do not belong to the new age. Through the clever manufacture of period furniture, the result of the electric lathe, the American home maker acquired a taste for good design and began realizing the difference between correct and clumsy furniture; but our homes became little short of museums. In the new clutter, beautiful as the things were, they were unrelated to our time.

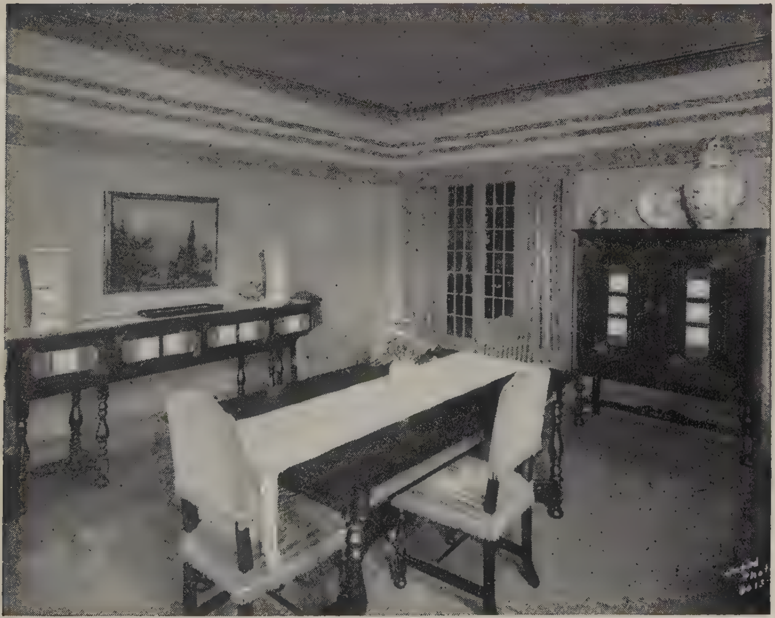
The house itself has made a tremendous advance. Never have small homes been more correct in their architecture than they are now. Never have inexpensive homes been so really lovely as in America today. The design has changed from the architectural monstrosity of forty years ago to correct and beautifully architectured gems which we find in the garden suburbs of every great American city.

The American Institute of Architects has developed a nation-wide small house service bureau which places within the reach of every prospective home builder of modest means plans and specifications, professional counsel and artistic stimulation at a very low sum. America has a brilliant array of periodicals which are devoted to the presentation of solutions for the problem of beautifying the home. A number of the ablest writers in America, such as Mr. Maurice I. Flagg, who did much to democratize art as the director of the first State Art Commission in the United States in Minnesota, now write almost exclusively on the beautiful small home.

The most outstanding demonstration of art in the home for those of modest means is the industrial village of Kohler, Wisconsin. It is patterned somewhat upon Port Sunlight, England, but in many ways excels the English village. All the people of the village are employed in a great industrial plant, and all are encouraged to own their own homes. The concern helps to make this possible and hundreds of delightful small houses ranged around a beautiful and practical scheme of landscape gardening make it the most excellently planned village in America. It is a coöperative proposition probably leading the Utopian towns of California, Pennsylvania and Florida. Every house is not only thought out as an excellent artistic unit but the laborer and his family who are to own it are given practical help by an expert group of artists under the guidance of Miss Evangeline Kohler, who scouted the world over to find the most perfect and usable materials at the lowest possible costs to make these simple homes lovely. The present gov-



A Bedroom



A Dining Room

—Above designs by John A. Van Bergen, Architect; furniture by George Niedecken

ernor of Wisconsin is president of the industrial concern which has developed this ideal village.

One of the chief inspirations to the new regard for beauty in architecture comes as a result of scientifically managed and mechanically produced materials which builders did not even know a few years ago, such as metal lath, fireproof shingle, composition and terra cotta stone, which are beautiful to see, perfect in service, and all utterly fireproof. These have led to a more serious regard for the beauty of the result. Yes, even the home of the laborer today may be easily made a fireproof structure. It is rather fortunate that the mid-Victorian house of a generation ago was not fireproof, otherwise we might have had it with us forever.

This does not mean to indicate that only the fireproof house is desirable, for wooden houses are still among the most beautiful made, and the hardness of the new materials is difficult to treat with charm, warmth, and intimacy. There are many principles regarding the whole function of the house that have taken on a new light within the past few years. It used to be most desirable to have high ceilings, huge kitchens, enormous pantries, great dining rooms opening into conservatories, and bedrooms so large that it took two looks to see across them. Even in small houses, ceilings were high but the rooms were cut up. A hallway in the center out of which the stairs went to the next floor, a parlor on one side only in use for special occasions, a sitting room on the other side, then a dining room with the kitchen many steps back of that, was the average American home ground floor plan.

Today the ideal home is one with low ceilings, one huge room, no dining room at all, or merely a dining alcove off the kitchen, a tiny bit of a kitchen with everything compactly built in and steps reduced to a minimum, small bedrooms scientifically ventilated but requiring very little furniture or care, the gradual elimination of closets with their total lack of ventilation and their stuffy darkness now replaced by built-in cupboards, cabinets, wardrobes, highboys, et cetera. Colossal, ornate fireplaces, sideboards, window casements, and doors have given way to compact, small, beautiful objects, delicately proportioned window casements often metal, and doors and doorways that are no larger than their physical service requires.

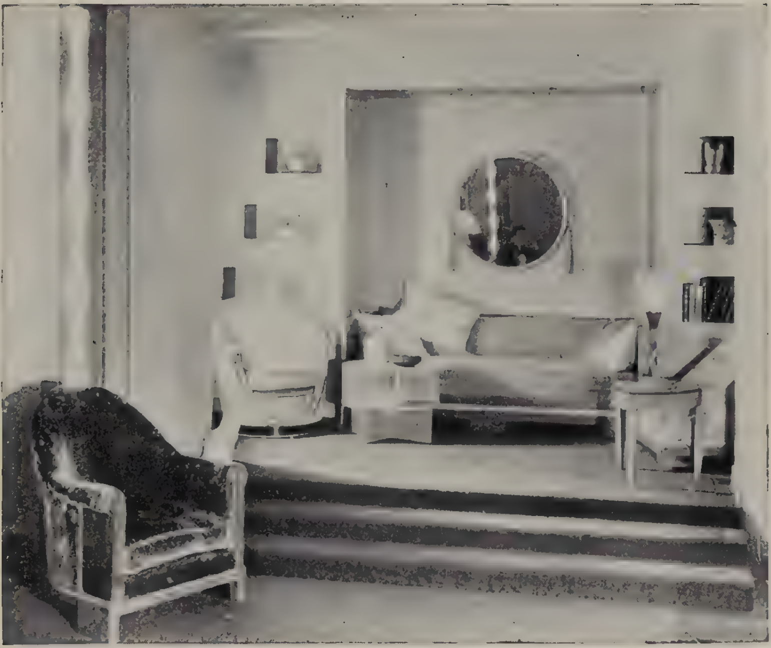
Furniture is no longer set across the corners and rugs askew; restraint in color schemes is evident; and all architectural lines are kept simple and dignified. Furniture is being built upon the principles of strength with delicacy, and the mechanics of electrically driven power have placed the most beautiful cabinet making within the reach of all. If ornamental patterns are to be used within any correct room, they are employed within the fabrics and upon the surfaces of those things which most consistently demand attention. With the coming of electricity the central chandelier has begun to vanish, and just as nature never deliberately centers anything in its growth, so a correctly arranged room is no longer pivoted around a central chandelier or a table placed deliberately in the middle. Today a home beautifier begins to regard the furniture and accessories of a room as the materials for symphonic arrangement, organized composition. We have at last gained courage and are eliminating many an heirloom kept for sentiment's sake only. We even have the courage to set out of the way some object that may still have the possibilities of real service within it which in itself might not be atrocious to look at, but which may in no way aid the ensemble of a room.

Take the charming bedroom which we here reproduce. Note the simple buttons of light like luminous jewels upon the wall. They do not imitate candles or resemble oil lamps; they are within themselves definite expressions of electricity. The wall has been treated in a soft, neutral tone so that the small silhouettes and prints hung thereon count for something. Windows are not cluttered with a lot of glass curtaining, lace furbelows or extravagant heavy draperies. A simply patterned silk material, lined, brings the only element of applied design to the whole room and establishes the color scheme. The canopy and the foreposts of the bed have disappeared. In their place two simple beds more like couches, without foolish accessory or extravagant proportion, fulfill every need and give much charm. A small open bookcase, an excellent small writing table, and a comfortable sidechair complete the furnishings of the room. The radiator has been placed under the window where it should be to assure the quickest heat and best circulation of air. No one would be overwhelmed by the amount of work necessary to keep up such a room as this.

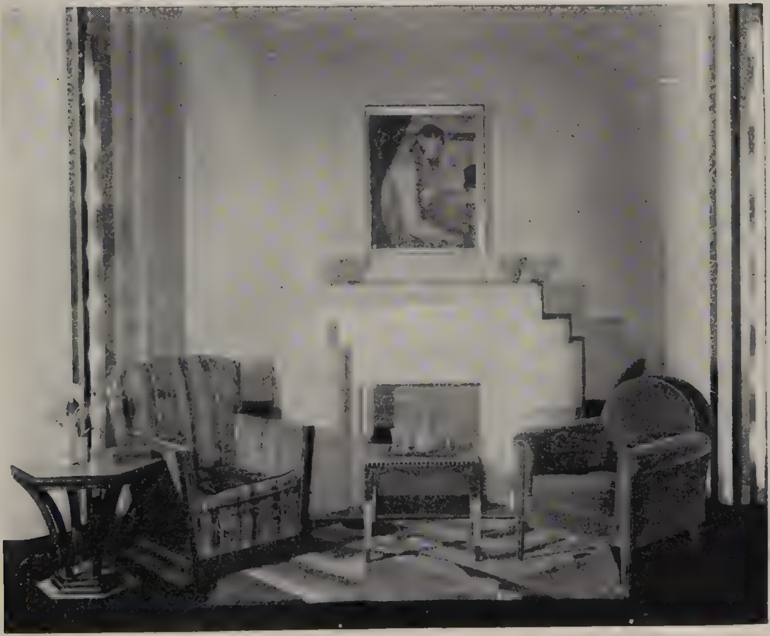
In the same house in central Illinois we also find our dining room with buffet, highboy, table and chairs all especially built to fit this room. Blue and white Dutch tiles, and some very beautiful blue and white porcelains were the keynote to the room. The tiles were incorporated in the furniture and it was built the correct height for the particular pieces of porcelain. The old oval and round dining room tables and the enormous extension table have given way to a narrow refectory table where those seated across from each other are close enough to enjoy chummy conversation. The grand crystal centerpiece with its funereal bouquet of flowers has vanished, and candles, a low, simple arrangement of flowers, plus much conversation have taken its place.

In this room, the American broadloom rug was woven in the blue of the porcelain, while the upholstery of the chairs carries out the same note. The walls and ceiling are painted a warm fawn gray. The woodwork is silver pine rubbed down with gray, and waxed; whenever cleaning is necessary, a quick rubbing of wax is all that is required. The painted walls are coated with starch, which is sponged off with cold water once a year, taking all the collected soot and dirt with it. When thoroughly washed, the walls are recoated with the invisible protector, good for another year. In most correct rooms of today the floor is dark and the walls neutral, the easiest way to attain elegance and rest. Possibly this dining room is too formal; even the landscape painting over the buffet by a contemporary American, and which happens to be in almost precisely the same tone of walnut, fawn gray and blue which constitute the scheme for the room, in no wise takes away from the quiet and rest. To be sure when the table is set with ecru linen doilies, deep blue glass, blue and white china, and candles at either end of the table, the spirit of festivity comes into the room.

It has been the fashion for some years now to have all



A Modern Sitting Room



A Modern Fireplace

—*Two illustrations by Mandel Brothers*

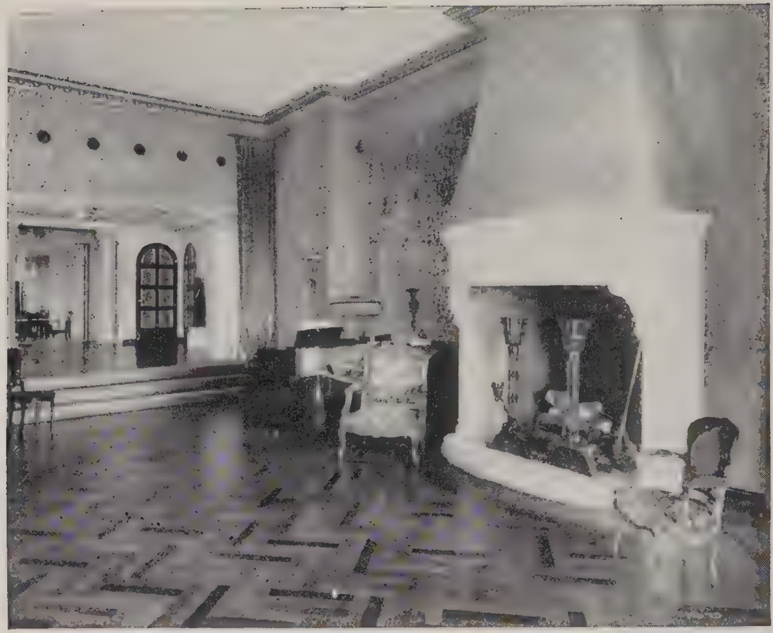
furniture only of dark woods, but now rooms are being developed in very high-keyed color schemes and allowed to gradually darken with age. Mahogany is the least fashionable of the furniture woods, as this course goes to press, and largely because of its dominant color. Of course, some of the new mahogany finishes are more brown than red, but the moment red is introduced into furniture it entails forbearance in the utilization of other colors, especially the opposing color, green. In this matter of color schemes, modern taste finds it most necessary to eliminate a few colors from each room. A real mood or charm is never attained in a room if all of the major colors are in evidence.

In this subject of home decoration a tremendous impulse toward new schemes and inventions was given by the Decorative Arts Exposition in Paris in 1925. Here was a great display of the crafts and industries of man which contained not one reference to the traditions of the past. A feeling of youth, intelligent progressive enthusiastic youth, rising into a new supremacy, coming with a power and strength not known for generations, was evident. No material substance was displayed for its own sake, but for the service that it could render through its strength and texture, its form and color. Exterior and interior architecture, painting as a decorative craft, sculpture as architectural ornamentation came into new meaning. Design was no longer applied but incorporated, and in the five years since this Exposition, its example and teachings have influenced every industrial effort throughout the world. We find at the end of five years of this influence that some revered traditions in furniture are no longer law and that Louis XIV and Victorian, Jacobean and Italian Renaissance are a drug upon the market, Spanish and Georgian alone remain influential.

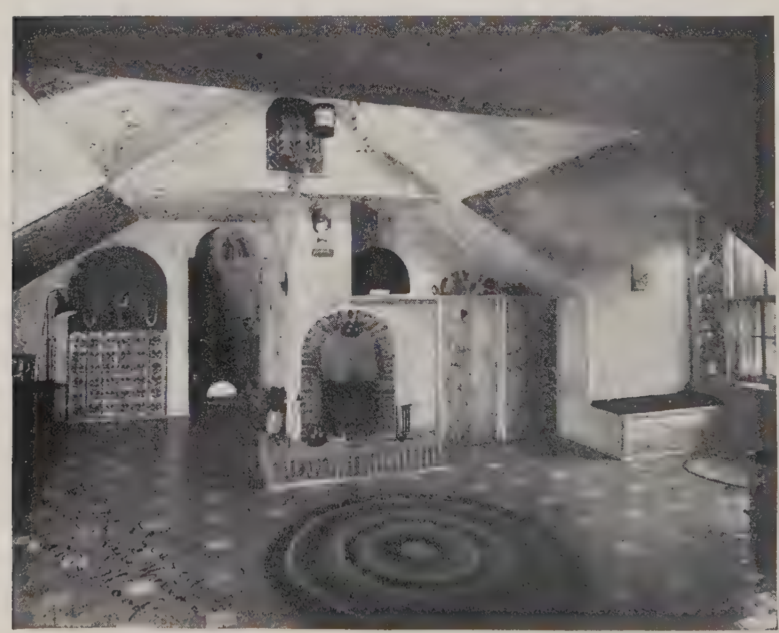
Since 1927, every progressive furniture and department store in America has introduced a modern furniture section and a great revival of interest reaching the importance of an epoch-making fashion has developed a new American slogan, "When Do We Re-Furnish?" Notice our pictures of the modern living room and the modern fireplace. Behold the beautiful ensemble, the dignity almost approaching austerity but with such apparent luxury and comfort in every piece of furniture and in the related arrangements. These things do have a formulated appearance; there is not the living touch, the intimate "home-iness" which will eventually come. It is simply the new home expressed as a new root upon which the foliage of culture and the blossoms of love will eventually bloom.

Two very divergent but equally successful achievements in the application of these principles are discernible in our illustrations of the drawing room and home theater and the barnloft converted into a studio. The former is a pent-house apartment on the roof of a Chicago skyscraper apartment. To be sure, the ceilings are loftier than in most city apartments. But it is interesting to note with what frankness the walls are left plain, the parquet floors are left uncovered, and the rooms of the apartment are placed on different levels. The great fireplace, a real one, is the center of the drawing room or music room; at times love-seats, small tables, and other comfortable and useful pieces of furniture are grouped in front of this fireplace. But the room is the social center of the family which believes in having their dinner guests do something besides dine. Between the drawing room and the dining room there is an elevated platform from which doors lead into other rooms. Heavy portieres draw across the open sides of this elevation and a set of lights quite equal to the best modern theater arrangements have been placed in the ceiling over the platform and across the wall facing the drawing room. The adjoining small rooms serve as dressing rooms, and by manipulation of the lights and portieres the platform becomes a stage, and the guests become actors. Plays are read, pantomimes are enacted, and concerts are sung. It is a most effective way to produce ideal recreation in a home.

Those who are not particularly interested in the drama as a form of amateur play do well to convert one of the rooms of the house into a studio and this is being done by many Americans, even those who live in apartments. Sometimes a dining room is sacrificed for the sake of a studio workroom. Breakfast may be had in the alcove off the kitchen, and the formal dinner spread upon the refectory table in the great living room. This is another reason for



Drawing Room and Home Theatre.—Grace and Howard Willett, Designers

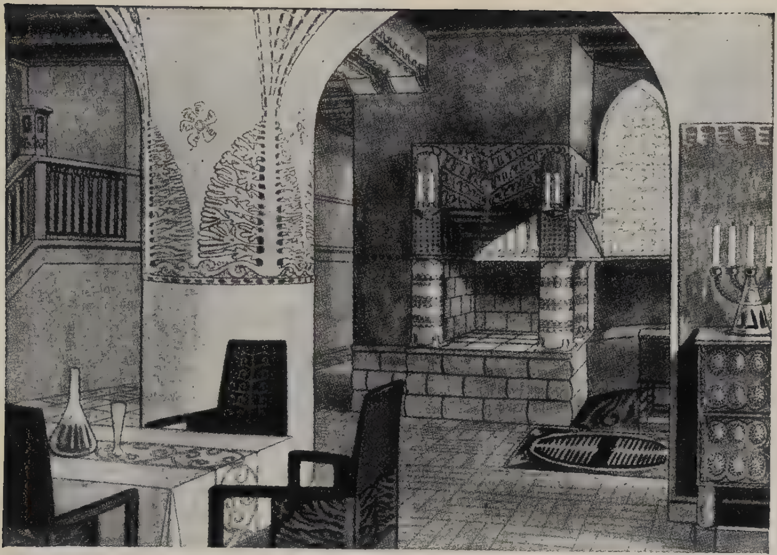


Barn Loft Converted into Studio.—Grant Wood having a large room as the center of the home. But oh, the studio-workshop equipped with materials for painting, whittling, modeling, weaving, dyeing, and designing! Such activities need no longer be only for the children; adults have more time than they ever dreamed of having, and no one is beyond participation in the arts. In our great cities, real studio apartments are being built, not only for artists and musicians, but for the laity.

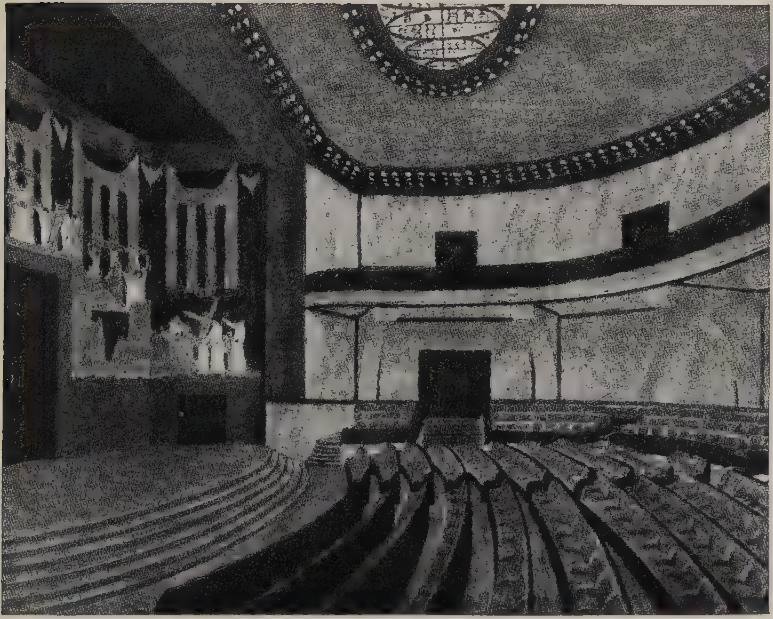
The "Barnloft Converted into a Studio" is in an Iowa town. An excellently built, spacious barn designed for carriages, horses and hay went out of use except for the parking of two automobiles, a few years ago. The loft was deserted. A young artist came along, saw the possibilities, and with metal lath, modern gypsum, some pine wood, paints and a handsaw, converted the whole thing into the delightful, spacious studio we behold. There is a kitchenette, plenty of closets, a small bedroom, and a splendid fireplace in the center of the room. The fine old plank floor has been painted in checks, giving the feeling of inlaid woods or tile, and the light comes through high dormers. Access to the loft is obtained by a rustic stairway which leads from the alley up the outside of the building. A novel treatment of the doorway employs an adjustable dial which informs the would-be visitor whether the occupant of the studio is at home, will return at a certain time, is asleep, cooking dinner, entertaining company, painting, or taking a bath. The furniture of the studio is entirely handmade. There are couches, tables and comfortable chairs, not shown in the illustration, in addition to the built-in benches which are really chests. These two are extremes of this possibility, one being done with unlimited means but with taste and purpose, the other without means but with unlimited taste and purpose.

Europeans today are more adventurous in their attack of the problems of interior decoration than Americans. The home of the late Franz von Stuck, in Munich, is one of the outstanding examples of the completely designed and symphonically organized house. Every wall, lighting fixture, floor treatment and piece of furniture used within Villa Stuck was designed for its express place. Many an apartment and château in Paris and its environs is so treated today. We reproduce here a dining room and kitchen in a house in Helsingfors designed by the greatest architect and the foremost decorator of present day Finland. The house is made of brick and stucco, and practically the entire main floor is given over to the one room, divided, to be sure, by an arched wall, and centered by a huge column. The floor is made of a dull red paving brick. The few rugs used are homespun wool. The stairway leading to the next floor has a handcarved balustrade. The plaster of the interior, a soft rose-cream, has a design of mosaic made of pieces of glass, shells and pebbles, set in while the plaster was still wet. The furniture is black, while all the metal fixtures and ornaments are pewter. The tablecloth has been embroiddered with coarse wools to repeat the design of the wall mosaics. Three or four tapestries hang from iron rods along the walls. Over the great range which has gas plates as well as a bake-oven and a charcoal broiler, there is a very decorative and massive ventilating hood that takes off all the smoke and odor. While this is an extreme example, it may well be taken as an indication of what may be done in our western homes in combining kitchen and dining room for greater comfort of space and saving of labor.

The new adjustment of taste to the fitness of service, the economical and beautiful utilization of the new materials and the organization of all to satisfy the demands of the new life are taken into every activity. Shops, store windows, restaurants, business offices, banking rooms and theaters are under the new spell. In the Paris Exposition of 1925 the main conference hall was an example of beautiful spacing, restrained decoration, perfect illumination and magnificent acoustics. The Eastman Theater at Rochester, New York, and Goodman Theater of Chicago, thousands of commercial playhouses, moving picture and vaudeville theaters all over the land are preëminently lovelier than theaters or concert halls ever used to be. The Theater Guild Theater of New York was the most perfect playhouse in America when it was dedicated in 1922 and still remains the most delightful theater on the continent.



Dining Room and Kitchen.—Liludgren and Saarinen, Helsingfors



A Conference Hall.—Haubold and Magne, Architects

In the matter of theater design on both sides of the footlights, Germany now takes the lead. The greatest stage genius and impresario of the age is Max Reinhardt of Germany. The finest writer and designer for the theater today is Gordon Craig of England, who is the son of the late renowned actress, Ellen Terry. Max Reinhardt has designed and built theaters, revised stage mechanism and invented a very thrilling revolving stage which allows for continuous action without a moment of waiting to change scenery. Fortuny of Paris, the son of the great nineteenth century Spanish painter, created what is known as a dome, to encircle the back and top of the stage, becoming a sound board of an unadorned curved surface upon which lights may be played to give all the luminosity of a real sky. Reinhardt utilizes the Fortuny dome in most of his theaters but he puts in front of it the most astounding creations in the way of stage settings the world has ever seen. His most pronounced success was the staging of *The Miracle,* a modern conception of the medieval morality play which ran for a solid year in Berlin and has been reproduced in many cities throughout the world. For this, Reinhardt takes his playhouse, rips out all the dressing of the proscenium arch and converts the whole thing, stage and audience chamber, into a Gothic cathedral. The cost is tremendous; nothing is spared.

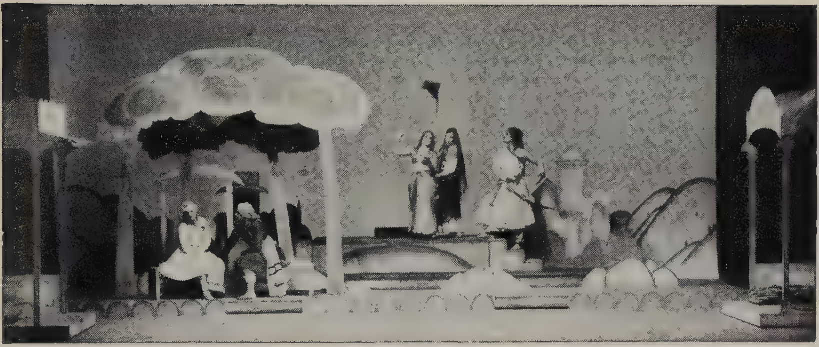
Two American stage designers, Norman Bel-Geddes and Robert Edmond Jones, are extremely prolific inventors and astounding masters of their craft. The theater today has a higher place as a matter of setting and embellishment than it has ever had. It is now a very great fine art. Even in the American vaudeville theater the settings and illumination, costuming and stage management are beyond anything imagined a few years ago. No survey of the American theater as a channel for the fine art of color and light could possibly leave out the name of David Belasco, the greatest Realist of all American producers. He carried the semblance of reality to such ends that art almost vanished. His method is no longer employed. One of his disciples, Stuart Walker, was the inventor of a Portmanteau Theater, an ingenious contraption producing stage, hangings, footlights, proscenium arch, flies, dressing rooms, and backdrops upon and around the packing boxes in which all of the paraphernalia were transported from town to town. In less than an hour, a gymnasium or lecture hall was converted into an adequate theater through the ingenuity of this portmanteau equipment. Gordon Craig, Mitchell Oenslager, T. C. Pillartz, Adolph Atpia, and others refuse to employ anything that resembles naturalistic scenery. They depend entirely upon lighting and spacing and build up all of their scenery and accessories in cubical forms. Here they have most perfectly demonstrated the effectiveness of Cubism.

No group has seemed to do so much to correlate all the arts of the theater as the Russians, not only the wonderful group who have lived in Paris since some years before the War, but the Russians at home, especially at the Moscow Art Theater and the Musical Studio, belonging to the same institution. The Moscow Art Theater has undoubtedly done the greatest things ever seen in the theater along the lines of Realism in presentation. The latest department of the Moscow enterprise is the Musical Studio which has captivated America with two productions, one an expressionistic presentation of *Carmen* called *Carmen and the Soldier,* the other Isaac Rabinowitch's cubistical and expressionistic presentation of the old Greek tragedy *Lysistrata.* In the latter, the stage was empty and totally bare with a great deep blue cyclorama encircling the entire space. Against this background were grouped in different arrangements as the play proceeded fragmentary suggestions of parts of Greek temples, chiefly columns and lintels. A flight of steps with platforms at various elevations completed the equipment. These paraphernalia were moved backward or forward, composed and recomposed into completely different arrangements. Lights did not change, only slight variations in color and costume brought new effects. The pantomime and positions of the actors, their speech and the ring of their voices, the amazing grouping and massing of the large company produced one of the most stirring dramas and eloquent expressions of the stage that the American theater has ever seen.

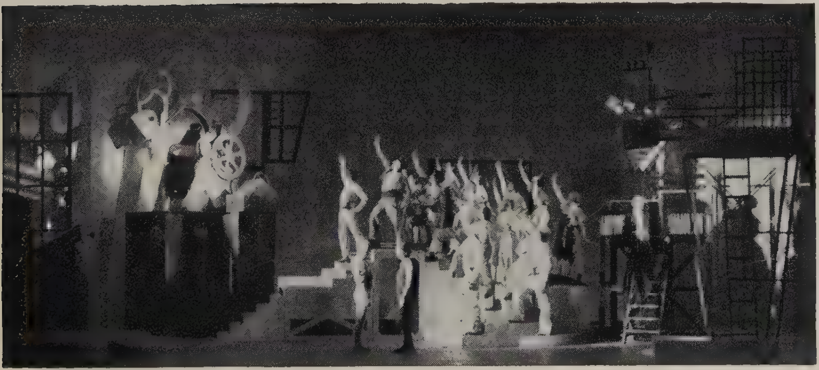
For the Ballet Russe and the opera, the painters Boris Anisfeld, Nicholas Roerich, Gontcharova, Doboujinski and others have brought riches into the playhouse. Two young Americans, Lee Simonson and Raymond Jonson, have done wonderful things. Now in America two outstanding organizations are doing much with the new art in the theater. The New York Theater Guild does ten or a dozen new performances every year. They have carried stage setting and lighting to a perfect art, have applied their principles of Expressionism even to the stage direction, building all declamation and action into a rhythmic whole, controlling the tempo of each passage just as a conductor controls his orchestra. The absurd claptrap and the ridiculous Victorian paraphernalia used in stage sets forty years ago have utterly vanished. The Theater Guild is doing much to make practical, profitable, and actually commercial the procedure of the fine arts within the playhouse.

The only theater college of acting and school for stage presentation recognized as a unit of an institution dedicated to the furtherance of the fine arts in the Goodman Theatre at the Art Institute of Chicago. Under its able director, the accomplished painter, poet and actor, Thomas Wood Stevens, this theater, although but three years old, has established a lofty precedent in the matter of new productions. Nothing finer has been seen in America from the standpoint of pure, pictorial loveliness than the Goodman Theatre presentation of the eighth century Hindu play, *The Little Clay Cart,* a setting fraught with imagination, the spirit of play that is within a little child, and a poetic sense that is most unusual and delightful in this age of plain facts. At quite the other extreme was the Goodman's production of the modernistic German tirade against machinery, entitled *Gas.* Here Cubism was given full sway and symbolism through lines, spaces, wheels and masses gave the full purport of the onrush of modern machinery.

Much of the best tendency in the present-day theater had its origin in a production early in the century of a play based on the spirit of the Chinese theater. It was produced by Benrimo, a fine actor and great artist. The play was called *The Yellow Jacket* and marks the great



THE LITTLE CLAY CART.—GOODMAN THEATER PRODUCTION



GAS.—GOODMAN THEATER PRODUCTION

turning point in the American theater. Then such plays as the sensational *Beggar on Horseback* and Cloyd Head's *Arabesques* did more to bring imagination back into the theater and to convert it once more into a playhouse.

The new interest in the correlation of the arts within the theater is bringing a consistent splendor even to grand opera, which has always been an unrelated presentation of glorious song, poor acting and ridiculous scenery. We have already described at some length in our discussion of Russian painters this perfect correlation of all the arts in the Boris Anisfeld production of the fantastic opera, *The Love of Three Oranges,* by Prokofiev. Here the arts of the theater revealed through an inter-relationship reached loftier heights than ever before and only in the Moscow Art Theater Musical Studio production of *Lysistrata* has it been equaled.

The new power of illumination is only slightly understood from the aesthetic standpoint. Even the mechanics of lighting are still badly bungled. Lighting fixtures will either vanish entirely or become thoroughly expressive of electricity. The saving of the delicate nerve of the human eye by graded, protected, or entirely concealed light bulbs must eventually come about. Designers for all these things and many more are greatly needed.

About the only thing that mankind has built within the past fifty years that is wholly a credit to his ingenuity, mastery and artistic sense is the motor car, for its purpose is expressed perfectly through its design and in the management of proportion, mass, and color there is nothing more beautiful in the whole world of present-day production. The attainment of the 1930 limousine is an actual achievement of fine art. Airplanes will eventually express the same complete mastery of beauty, and ere long we will build furniture, design fabrics, space walls, and organize room arrangements with a complete artistry. The arts of the nation will soon extend to every activity and every production.

The fine arts of all nations except England have come largely from the peasantry, the sincere, normal, natural life of the race. They have, however, been nurtured by aristocracy. Palace and church have been made the treasuries of the world's art. And it is because of the essential aristocracy of the church that she has been able to serve in this manner. So our pilgrimages today take us to church and palace. Even the art of music was dominated by royal pleasure. The troubadour or composer, who came from the peasantry, soon found that he must submit to the decrees of throne and court. Architecture, indeed, was enjoyed by the poorer classes but only to a limited degree. Beauty, as exemplified in gracious facades and sculpture in kings' gardens, was viewed from without stately gates. Perhaps a Holy Day or a royal birthday might permit closer study, but these were rare occasions.

But art has had little to do with the recreation of the people. Napoleon helped to break this down when he opened the doors of the Paris palaces, threw the keys into the Seine, and told the people to come and enjoy it all at their leisure. Albert, the consort of Victoria, also did some things for the democratizing of art. He organized expositions and invited England to come and make merry, to enjoy the products of the land and the expressions of culture. Up to the very end of the nineteenth century no two persons had had so much influence in spreading art before the populace. In the Paris Exposition of 1889, art took the foremost place and in 1893, at the foot of Lake Michigan, the world became conscious of the art possessions that belonged to all. Since 1893 art has rapidly taken a place as a recreational factor. Even before the war, America had learned to spend millions a year for music for the masses. Great galleries of art became the possession of the people; the homes of laborers became filled with mechanical copies of the treasures of the world.

At the conclusion of the war, man learned that he was master of material things and that through the wonder of mechanical manufacture he could have just about what he wanted in material possession. He also found himself with a great deal of time on his hands, and as each year passes, he finds himself with more time. The material needs for daily life which were only producible by the bent back and the sweat of the brow are now forthcoming without the touch of the hand of man, and the time that the race has used in acquiring necessities may now be used in recreation. Thirty million attend the moving picture theaters each day; another thirty million play bridge; millions upon millions are constantly on the highways riding about on four rubber tires, most of them going nowhere. Within the immediate environs of the city of Chicago there are eighty-eight golf courses. New York has forty-six first class theaters, seven more than even great London can boast; mammoth hotels rise almost overnight; in the cities and at the resorts, Florida and California entertain millions of visitors during the winter when men and women of the temperate zone used to be too busy to go anywhere even for a day.

More than eight hundred ocean passenger ships, some of which carry a good sized city in population, are constantly plying the seas. Think of the thousands of people who are on the high seas as we read these lines, and in a few years there will be thousands flying through the air every moment of the twenty-four hours of every day. Activities outside of bread-winning are now the vocations of life. Education for recreation is as important now as education for economical independence, and without one we can scarcely have the other. Man has the best chance today to make or waste his life that he has ever had; it is no longer a matter of position or caste; it is purely a matter of individual enterprise. Constructive, wholesome recreation is becoming the secret of life's success and the true attainment of happiness is not in one's ability to buy pleasure but in one's ability to free the talent within, to find the true enjoyment of life through the expression of its beauty.

Today, all this is not for the few but for the many—in fact, for all. Those who work a prescribed number of hours each day under the dictation of organized labor are a great new leisure class. Millions of Americans have a few hours out of the twenty-four for self-construction or self-destruction. We do not stand still. These hours of leisure lead directly to the contemplation of the arts, to their understanding and enjoyment, and in the theater, the opera, the art exhibitions, at the concert, and even in the cinema theater we find art, art, art as the chief effort and the principal return for our investment. Art is now for all and the new art is coming from the masses and not the classes. It behooves us all to attain an enjoyment of these arts that we may not be the asses.

In the moving pictures, especially those which deal with the fashions of society, there is a great opportunity for education in taste, and most of the producers of Hollywood recognize this and employ the greatest designers to do sets for their plays. Interior decoration of the latest work is revealed with as much perfection and understanding as women's fashions, and it is beyond doubt that the moving picture film now sets the fashion for the world. Hollywood has become the fashion mart of the generation. No books have been written, no buildings have been designed, no interiors have been furnished which cover the subject as fully and correctly as do the films. Their influence upon the American home is already tremendously marked. The dweller of the humble cottage may now experiment with materials, quite within his reach, toward artistic ends which kings and princes knew naught of an age or two ago.

America's hardest problem to master is simplification. When so much can apparently be bought for so little, the tendency is to clutter and crowd, to spoil completely by overdoing. Selection and restraint must be the keynotes to success in home beautification. Art now enters the ramifications of life and the human being cannot live or work or play without it. Our American cities, crass and ugly, are giving way to schemes of beauty, pointing to the complete elimination of all ugliness, carelessness and waste. Our institutions of education are basing their programs more upon the doctrines of beauty. Children are being taught everywhere to play constructively, profitably, through their own inventive, creative talents, and adults seeking through new forms of education which adults had never had time for heretofore, are learning that they cannot live by bread alone. No wonder we have greater buildings, more beautiful homes, finer theaters and more glorious performances than have ever been known.

REPRESENTATIVE ILLUSTRATIONS BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

A *BEDROOM* and *A Dining-Room* by John Van Bergen, architect, and George Niedecken, furniture designer. These charming rooms in a central Illinois home convey the whole idea of charm and elegance through simplification. Each room is considered a perfect ensemble and all irrelevant or inappropriate things are frankly eliminated. Page 679.

A Modern Sitting Room and *A Modern Fireplace* by Mandel Brothers. The modern skyscraper is the glorification of building blocks; the theme of building blocks is carried into most phases of modern decoration. Change in floor elevation in a single room through the use of steps; cubical furniture, built-in rectangular niches, and squared-off designs in carpets and upholstery are in this modern spirit. Page 683.

Drawing-Room and Home Theater by Grace and Howard Willett. The elegance of simplicity and nothing to interfere with the instantaneous conversion of this into a concert room or a theater. The platform separating the drawing-room from the dining-room is equipped as a modern theater stage. Page 686.

Barnloft Converted into Studio by Grant Wood. This charming workshop playroom living room, used a dozen different ways each month, is nothing more than the hay loft of an old barn in central Iowa, converted through modern building board and plaster into a place of inestimable charm. Page 686.

Dining-Room and Kitchen by Liludgren and Saarinen. The new elaborations upon simple, structural elements. The stove is no less a part of the decorative scheme than the table cloth and all else is built for its respective place. The color scheme is gold, black, orange and cream. Page 689.

A Conference Hall. This was designed by Haubold and

Magne for the Paris exposition, and is in every possible tone of burnt orange and copper. The lighting is largely invisible and while it is a most exotic scheme of architecture and decoration it is magnificently serviceable as utility and comfort have been the prime considerations. It is declared to be an ideally perfect conference hall. Page 689.

The Little Clay Cart and *Gas* are two scenes from the modern theater. These selections from original productions done by the Repertory Company of the Art Institute of Chicago at the Goodman Theatre of the Institute are expressive of the trend of the fine art of staging as endorsed by Reinhardt of Germany, Craig of England, and the foremost producers of Moscow and New York. While the Goodman Theatre productions are not as pretentious or as professional as those of the Theatre Guild of New York, they are more indigenously the outgrowth of the life of the community and this is a phase of the theater that will be all important shortly in America. *The Little Clay Cart* is an eighth century Hindu fairy tale and the production is in the spirit of Hindu paintings and Persian miniatures. It is a thing of rare imagination and exquisite poetry. *Gas* deals with the destruction of the human soul through the onslaught of mechanical science. It is also a symbol and highly imaginative, although told in the terms of brutal realistic prose. Page 693.

THE NEW INTERNATIONALISM

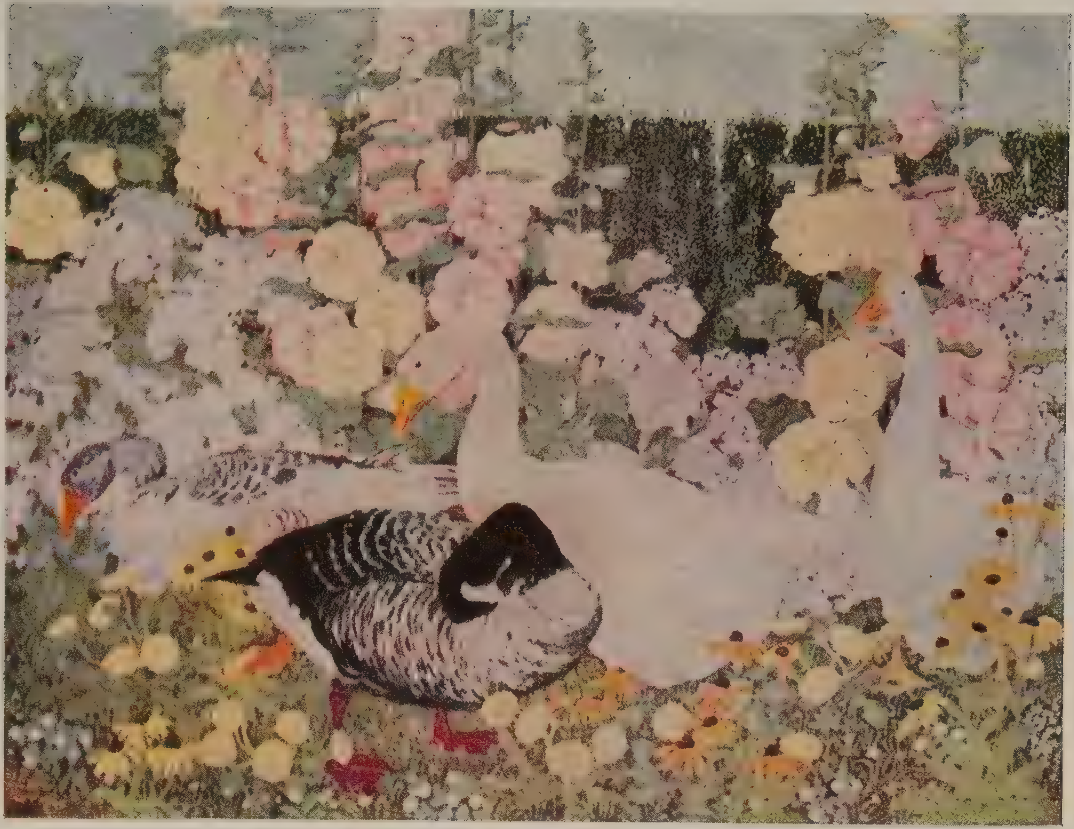
XX

In the New York Academy Exhibition in 1927 we were aware that painting was becoming de-nationalized, and in the Carnegie Institute International Exhibition of 1928 it was literally impossible to determine from which nation each of the groups of paintings came, except for the announcing placard upon each wall. There was little about the paintings from France that made them distinctively French, almost nothing in the paintings from Germany that made them German. The Italian, Spanish and English paintings were so much alike that one had to look through the catalog a second time to be sure they came from their respective homes and not all from Paris.

Our American artists have been largely educated in Europe. The important ones have all been educated abroad, except George Bellows,* whose entire schooling was had in America. But this did not assure his viewpoint to be American nor his expression to belong to the western hemisphere, for his masters had been well trained in Europe, and he saw all the important European exhibitions held in America. Bellows, however, prided himself on being an American and painting as an American should. He deliberately endeavored to avoid stylizations of any sort that would mark him as under the influence of one or another European school. In this he did succeed admirably and he had unlimited genius together with the courage of his convictions. He was a giant of a fellow physically and mentally and had more intuitive understanding of the important steps in the craft of painting than any American so far. The only tragedy in Bellows' whole equipment and life was in his death in 1925 at the age of forty-two. The memorial exhibition of his works held in the Metropolitan Museum convinced the critics that here was America's greatest lithographer and possibly her foremost painter.

---

*See page 709.



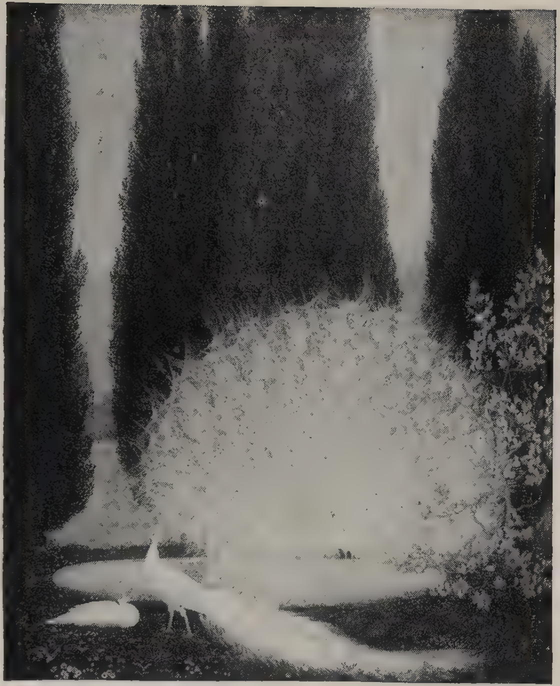
GEESE.—BOTKE
Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

During the war, Bellows' chief effort was put into the producton of lithographs, many of war subjects. His *Death of Edith Cavell* alone would have made him famous. He worked with power approaching brute force, as we see in his painting of *The Fisherman's Family.* All of his painting had such strength of value that it reproduces in the black and white with the actual character of lithography. The composition is forceful in idea and inventive in arrangement; the painting is lucid and direct. It is surely not Italian, or German, French, or English in its feeling. It, however, would hang quite nicely in an exhibition of paintings by the Zubiaurre brothers or Zuloaga. There is no denying that Bellows was especially influenced by the contemporary Spanish paintings he saw in the New York exhibitions, but in his actual treatment of surfaces and in his manipulation of color and contour, he is not Spanish but undeniably American. Manet and Goya are in his background but he does not abide by the inheritance from either. *The Fisherman's Family* is really a portrait of himself and his own family. The exquisite blonde daughter that he has so beautifully painted appears in many of his pictures. This family is strong as the rocks, free as the sea, and all are as high above the turmoil of life as the clouds against which they stand.

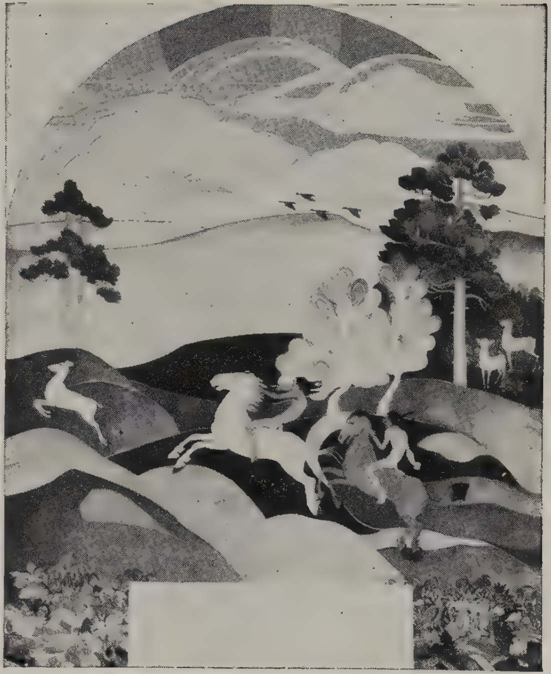
Bellows did one lithograph after another, the equal of Cruikshank or Goya in cynicism, and beyond them both in humor. What fun he has poked at the Business Men's Athletic Club, the women reducers, the evangelists and revivalists and prayer-meetings in the small church! He painted tremendous portrait compositions, many times using the early American interior that had been his home, the queer blinds, lace curtains, whatnots, the old fashioned black gowns, and the prim air of his mother and aunts, or the old men who linger living only on memories. Bellows' stroke and color were never as subtle as his confreres' in France or Germany, England or Italy. He had a remarkable sense of the relation of spaces; his edges are strong and yet moving, and his forms almost have the meaning of Expressionism. One of his most noted canvases is a huge one of Firpo knocking Dempsey over the ropes at a famous prize fight. It is told with the accuracy of a snapshot but with the decorative sense of a master designer.

Possibly his greatest masterpiece and the one that especially marks him as an Internationalist and an immortal teller of his age is his *Eternal Crucifixion.* It is a modern conception of the Hill of Calvary; Christ hangs there upon the cross between the crucified thieves; crowds of the worldly jostle each other to view the sight; a vicious storm sweeps the sky. The canvas is so large that many of those in the foreground seem to be life size. We suddenly find ourselves gazing upon it all with a sick feeling, as if we ourselves were a bit delirious or were seeing through bleared eyes that follow a shock, for the figure of Christ seems enlarged to enormous proportions and the living figures about Him are seemingly distorted. There is an anguish over the whole scene, a dynamic, dramatic shudder and a cry of horror. A young society girl seems suddenly aware of what is happening before her and she faints with a shriek into the arms of her silent, protecting parent. A young man of fashion is dragged handcuffed before the scene that he may see to what he also is contributing. There stand Rabbi and Priest and Ku Klux Klan condoning the performance, and in the foreground an old man embodying Wisdom holds up his hand in horror at what he beholds. Then, at the edge of the picture, stripped and naked before the world, is Judas, the betrayer, ashamed and abashed, hiding his face in misery. Possibly this is the symbol of ourselves who should be ashamed and abashed in throwing ourselves at each other's throats in ungodly hatred at the end of twenty centuries of Christian progress. The fashions of the picture are of our own time; the people are obviously of today; the significance of this representation of the eternal crucifixion of the Christ Spirit tells its message not only through the details of its story but through its expressionistic line and color. Possibly it is America's greatest masterpiece to date and it is doubtful whether it could have come from any other country.

Upon the page with Bellows' *Fisherman's Family* we reproduce *Maya, Mirror of Illusions,* a very contrasting canvas by another great American painter but one who has



The Rivals.—Botke



Primitive Indians.—Jemne

the opposite viewpoint. Bellows was all for force through Realism, Davies for delicacy and truth through Symbolism and Mysticism. Arthur B. Davies,* who passed away in the spring of 1929, attained the highest position of American Expressionism, and while he had lived in France and Italy a great deal and painted through the subtleties of symbols, the abstractions of myths and imaginings, his art never took on the spirit of any of the European schools tending to similar things. The world has recognized in the past four Americans as very great painters, Whistler, Sargent, Homer and Inness, and now it is safe to prophesy that the names of Bellows and Davies will be added to the list and may soon lead it.

In his *Mirror of Illusions* Davies does not portray a group of classic nudes or a bevy of lovely girls. Five rather ugly, curiously uncolorful women pass before our vision. They are not aware of us, nor are they much conscious of themselves. They assume various postures that are quite mechanical in their sequence but every move, every posture is reflected in a great mirror behind them. In the mirror is also reflected a mountain landscape which in turn is reflected by a glassy pool. What is it? May not these creatures collectively be the symbol of ourselves, every thought and deed reflected back to the world? Are we moving through life of our own volition? Are we not automatons moved here and there by the hand of destiny? Davies almost always had an abstract or mystical message but his color was ever exquisitely beautiful and his pictures rhythmic organizations beyond compare.

An Englishman of a very different type, but one whose pictures attain at times a comparable rhythm, is Augustus John,† thought to be the most forceful and most international of all the living English painters. His picture of *The Toilers* is a lithograph, not a painting, but it tells with conviction the message of Expressionism. It might as well be German or American as English. Gaunt figures of women and children gaze upon life with fear, submission and wonderment. None of them has been made beautiful. We look upon the picture and say, "Life *is* sometimes cruel, isn't it?" In this reproduction we find John a mighty craftsman and a painter so powerful and primitive that we can scarcely make him an Englishman. In his *Smiling Woman* there is a little touch of the vivid portraiture of the English aristocratic schools, but this woman is no aristocrat. She may be a cockney servant; she may be a good friend of John's; she may have been found in the marketplace; or she may be the intimate friend of the family. He approaches her with no austerity; he sees in her nothing to be idealized, but he finds her teeming with the gorgeousness of life and he paints her with a flair that is unpareleled in contemporary painting. Augustus John has taken the Academy of English art and added the penetrating vision and the eloquent force of Expressionism. He is nothing like the ultramodernist that is Duncan Grant. No, he is more thoroughly English but his message is one that can be understood by lovers of life and beauty of all races.

---

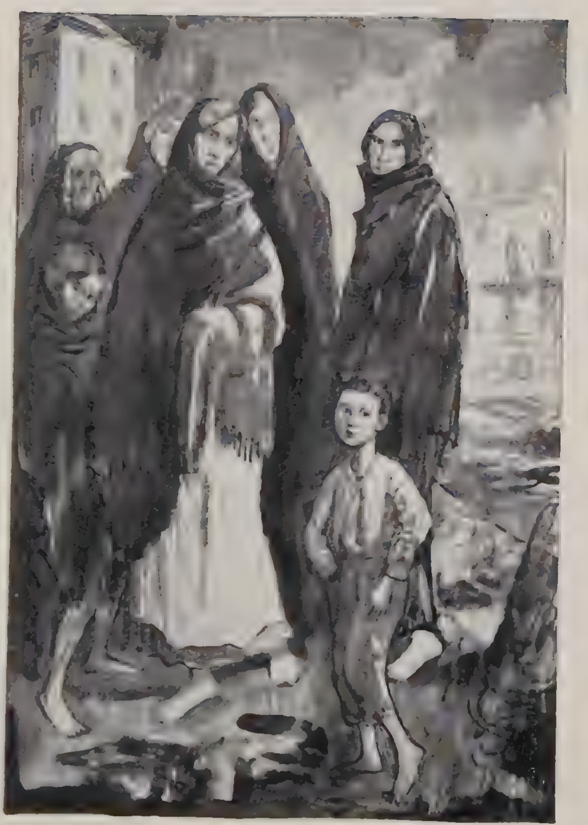
*See page 709. †See pages 706, 712.

About the most important and magnificent mural painter of the age is the Englishman Frank Brangwyn,* who has done as much to make London proud of its modern buildings as Besnard has done for Paris. Brangwyn is very essentially a decorator, gaining his point by the thoughtful arrangement of shapes. This is the first essential of all perfect mural decoration and very few mural painters have observed it. We reproduce one of the four great panels which he did for the tower of jewels at the San Francisco Panama-Pacific Exposition. They represent the elements and our reproduction expresses earth with its toil and its harvests, the gathering of the grape, and the pressing of the wine. The bounty of earth is the message here. We often see Brangwyn in the international exhibitions with easel painting. He has been extremely fond of travel subjects and his water colors deal almost entirely with life around the shores of the Mediterranean, especially in the ports of North Africa. His water colors in some ways resemble Sargent's. They have a similar illustrative quality, not the vigor of life but a greater deliberation of design, and his color is lavishly rich.

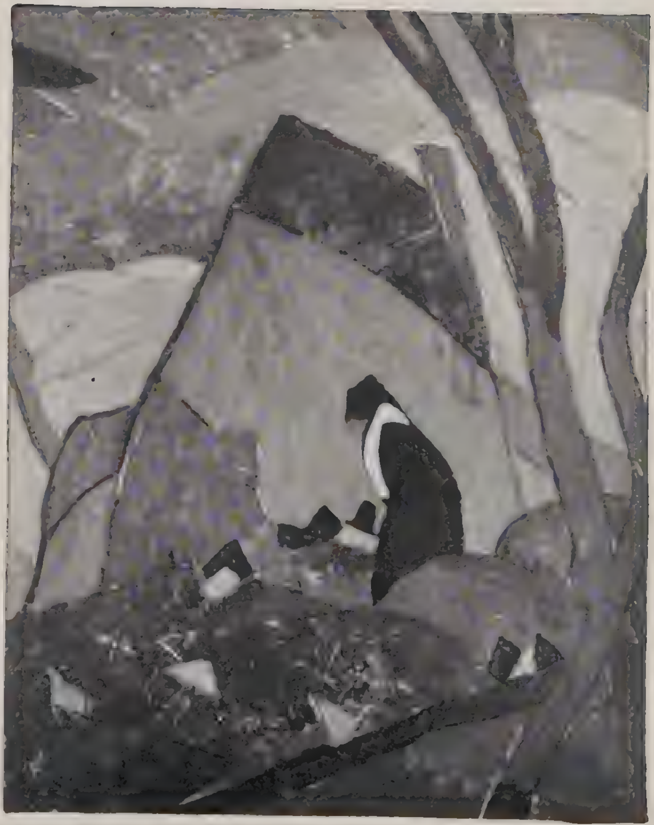
The Art Association of Des Moines, Iowa, possesses a magnificent still life by Brangwyn, done almost altogether in subtle grays, blacks and whites, but with an unaccount-

---

*See page 712.



The Toilers.—John



Setting the Hens.—Knaths

able richness of color connecting these major tones. The Art Institute of Chicago has one of fishermen standing in the shadow of a Biscayan loggia silhouetted against a sunswept canal. In the distance, dazzling white walls and a deep blue sky are in great contrast to the reddish shadows of the foreground. Brangwyn has done some of the finest travel posters that have ever come from the modern color press, and he decorated the London Stock Exchange with a grand series of wall panels. The new capitol building of Missouri has Brangwyn decorations as its chief feature. There is probably nothing else in the state of Missouri, not even at the great city museum of art in St. Louis, that is finer.

It is interesting to note that nearly every country has at the present time some very significant artists who paint in a language so broad and generally comprehensive that their work is immediately understood and enjoyed by art lovers anywhere in the world. Such a painter is Willumsen of Copenhagen, also Prince Eugene and Eugen Jansson of Sweden. Anto Carte of Belgium through his modernistic interpretations of historical religious incidents appeals immediately and forcefully to lovers of beauty who are Christians, in any part of the world. Henry O. Tanner,* a native of America, a citizen of France through many, many years of residence in Paris, may be the greatest religious painter since Rembrandt. His message of the mystic truths told as veritable principles are above creed or dogma, racial interpretation or religious prejudice. He is the grandson of a plantation slave, and his father was the famous Bishop Tanner of the colored Methodist Church of America.

Henry was born in Philadelphia, receiving his early art training there and in Chicago. Racial prejudices made him eager to seek his fortune as a painter in a land where he would be more generously understood, so he went to France, where he has become one of the idols of French art. He paints in tones of blue generally, although his renowned picture of the *Disciples at the Tomb* is largely in yellow. This is the color that symbolizes enlightenment and it is enlightenment which comes to the soul of Peter and John as they stand at the open, empty sepulcher on this first Easter morn when death was proven to be unreal. In his *Marys hastening to the sepulcher* we have a picture trembling in the blue light of early dawn but even here there is a touch of mellow yellow light upon their countenances as they behold afar the proof of the Miracle.

---

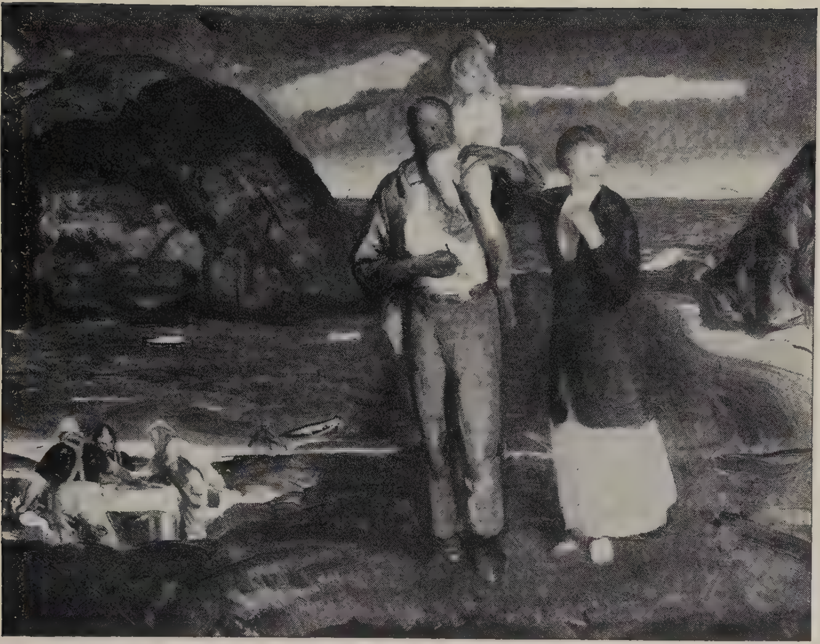
*See page 721.

His *Moonlight Hebron* is in reality the return of the prodigal son. There stand the father and mother and the brother who remained at home, bathed in the serenity of moonlight. In the dark engulfing shadows at their feet, prostrate upon the ground, is the shadowy figure of the prodigal son laid low in his shame. How much more eloquently the metaphysical significance is here revealed than by any other painter who has attempted it. Numberless other pictures by Tanner are painted with an unswerving spiritual standard, and most of them have to do with the stories of the New Testament. They are great works of art, beautiful to behold, giving primarily an Expressionistic message of color. Their literary background has never been a hindrance.

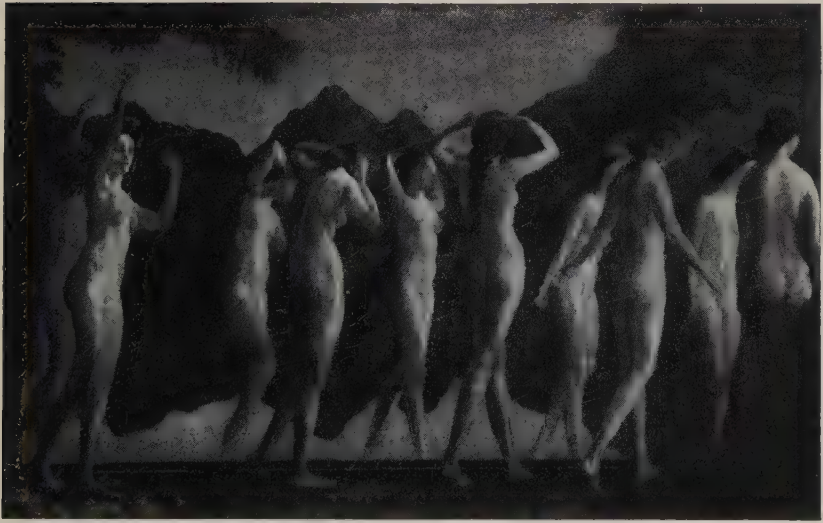
Of such a different type are the semi-Slavic, semi-Semitic, semi-American paintings of a most definite abstract, rhythmic character by William Schwartz.* He is a trained opera singer, but when he is not concertizing or singing his scales he is painting symphonic compositions. Some would call them syncopated compositions, for they are highly Modernistic. Schwartz never paints from the objects but from memory, imagination or music inspiration. In his *Talmudists* we have the interior of a synagogue with the leaders seated about and the signs of the Judaic faith displayed. The entire picture is in cubistical shapes of cream, yellow, green, dark blue and brown. There is only a suggestion of red and there is nothing more than to suggest the reality of objective perspective. Schwartz has one of the most interesting minds in present day American art. His efforts are sometimes obviously youthful but he tells his story with unflinching power and esthetic understanding. Moscow would like his work; Munich would rhapsodize over it; Paris would hail it; London and New York have circles which would accept it with open arms.

---

*See page 715.



FISHERMAN'S FAMILY.—BELLOWS



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

MAYA, MIRROR OF ILLUSIONS.—DAVIES

Of a very different technique but of a somewhat similar approach is the art of Knute Heldner* of Duluth. As his name indicates, he is of Scandinavian extraction and he paints the spirit of the Northwest with that forceful Realism of his race. It is doubtful if anyone has painted the wide open spaces, the lumberman and the miner, and the American Indian, as truthfully as this young Minnesotan. In our picture, *The Passing of the Indian,* only a suggestion of the rich glow of color may be obtained from the black and white. In the foreground upon a hill are squatted a group of Indians, their backs to us; over their heads are the barren branches of a distraught tree. Only one clump of leaves is left upon the farthest branch of the tree, its silhouette quite obviously suggesting a hanged man. The broken spirit of the American Indian and this torn and mutilated tree are in correlation. The red man is awed and stunned to silence by the glitter and glory of the white man's world that rises there before him. Factory and warehouse, church steeple and residence have appeared as if by magic, dazzling white and yellow in the brilliant sun. Beyond the city is the River of Minnesota wending its way out into the approaching shadows of the red man's winter. Who has better told the passing of the American Indian?

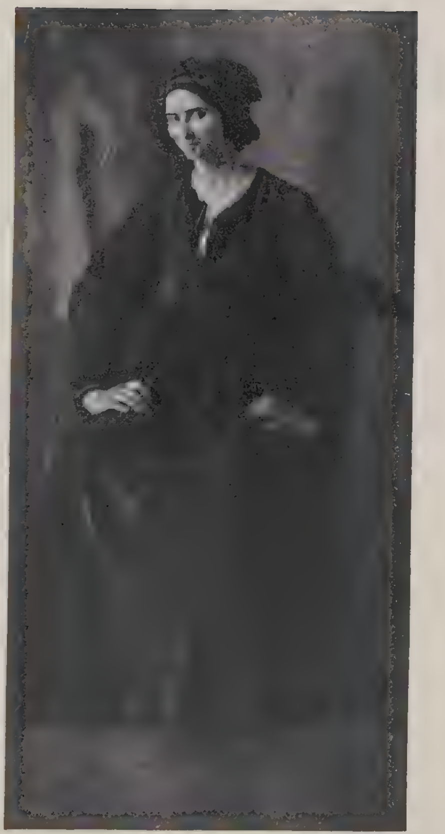
Elsa Lauerbach Jemne's† mural decoration, *Primitive Indians,* is of a very different type. This is a rhythmic but very flat decoration for the great panel over the main stairway of the granite courthouse at St. Cloud, Minnesota. Mrs. Jemne has not tried to be anatomical or photographic in her portrayal of horses or Indians but has put into a pastoral scene the dashing action of the primitive natural hunt. It is one of the finest decorative and altogether American murals. Its methods of design are almost Japanese; its color is distinctly French; its Expressionism in pattern quite German. All of this has been made second nature to this young woman and it comes forth as a free, independent expression.

How different is *The Rivals* by another American woman, Jessie Arms Botke!‡ This is a small easel picture; Mrs. Jemne's is a twelve-foot mural. The Botke picture is of white peacocks silhouetted against splendid Italian cypresses. It is purely a fantasy but the birds and their surroundings are painted with a marked Realism. There is a delicacy to Mrs. Botke's painting and an intricacy that make it almost miniaturic. She draws with so much balance of feeling that her pictures satisfy the Academician, but she has so modern a color sense and so beautiful a comprehension of the texture of paint upon canvas that the Modernists welcome her sincerity and her keen art vision. *Geese,* which we present in color, is a very admirable example of the decorative sense that has become a distinct adjunct to the development of the American school, though no more so than in Germany, Scandinavia, Holland or elsewhere. There is something akin to Carl Larsson and Kay Nielsen in Botke's paintings and again, especially in her treatment of domestic birds and flowers, a very Dutch feeling. She is a sincere, original and unswerved American painter. One of the most charming creations of Mrs. Botke's is a pageant frieze painted directly upon the wall of the Little Theater at Ida Noyes Hall, a girls' club at the University of Chicago. It is rather interesting how many of our American women have attained success as mural painters. Katherine Maxey, Edith Emerson and the renowned Violet Oakley, in addition to Mrs. Jemne and Mrs. Botke, have done American mural decorations quite the equals of any by our men painters.

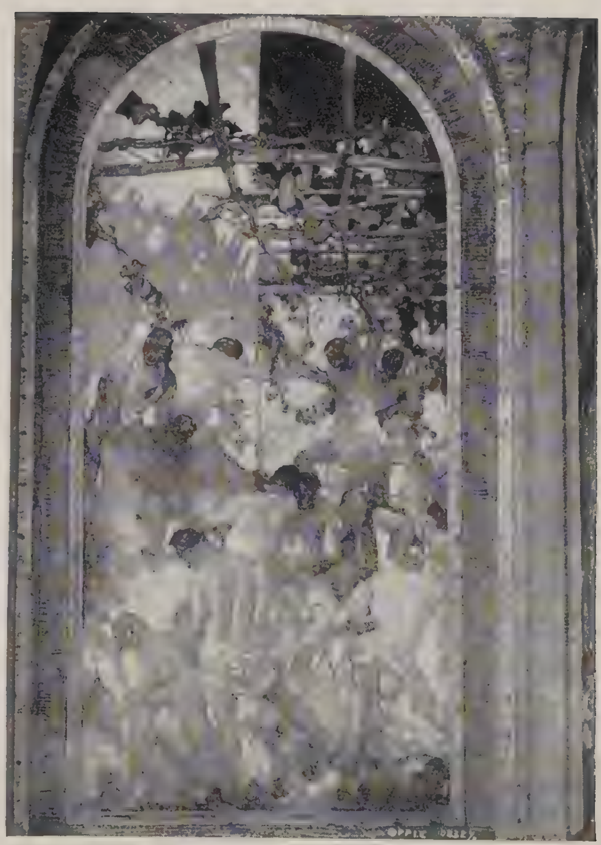
---

*See page 718. †See page 703. ‡See pages 700, 703.

Among our foremost American decorators who are employing Expressionism and all of the latest accomplishments are Edgar Miller, Alfonso Iannelli, Barry Byrne, Marguerite Zorach, Salcia Bahnc and Buk Ulreich. They have the same place in relation to other designers and decorators of their time that the exotic illustrators of our most fashionable and timelv magazines have in relation to our other illustrators. Buk Ulreich has succeeded in selling his wares to factory owners. One of his most delightful murals is a frieze that runs entirely around the entrance lobby of a ventilator factory. He has made a spirited panorama of sea and sky, the whole thing kept in the blue and green and white of the tiling that acts as wainscoting, and he has certainly caught the spirit of ventilation. Semi-classic, seminude figures wearing the most scanty and diaphanous



Smiling Woman.—John



The Elements—Gathering Grapes.—Brangwyn

drapery stand or pace along the foreground of the picture which is evidently the shore of the sea. The winds blow their draperies into merry rhythms; dolphins leap from the waves in similar rhythmic curves; Pegasus rests his wings long enough to alight with his heroic rider upon the shore; caravels under full sail ride the waves, and on the headlands windmills spin; the sky is filled with billowy, cumulus clouds against the dark blue heavens.

Every country today boasts of important painters who are expressing the international viewpoint. Amedeo Bocchi of Rome in his lovely and poetic treatment of the nude does a thing as French, German, English or American as it is Italian. The late Charles Sims of England first did such exquisite, moving Realism as his famous canvas of *The Fountain* in the Tate Gallery, thoroughly English but closely related to Gaston La Touche. Later he became an international Symbolist, painting with psychic feeling the deepest emotions of the human heart. The International Exhibition at Carnegie Institute yearly presents a great array of magnificent painters who belong to every man's country.

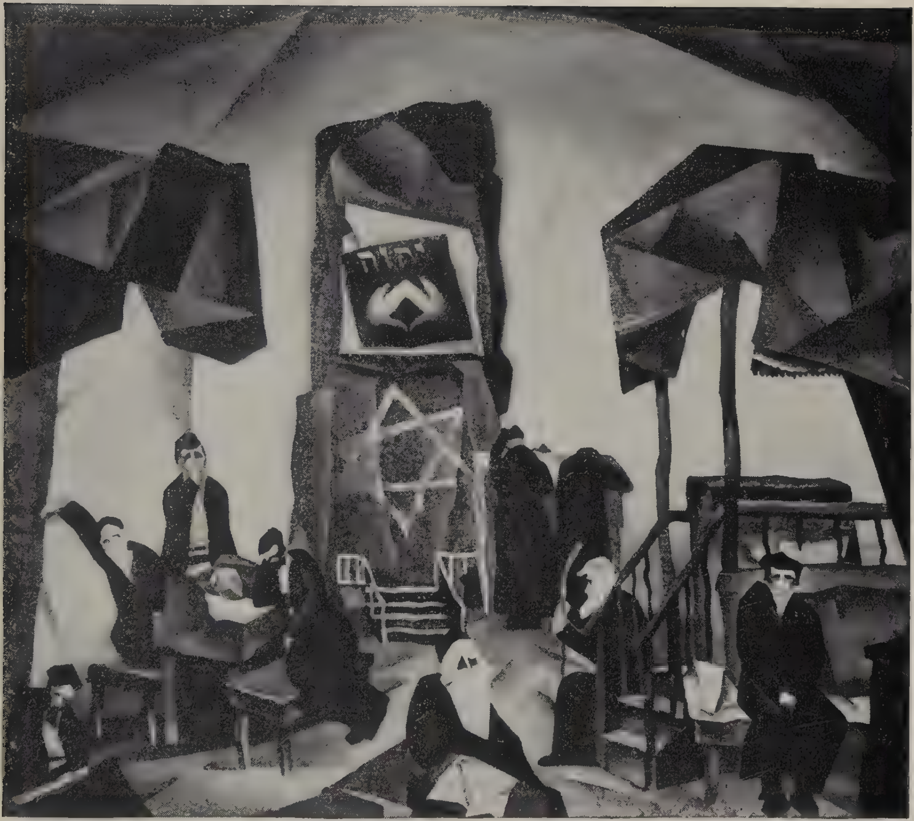
The Spaniard, Picasso, is the most versatile and universal of living artists. He transcends every national limitation. He does not paint to please Spain or to please France, where he lives, but he paints to please himself and he finds himself a citizen of a world of twentieth century internationalism. In the calmer and more conservative world such sterling portraitists as the Englishman, J. J. Shannon, and the Americans, Louis Betts and Leopold Seyffert, contribute a brilliancy of painting which any country would be glad to claim. Walt Kuhn, another American, takes his good academic training and converts it into startling simplified Expressionism, more amazing than pleasant but certainly vital in characterization. Maurice Sterne has had a Munich phase, a Parisian orgy, a Tahitian and a New Mexican flair, and calmly returns to his New York studio to paint some of the finest stylized portraits of the age. Mr. and Mrs. John C. Johannsen have become so successful in fashionable portraiture that their studios range all the way from Geneva, Switzerland, to Santa Barbara, California, with their chief seat of action their magnificent studio home in New York.

Frances Cranmer Greenman* develops the calm of children's portraiture in her Minneapolis home, sweeps out of Romanticism into international Expressionism and finds Minnesota too small to hold her. Crashing the gates of New York, she establishes herself there as one of America's foremost women Expressionists. Her portrait of *Patty* is highly characteristic of her transition. It is lifelike and yet primarily effective as an organized decoration. Much humor has Mrs. Greenman and she converts her painting into gay sport. But the gayest of the lot, the richest humorist in painting, is C. Bertram Hartman, who not only grins broadly through his pictures but guffaws with delight. Every time he strikes lines upon canvas there comes forth such delightful interpretations of the interesting and highly playful sides of life that his place is unique. He does Long Beach in riotous syncopations of gaudy colors and angular forms; the drawing of each figure of the thousands on the beach is a veritable characterization in itself. When Hartman does himself and his wife on their honeymoon, he makes himself a drum major leading a polar bear in a cake walk through the snows of the Dolomites. On the bear's back rides his charming bride dressed in mountain habit, enjoying hugely her unexpected position.

Leon Kroll and Gifford Beal paint with far more seriousness but do many a characterization of the American family. So do George Luks, Jerome Myers and others. Charles Hopkinson of Boston does splendid portraits of a very hearty type and water-colors in a spirit combining Sargent and Besnard. John E. Costigan employs everything of Impressionism, something of Post-Impressionism, and comes forth with woodland compositions including figures and domestic animals with the most luxurious amount of paint that anyone uses. John Carroll, a New Yorker, tends directly toward Abstractionism and he makes his figures symbols of life and the inner emotions, rather than pictures of real personages. Rockwell Kent has become an international figure. He has painted the bleak wilderness of Alaska and has lithographed the strange panoramas

---

*See page 723.



Talmudists.—Schwartz

of the Antarctic. Henry Lee McFee and his confrere, Andrew Dasburg have developed the tonalism of Manet, the color vibration of Renoir and the vital reality of Augustus John into a new art creation, American Expressionism in portraiture. Bryson Burroughs of the Metropolitan Museum interprets classical mythology through exquisite intellectual academic painting into themes of the moment which have a very appealing modern touch. Birger Sandzen brings his Scandinavian heritage to the middle west and there it expands and explodes in the new Kansas school of art. His influence is widespread and he is teaching the world how to see the Rocky Mountains and a fine group of young painters how to paint them. Outside of the great cities, America has a number of highly important artists' colonies: Santa Barbara, Santa Fe and Taos, the Ozarks; Saugatuck, Michigan; Woodstock, New York; Chester Springs and New Hope, Pennsylvania; Lyme, Connecticut. Gloucester and Provincetown are the more important.

Middle westerners are becoming known, among them Charles Keeler, Wellington J. Reynolds, Allen Philbrick, Albert Krehbiel, the three Albrights, Gerrit V. Sinclair and those splendid landscape painters Frank C. Peyraud, Jack Spellman, Charles Wilimovsky and Rudolph Ingerle.* These men know the academy of painting and they know the secret of picture making. Ingerle converts the trees and mountains of South Carolina into panels that are panoramically real but definitely decorative. Julius Rolshoven, living half the year in his Florentine villa, closely allies his rich, realtistic, academic painting to the finest schools of Italy, Holland and England. Wilson Irvine paints superbly the New England landscape in true Impressionism. Guy Wiggins does likewise but chiefly with the winter landscape. F. Luis Mora leaves his Spanish señoritas to devote himself to both painting and modeling of ethical and religious subjects. Hovsep Pushman, who spent his boyhood tracing the patterns and pulling threads of oriental rugs, weaves into his exquisite colorful poetic compositions the very silken threads of ancient Persia.

Today all of the schools are beheld in a great galaxy in America. Nicolai Fechin and Leon Gaspard deal smashing blows upon sweet Romanticism with their trumpet blares of Russian color. On the other hand such sure tonalists as Bruce Crane abide by the calm restraint learned from the quiet of the Barbizon landscape. Carl Wuermer dares to do the landscape in flat decoration but with the precise Realism of the Japanese printmakers. The colored race finds a champion or two in the field of painting, Archibald J. Motley, Jr., doubtless heading the list. Emily Groom and Gustav Moeller lead the painters of Wisconsin. Irma René Koen and Grace F. Evans lead the Mississippi River Valley landscapists. Walter Ufer, Victor Higgens and Irving Couse are among the foremost of the painters of the Indian country. Gustave Baumann, the leading woodblock cutter of America, chooses Santa Fe as his home. Frederic M. Grant of Chicago brings a poetic elegance which is a modern combination of Raphael and Watteau to his delightful fantasies and his beautiful paintings of still life. Frederic Clay Bartlett brings an emotion of decorative Expressionism to his splendid interpretations of the peopled landscape. On the Pacific coast, Max Wieczorek converts the charm of actresses to pastel portraits, while on the Atlantic coast, Karl Otto Knaths* becomes the foremost monotypist with a highly modernistic tendency. This form of painting is done upon smooth plates with oil paint, then the paint is entirely printed from the plate on a moist sheet of handmade paper under the pressure of a heavy press. His pictures bear definitely upon nature but are cubistical in their structural organization.

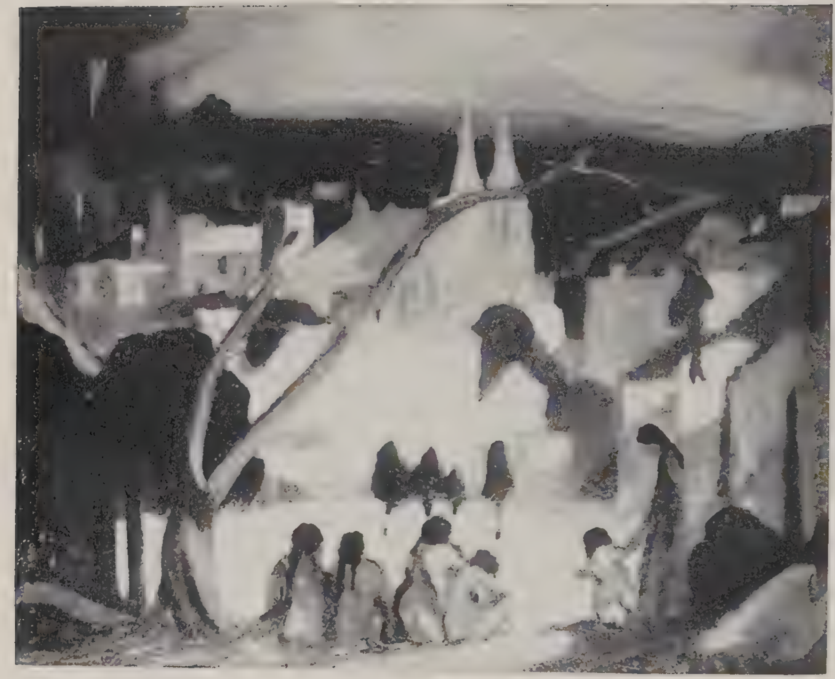
---

*See page 726.

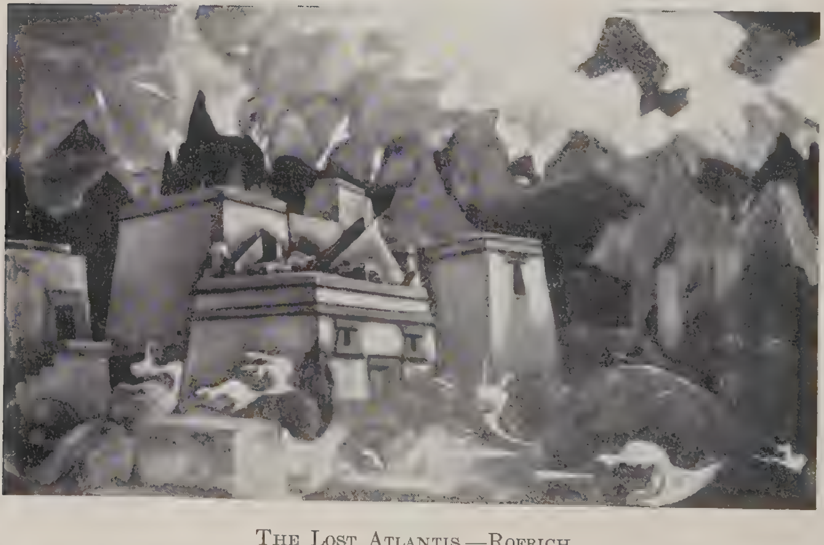
Karl Albert Buehr and Henry Hubbell, developing their art in the foothills of the Adirondacks, have left their mark upon New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Florida. Hubbell is the first distinguished American painter to choose Florida as his permanent home, where his art as a portraitist is patronized by the cream of the world's society. He is a straight Academician with the best traditions of Paris and Munich in his background. Buehr sways from landscape painting of a very real but ethereal and poetic kind to idealized figure studies. As we have previously mentioned, Buehr is one of the Giverny group along with Frieseke, Miller and Ritman. His most popular subject,

---

*See page 706.



Passing of the Indian.—Heldner



The Lost Atlantis.—Roerich

and one which is carried to a complete perfection, has to do with Titian-haired girls posed against backgrounds of growing hollyhocks or flower-adorned arbors. Buehr brings a Rhenish background, a French training, and a Renaissance sincerity to his work, the result of which is very precious beauty.

Not one painter in this whole brilliant array paints precisely as he does just because he is an American; not one chooses the particular subjects which comprise his art because he is an American. The influences of all European schools and even some from the Orient are teeming through the paintings of the leading artists of the western world. An annual exhibition of American painting held in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, Kansas City or San Francisco could be transported to a Paris or Berlin gallery, there to receive the plaudits of the European connoisseurs. None would fail to understand it all. It demonstrates above every utterance so far that the arts are the universal language. Just as America today is the mecca of the world's foremost music, so is American painting the livest working ground of the art of all schools.

The American Federation of Arts has been a great factor in the establishment of this international voice of beauty, and the foremost exhibition of American art ever to be shown on the European continent was the display of 1927 in Paris, collected and sponsored by the Federation through the valiant service and vision of its long-time secretary, Miss Leila Mechlin. It is hardly fair today to make a survey of American painting without recognizing some of the important personages whose efforts have helped to popularize and bring support to the arts. Such critics and writers as Charles Caffin, Christian Brinton, Henry Turner Bailey, Edward Howard Griggs, Louis Anspacher, Joseph Pijoan and Bolton Brown should be acknowledged, for they have been as vital to the development of American painting as the artists themselves. These men and their confreres have been the go-betweens, bridging the gulf between artists and the public. They have been very important through their encouragement of the artists and their development of patrons from the people.

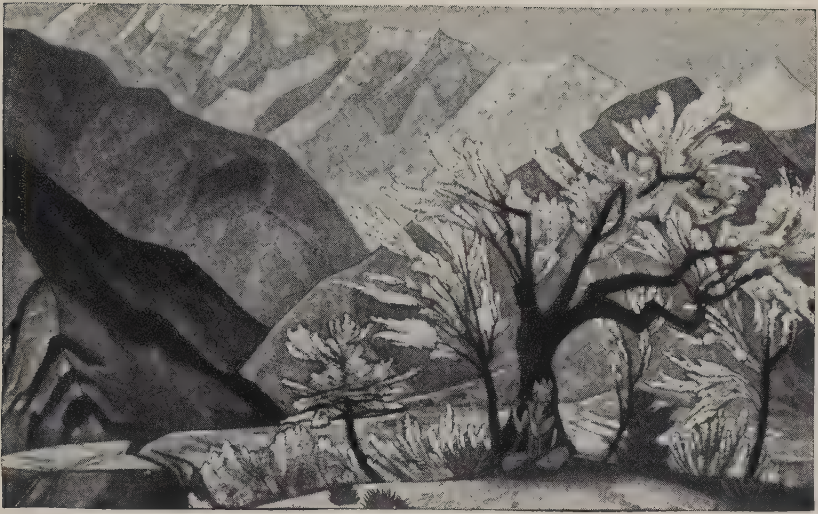
Most European countries boast of a single art director. Almost every American city has one and these art directors have been in many ways the great pioneers of culture in the western world. Halsey Ives of St. Louis, William M. R. French and Robert B. Harshe of Chicago, George Stevens of Toledo, Clyde Burroughs of Detroit, Robert Whiting of Cleveland, Cornelia B. Sage Quinton of Buffalo, also of San Francisco, William A. Bryan of Los Angeles, Albert Herdle of Rochester, N. W. Fairbanks of Boston, Robinson, Kent and Breck of New York and the inimitable Fox of Brooklyn have conquered the wilderness and set up immortal temples of beauty. The names are legion who deserve laurels for the furtherance of art in America. Nothing short of the six hundred pages of the American Art Annual could mention them all. Chapters could be written about the societies, movements, institutions which have done their magnificent share.

One of the newest institutions, a concept entirely of European inception, thrills the new world with its widespread propaganda and its sane logic for the furtherance of understanding between the nations through the loving work and art production of the people. This is known as the Master Institute which is located in New York, and it is the seat of action for the great Russian master, Prof. Nicholas Roerich,* who is now a citizen of the United States. The chief possessions of the institute are a magnificent twenty-four story art building and the collection of Roerich's paintings. The chief activity of the institute is a remarkable international school of art in this building.

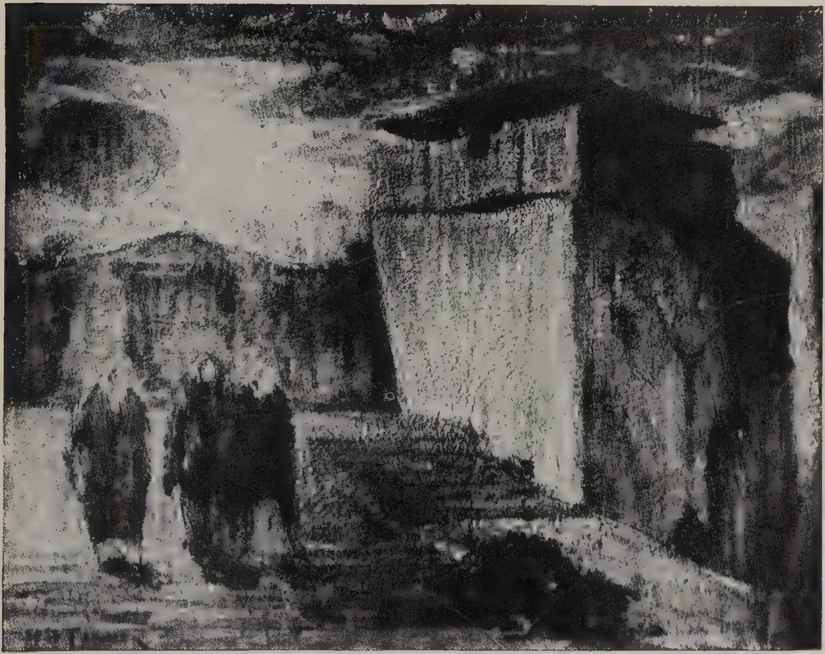
Professor Roerich's great slogan being "Art, the bridge of the nations," every effort of the institute goes to prove this fact. By the arts, the turbulent waters and the dangerous shoals barring amenities between races will be bridged, according to his teachings. In his own life and work there is an undeniable demonstration of this possibility. He organizes a pilgrimage to the heart of mystic India; he goes to the top of Tibet; he lives with the Yogis of Lhasa; he reads the heart of China; and then he writes about it all in a six-year diary called "Altai Himalaya," which is one of the epics of the age. But here we may be

---

*See pages 718, 721, 723.



Krishna.—Roerich



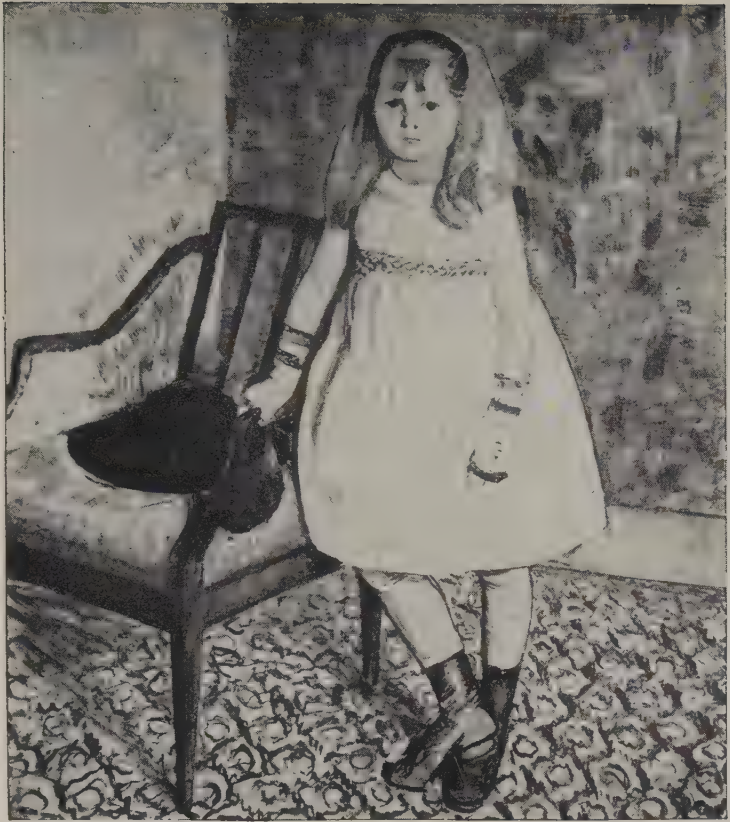
Moonlight, Hebron.—Tanner

most concerned, not with the philosophy or teachings of this master, but with his painting.

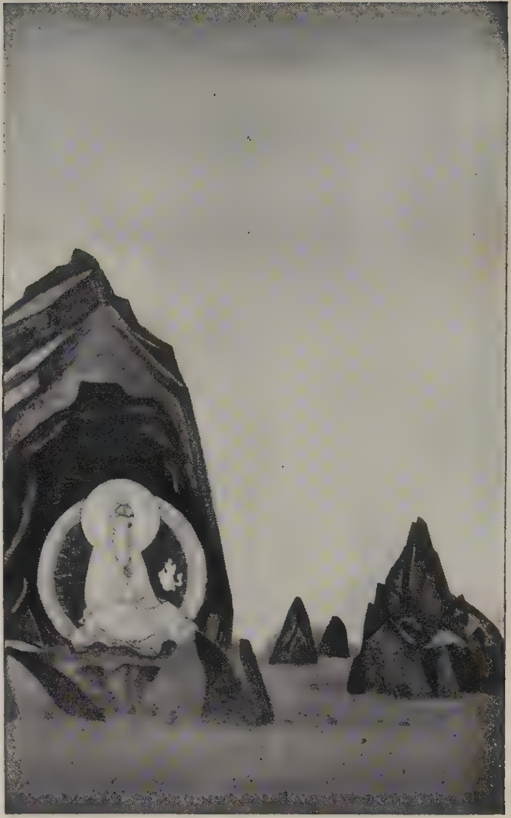
We venture to reproduce three of his most recent works. He paints entirely in tempera-opaque water color upon canvas. Roerich believes that the limited technique and wasted time in oil painting are very detrimental to the development of painting. Tempera waits for no drying; it imposes no tricks upon the craftsman. It is painted directly and may be treated with a freedom but with the precision of a child painting with showcard colors. If well understood, the master declares tempera is chemically far superior to oil. He creates design based almost completely upon world vision, but never does he produce a souvenir of a spot or a snapshot of life. Each picture seems a great symbol, though inspired by some definite experience and in most cases a straight illustration for a diary page in the life of this learned one.

All three of our illustrations are from the recent Asiatic pilgrimage. *Krishna* is doubtless the Himalayas; the *Lost Atlantis* probably Lhasa or some other strange corner of Tibet; *Agni Yoga* perhaps the Pacific Islands off Korea. And yet not for a moment are we inclined to limit them to these particular scenes; neither do we think of them as being academic or objective portrayals. *Krishna* is certainly peace, the eternal spring, earthly blessings, et cetera; *Agni Yoga,* spiritual force, the ethereal rising above the material, the power of thought transcending the limits of the horizon; the *Lost Atlantis* is the stress and storm of life, the destruction of graven images, the throwing down of the golden calf, the anguish of life, the engulfment of man-made worlds, the vanishing of the cities of the past.

Roerich's mastery in presenting these things does not come with Expressionism, Impressionism or Realism. It borrows freely from all schools but bows to none. For deliberate rhythmic design, for complete structure of life unity, could anything be more superbly organized than *Krishna?* The very state of *Agni Yoga,* which is the great second plane of Buddhistic philosophy rising above the sensations and joys of material existence to the first calm of spiritual understanding, is serenely expressed in the calm



Patty.—Greenman



Agni Yoga.—Roerich

world of this picture which, however, was once the seething cauldron of volcanic action. In this one do we feel particularly the meeting of the East and the West in design, tone and color. It is a complete recognition of the masterful beauty of the Japanese print and yet, in the deliberate composition of objective Realism, there is much that fulfills the demands of occidental painting. In this we certainly see East and West meeting on a common understanding before the beauty of eloquent art which knows no class, creed nor race. The *Lost Atlantis* is dynamic in dramatic organization to the full revelation of anguish equal to anything Expressionism has done.

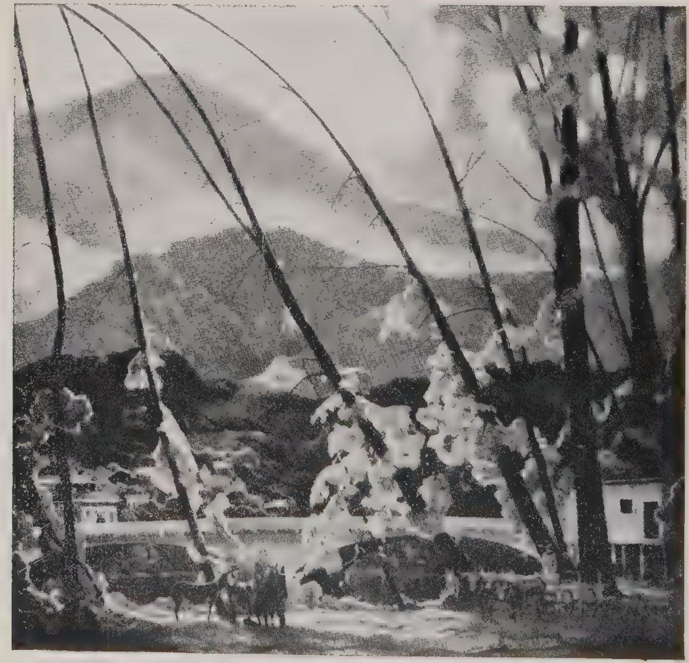
Roerich manipulates his forms, organizes the objects of his pictures with effortless mastery. The utmost ease is expressed in all his drawing, in all his richness of composition. He thinks not only pictorially but ethically, but his philosophy is never ahead of his esthetics. Now more than a thousand canvases by this very remarkable master hang in the Master Institute in New York. It has become one of the show places of America and possibly the most significant contribution to the flowering of art in the West. As Christian Brinton says, "Roerich and the Master Institute are a very lovely thought in a very naughty world." The foundation of the school under Roerich is still too young to be entirely estimated, but it is sending constructive thought and new masteries into the pulsing life of almost every nation through the students who become not only apostles but messengers. The most interesting verity about the movement is its utter ignoring of all propaganda other than the propaganda of beauty.

Possibly the old philosophies are going, possibly man's religious thoughts are crystallizing into new forms. Can it be that in the complete manipulation of the material substances of life into terms that have only to do with the satisfaction of the human soul, man is to attain the millennium? Certainly in a world fraught with jealousies largely inspired by material possessions, a world which is awakening to find scientific mastery placing the abundance of material things within the reach of all, the new comprehension may cause hatreds and envies to vanish from the earth, inspire men to sing praises on high, to send up prayers of gratitude for the beauty of this earth, to be unrestrainedly grateful for the privilege of interpreting the beauty, truth and loveliness of life in the eloquence of the arts.

Science always paves the way over which esthetic development may ride in the splendor of triumph. Science has done more in the past fifty years than in all the previous twenty-five thousand to master materiality and all its limitations. Why not suppose that a great art eloquence will be forthcoming as a result? The gifts of the world may no longer be measured in material substance. Gratification in life is being understood as attainment through ethereal, emotional, spiritual experiences rather than through physical attainments. The bank balance standard and the buying power are gradually giving way to the standards of self-expression. The worth of a man is no longer alone his bank standing, but his contribution to society, the gift of himself to the world, the outlet of his thoughts and joys, that others may share his life with him. Love and art, art and peace, peace and prosperity, prosperity and racial relationships all go hand in hand.

Strange how many of the prophecies of Judaic saga have come to pass! Somehow, the last and greatest is the only one left to be fulfilled. Is art the medium through which this will be accomplished? Certainly through the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, historical traditions have been overthrown, ugly transitional periods forgotten, epochs have come and gone, romanticism has been experienced in its fullness and laid aside, individualism has rocked the traditions to their very foundations. Radical outbursts have sprung from every country, within every circle; the old schools have terminated their service; youth comes into possession of new wonderments and a world mastery heretofore undreamed is within the reach of every movement in society. Business which has to do with supplying the demands of daily life has been carried to climaxes of efficiency which are the most spectacular manifestations of the entire age. In the new vision commerce and education, economical efficiency and life satisfaction, the church and theater, the schoolroom and playground, the professional world and domestic life, seem to be coming into a new unity. Art is the expression of every age; therefore the new works in painting, architecture, sculpture, music and poetry will have a new unity, a universal appeal, and will shed their blessings immediately upon those who will see and understand, no matter where they are in the world.

America has taken the lead of the world in the support and furtherance of music and the erection of city architecture. An understanding of art in general by the masses will soon give the western world the lead in poetry, drama, sculpture and painting. For a lasting form of recreation which may be carried on throughout the span of human life, nothing transcends sculpture and painting. The enjoyment of it enriches life beyond measure; participation in it either through possession or production brings bounty beyond the worth of material things. The finished expression of the visions and forms of life through the interpretations of sculpture and painting is man's highest attainment.



MORNING, GREAT SMOKIE MOUNTAINS.—INGERLE

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

GEESE by Jessie Arms Botke. The love of the beautiful things to be seen in life told with a great regard and a devoted comprehension of their loveliness. This painter does not make us think but she does help us to see. Page 700.

The Rivals by Jessie Arms Botke. This time the realities of nature are slightly glorified into a lavish composition. Page 703.

Primitive Indians, a huge mural decoration by Elsa Lauerbach Jemne, done entirely in rhythmic lines. It symbolizes in color as well as subject matter the background of Minnesota and is almost as flat as a Japanese print or a Chinese hua. Page 703.

The Toilers by Augustus John, an Englishman converting a literary illustration into German Expressionism for the purpose of giving joy to the lithographic collectors of America. It has won a prize at the Paris Salon. Page 706.

Setting the Hens by Karl Otto Knaths. A monotype in brilliant color descriptive only of the first step in modern picture grammar which is line, tone, and color organization. Its appeal would be to anyone in the world interested in the essentials of art. Page 706.

Fisherman's Family by George Bellows, the foremost thoroughly American artist, almost untouched by the spirit of foreign schools. Yet his viewpoint was so fundamental that his art has an appeal to art lovers of the whole modern world. Page 709.

Maya, Mirror of Illusions by Arthur B. Davies. Emotional beauty revealed through visual symbolism, though appealing to thought before feeling. It is so beautiful in its color and drawing that it reaches into the soul somewhat as a great presentation of music sometimes does. Page 709.

Smiling Woman by Augustus John is forceful, absolute realism in portraiture at its best. It is neither poetic nor theatrical, literary or philosophical—it is just the art of painting in its most deliberate sense. Page 712.

The Elements by Frank Brangwyn. This symbolizes Earth and its bounty. It is glorious as a pattern, beautiful as a theme, and very perfect as a wall decoration. This is one of four done for the Panama-Pacific Exposition by this foremost English muralist. Page 712.

Talmudists by William S. Schwartz, a representative work of a painter who gained his sense of organization and composition through music. Hailing from Russia, breathed into eloquence in midwest America, this picture in some inexplicable way touches the depths of the spirit of Jewish ritualistic tradition. Page 715.

Passing of the Indian by Knute Heldner, Scandinavia's contribution to America. America gives this Scandinavian even more than he brought with him. It is the spirit of Northern painting but the sensation of the new experience that he felt in the Western World. Page 718.

The Lost Atlantis by Professor Nicholas Roerich, the cataclysm of all nature; the earth trembles, the mountains rock, the wind roars, the waves engulf. Is it the symbol of the World War? Possibly more. It may be the symbol of the chemicalization into the new forms of life that we seem to be reaching. Page 718.

Moonlight, Hebron by Henry O. Tanner. Only the stately silence of this composition may be felt. Its color is its chief message and here that is missing. The prostrate penitent form of the prodigal son is suggested in the shadow of the foreground. The father and mother and son at home stand there to receive him. Page 721.

Krishna and *Agni Yoga* by Professor Nicholas Roerich. Divine peace and supreme wisdom symbolized. Never does he reach into ethereal mysticism to get his symbols and beauty. He finds them here upon this earth. Possibly he is the great pioneer of the new art as well as the new philosophy. Pages 721, 723.

Patty by Frances Cranmer Greenman. Delightfully naïve, frankly humorous is this modernistic portrait interpretation of Mrs. Greenman's own daughter. Page 723.

Morning, Great Smokie Mountains by Rudolph Ingerle, the vigor of the American landscape converted through modernistic terms of design into a lovely decoration with a universal appeal. Page 726.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ă as in hat, vat.
ā as in ate, mate.
ā̇ as in private, obituary.
â as in bare, snare.
ȧ as in ask, task, arise
ä as in art, mark.
a̤ as in all, ball.
ĕ as in ebb, set.
ē as in eat, each.
ẽ as in per, hermit.
ē̇ as in elastic, matter.
ĭ as in fill, bill.
ī as in island, nice.
ŏ as in otter, pot.
ō as in ode, both.
ō̇ as in original, position.
ô as in for, orbit.
oi as in soil, ointment.
o͞o as in mood, ooze.
ou as in doubt, rout.
ŭ as in utter, uncle.
ū as in muse, useful.
ū̇ as in utility.
ụ as in pull, puss.
û as in urgent, fur.

To aid in the pronunciation of foreign words, we have used English sounds that approximate as nearly as possible the foreign. For instance, *oi* is used to indicate the pronunciation of the German *eu,* as in Neuhaus (noi′hous); the German *ü,* as in Münster, Fürth, is indicated by *u* or *ü.* The French *u,* as in Luxembourg is marked *ü.* In either German or French, where *ü* or *u* is marked for pronunciation, *ü,* it is pronounced as follows: Round the mouth as for the pronunciation of *o* and say *e* as in *keep.* The French nasal, as *n* in *matin, bon,* and *m* in *Champagne,* is indicated by N.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

Academia de Bellas Artes de S. Fernando (Span. pron., ä kä dǡ′mē ȧ dā bĕl′lyȧs är′tǡs dā sän fĕr nȧn′dō)
Achenbach (äk′en bȧk)
Adriatic (ā drĭ ăt′ĭk or ăd rĭ ăt′ĭk)
Aegean (ē̇ jē′ăn)
Aesculapius (ĕs kū lā′pĭ ŭs)
Agni Yoga (ăg′nē̇ yō′ḡȧ)
Agua, fresca, cinco centimo (ä′go͞o ä frĕs′kä thĭn′kō thĕn′tē mō)
Aix-la-Chapelle (ǡks or ǡs lȧ shȧ′pĕl′)
Algeria (ăl jē′rĭ ȧ)
Alhambra (ăl hăm′brȧ)
Alma-Tadema (ăl′mȧ tăd′ē mȧ)
Alsace (ȧl′zȧs′)
Altai Himalaya (ăl tī′ hĭ mä′lȧ yȧ)
Alvarez (ȧl vä′rǡth)
Amalienborg (ȧ mȧl′yen bôrg)
Aman-Jean (ȧ′mäɴ′zhăɴ′)
Amiens (ȧ′myăɴ′)
Amor Caritas (ä mōr′ kär ē′täs)
Andalusia (ăn′dȧ lo͞o′shĭ ȧ)
Andromache (ăn drŏm′ȧ kē)
Angarola (än gȧ rō′lȧ)
Anglada-Camarasa (ȧn glä′dȧ kȧ mȧ rä′sȧ)
Anisfeld (än′ĭs fĕld)
Antibes (Fr. pron., äɴ′tēb′)
Antwerp (ănt′wẽrp)
Arc de Triomphe (ȧrk dẽ trē′ôɴf′)
Archipenko (är kē pĕn′kō)
Ariadne (ăr ĭ ăd′nē)
Arles (ärl; , Fr. pron., ärl)
Arvika (är′vē kȧ)
Assisi (ȧs sē′zē̇)
Asturia (ȧs to͞o′rĭ ȧ)
Atheneum (ăth ē nē′ŭm)
Atlantis (ăt lăn′tĭs)
Avila (ä′vē̇ lȧ)

Bacchus (băk′ŭs)
Bach (bäk)
Bahnc (bänk)
Baignade (bǡn yă̋d′)
Bakst (bäkst)
Balearic (băl′ē̇ ăr′ĭk)
Balla (bäl′lä)
Ballet Russe (bȧl′ĕ′ rūs)
Baltic (ba̤l′tĭk)
Balzac (bȧl′zȧk′)
Bambito (bäm bē′tō)
Barbizon (bär′bē̇′sôɴ′)
Barnard (bȧr′nard)
Baroque (bȧ rō̇k′)
Barrias (bȧr′rē̇′ȧs′)
Bartolini (bär tō lē′nē)
Barye (bȧ′rē̇′)
Basle (bäl)
Basque (bȧsk)
Bastien-Lepage (bȧs′tyăɴ′lẽ′pȧzh′)
Bathsheba (băth shē′bȧ or băth′shē bȧ)
Battersea (băt′ẽr sē̇)
Baudry (bō̇′drē̇′)
Baugniet (bô′nyā′)
Beaux (bō)
Bedouin (bĕd′o͝o ĭn; bĕd′o͝o ēn)
Beethoven (bā′tō vĕn or bāt′hō vĕn)
Bel-Geddes (bĕl gĕd′ĕs)
Belleuse (bĕ′lûz′)
Belvedere (bĕl′vē dēr′; It. pron., bĕl′vǡ dā′rā)
Benares (bĕn ä′rĕz)
Benczur (bǡn tso͞or′)
Benlliure y Gil (bǡn le o͞o′rā ē hē̇l)
Berenson (bĕr′en son)
Bergen (bĕr′gen)
Bergeson (bǡr′gẽ son)
Bergh (bûrg)
Bernini (bĕr nē′nē̇)
Besnard (bǡs′när′)
Bierstadt (bēr′stät)
Bistolfi (bĭs tō̇l′fē)
Bjoernson (byẽrn′son)
Björck (byûrk)
Blachen (bläk′en)
Blanche (Fr. pron., bläɴsh; Swedish pron., blänsh)
Blechen (blĕk′en)
Bloch (blō̇k)
Blommér (blŏm′mer)
Blummer (blŭm′mer)
Boabdil (bō′ȧb dēl′)
Boberg (bō bǡrg′)

Boccaccio (bŏk kät'chō̇)
Bocchi (bŏ̇k'kē)
Boccioni (bō chō'nē)
Böcklin (bûk'lē̇n)
Boklund (bôk'lund)
Boldini (bōl dē'nē)
Bolinder (bō lĭn'der)
Bonheur (b 'nẽr')
Borghese (bōr gā'zā)
Bosboom (bŏs'bōm)
Botke (bôt'kẽ)
Botticelli (bŏt'tĭ chĕl'lĭ)
Bouchard (bo͞o'shär')
Boucher (bo͞o'shā̇')
Bouguereau (bo͞o'gẽ'rō')
Bourdelle (bo͞or'dĕl')
Brancusi (brän ko͞o'sē)
Brangwyn (brăng'wĭn)
Brcin (br'chēn')
Breton (brĕt'ŭn; brĭt'ŭn; Fr.
pron., brẽ'tôɴ')
Brozic (brō'zĭch)
Brülov (bru̇'lō̇f)
Bucharest (bo͞o kȧ rĕst' or
bū kȧ rĕst')
Budapest (bo͝o'dȧ pĕst;
Hungar. pron., bo͞o'dŏ pĕsht)
Buehr (bụr)
Burgoyne (bûr goin')
Burlink (bo͞or'lĭnk)
Burne-Jones (bûrn jōnz)
Buttes Chaumont
(bŭt shō'môɴ')
Byzantine (bĭz ăn'tĭn or
bĭz'ăn tĭn or bĭz'ăn tīn)

Cabanel (kȧ'bȧ'nĕl')
Caduti (kȧ do͞o'tē)
Calais (kăl'ā; Fr. pron.,
kȧ'lā')
Calle del Pintor
(kȧl'yā dĕl pĭn'tōr)
Calle Fortuny
(kȧl'yā fō̇r to͞o'nē̇)
Camille (kȧ mēl' or kȧ'mē'y')
Campanile (käm pä nē'lā)
Campriani (käm prē ä'nē)
Canova (kä nô'vä)
Cantacuzene (kăn tȧ kū zĕn';
Greek pron.,
kän tä ko͞o'z˘ ĕ)
Caractacus (kȧ răk'tȧ kŭs)
Cardoza (kär dō'thä)
Caritas (kär ē'täs)
Carmencita (kär mĕn chē'tȧ)
Carolus Duran
(kȧ'rō̇'lụs' dụ'räɴ')
Carpeaux (kär'pō')
Carrière (kȧr'yâr')

Carte (kärt)
Carte blanche (kärt bläɴsh')
Carthaginian (kär thȧ jĭn'ĭ ăn)
Casa Bartholdi (Fr. pron.,
kȧ'sä' bär'tō̇l'dē')
Casado (kȧ sä'dō)
Casorati (kä sō rä'tē)
Cassatt (kă săt')
Cavtat (kȧv'tȧt)
Cazin (kȧ'zăɴ')
Cécile (sā'sēl')
Ceracchi (chā̇ rä'kē)
Ceres (sē'rēz)
Cesena (chā̇ zā'nȧ)
Cézanne (sā'zȧn')
Chabas (shȧ'bȧs')
Chagall (shȧ gȧl')
Champs Élysées
(shäɴ' zā'lē'zā')
Chanel (shȧ'nĕl')
Charlemagne (shär'lē̇ mān; Fr.
pron., shȧr'lẽ män'y')
Chartres (shȧr'tr')
Chaucer (chô'sẽr)
Chauchard (shō'shär')
Chauve-souris (shôv so͞o'rē')
Chennevières (shā̇'nĕv'yâr')
Cherbourg (shĕr'bo͞or')
Chirico (chē̇ rē'kō)
Ciardi (chär'dē)
Cimabue (chē'mä bo͞o'ā)
Claude (Fr. pron., klōd)
Clays (klā̇)
Coiffeuse (kwȧ'fûz')
Colleoni (kō̇l'lā̇ ō'nē̇)
Cologne (kō̇ lōn')
Colosseum (kŏl'ŏ sē'ŭm)
Constable (kŭn'stȧ bl)
Copenhagen (kō'pĕn hā'gĕn)
Cophetua (kō̇ fĕt'ū̇ ȧ)
Copley (kŏp'lĭ)
Coquelin (kō̇k'lăɴ')
Corot (kō̇'rō̇')
Cottet (kō'tĕt')
Courbet (ko͞or'bĕ')
Coutens (ko͞o'tăɴ')
Couture (ko͞o'tûr')
Culebra (ko͞o lā'brä)
Cumaean (kū̇ mē'ăn)
Czechoslovakia
(chĕk'ŏ slŏ văk'ĭ ȧ)

Dahl (däl)
Dais (dā'ĭs; dās)
Dalbono (däl bō'nō)
Dalecarlia (dä'le kär'lĭ ȧ)
Dalou (dȧ'lo͞o')
Damozel (dăm'ō̇ zĕl)

Danse Egyptienne
(däɴs ā′jĭp′sĭ′ĕn′)
Danseuses (däɴ′sûz′)
Dantan (dȧɴ′tȧɴ′)
Dante (dăn′tê̇; It. pron.,
dän′tā)
Das Rheingold (däs rīn′ gōlt)
Daubigny (dō′bēn′yē′)
David (Fr. pron., dȧ′vēd′)
Debussy (dẽ′bü′sē′)
Defregger (dā̇′frĕg ẽr)
Degas (de′gäs′ or de′gä′)
Delacroix (dẽ′lȧ′krwä′)
Delaroche (dẽ′lȧ′rô̇sh′)
Delaunay (dẽ lō′nĕ′)
Delsarte (dĕl särt′)
Derain (dẽ′răɴ′)
Detaille (dẽ tȧ′y′)
Diaghilev (dē ȧ gē′ lĕf)
Diana (dī ăn′ȧ or dī ā′nȧ)
Diaz (Sp. pron., dē′äth)
Dicksee (dĭk′sē)
Doboujinski (dō bo͞o yĭn′skê̇)
Doge (dōzh)
Donatello (dŏn′ä tĕl′lō)
Don Juan (dŏn jū′ăn; Sp.
pron., dô̇n hwän′)
Dordrecht dôr′drĕkt)
Dostoievski (dȧs′tȧ yĕf′skê̇)
d’Ottori (dō tō′rē)
Douanier (dwȧn′yā′)
Doughty (dō′tĭ)
Dresden (drĕz′dĕn)
Drouot (dro͞o′ô̇′)
Dubois (dü′bwä′)
Dubray (dü′brā̇′)
Duchamps-Villon
(dü′shäɴ′ vē′yôɴ′)
Duez (dü′ĕz′)
Dupré (dü′prā′)
Duran (dü′räɴ′)
Durand (Fr. pron., dụ′räɴ′)
Durand-Ruel (dụ′räɴ′ ro͞o′ĕl′)
Dürer (dü′rẽr)
Düsseldorf (düs′ĕl dôrf)
Duveneck (dū′ve nĕk)

Eberswald (ā′bẽrs väld)
Ecce Homo (ĕk′sê̇ hō′mō)
Echagüe (ā chä′ḡwā)
École des Beaux-Arts
(ā′kōl′ dā bō′zär′)
Edelfelt (ā′dĕl fĕlt)
Ehrler (ār′lẽr)
Eiffel (ĕf′ĕl′)
El Greco (ā̇l grā̇′kō)
Elipe (ā lē′pā)
Endymion (ĕn dĭm′ĭ ŏn)

Escorial ĕs kō′rĭ ăl; Sp. pron.,
ĕs kō′rê̇ äl′)
Estes (ĕs′tĭz)
Europa (ū̇ rō′pȧ)
Eurydice (ū̇ rĭd′ĭ sē)
Everdingen (ĕv′ẽr dĭng′ĕn)

Faggi (fäd′jē)
Faistauer (fīs′tou er)
Fantin-Latour
(fȧɴ′tăɴ′ lȧ to͞or′)
Faure (fōr)
Fauré (fō′rā′)
Fauvism (fô′vĭz′m)
Favretto (fäv rĕt′tō)
Fechin (fĕ sheen′)
Festspiel Haus
(fĕst′ spēl howz)
Fiene (fē ĕn′ẽ)
Fiesta (fyĕs′tä)
Fildes (fīldz)
Fior di Pesco
(fyōr dē pĕs′ kō)
Fjaestadt (fyā′shtät)
Fleurs-de-lis (flûr′dẽ lē′)
Fontainebleau (fôɴ′tĕn′blō′)
Fortuna (fŏr tū′nȧ)
Fortuny (fô̇r to͞o′nê̇)
Fra Angelico (frä än jĕl′ê̇ kō)
Francesca (frän chĕs′kä)
François (fräɴ′swä′)
Frederiksborg
(frĕd′ẽr ĭks bôrg)
Frieseke (frē′ze kẽ)
Fromentin (frô̇′măɴ′tăɴ′)

Galahad (găl′ȧ hăd)
Gallaudet (ḡăl ô dĕt′)
Gandolfo (gȧn dô̇l′fô̇)
Ganges (găn′jēz)
Ganne (gȧn)
Ganymede (găn′ĭ mēd)
Garcia (ḡär′shĭ ȧ; Sp. pron.,
ḡär thē′ä)
Gargalla (gȧr gȧl′lȧ)
Garibaldi (gä′rê̇ bäl′dē)
Gasthaeuser (gäst′hoiz ẽr)
Gattamelata (gät tȧ mā̇ lä′tȧ)
Gauguin (gō′găɴ′)
Gennesaret (ḡĕ nĕs′ȧ rĕt)
Genre (zhän′r′)
Gérard (zhā′rȧr′)
Géricault (zhā′rê̇′kō′)
Germanicus (jẽr măn′ĭ kŭs)
Gérôme (zhā′rōm′)
Gethsemane (gĕth sĕm′ȧ nê̇)
Ghent (ḡĕnt)
Ghirlandajo (gēr′län dä′yō)
Giorgione (jô̇r jō′nā)

Giotto (jôt′tō)
Gips (yĭps)
Giverny (zhē̇′vār′nē′)
Gleizes (glī′tsẽs)
Gleyre (glâr)
Glyptothek (ḡlĭp tō tāk′)
Goethe (gû′tẽ)
Gogol (gō′gō̇l)
Gontcharova (gȧn′chȧ rô′fȧ)
Goosens (go͞o′sĕns)
Gorbatoff (gôr bä′tŏv)
Göteberg (yû tĕ bŏr′y′)
Gournay-sur-Marne
(go͞or′nā′ sür märn)
Goya (gō′yä)
Gozzoli (gŏt′ sō̇ lē)
Granada (grȧ nä′dȧ; Sp. pron.,
grä nä′thä)
Grande Jatte (gräɴ zhȧt)
Grand Prix (gräɴ′ prē′)
Grieg (grēg)
Grigoriev (grē gō′rĕ ĕf)
Gros (ḡrō̇)
Groux, De (dẽ ġro͞o)
Gruchy (gru̩′shē′)
Gudiachvili (go͞o dē ȧ shwē′lē)
Guérin (gā′răɴ′)
Gurlitt (gu̩r′lĭt)

Hades (hā′dēz)
Hadrian (hā′drĭ ȧn)
Hagar (hā′gȧr)
Halsthammar (häls′tȧm ar)
Hamelin (hä′mẽ lĭn)
Hammershöy (hȧm′mers hẽy)
Harpignies (är pēn yē̇′)
Harz (härts)
Haubold (how′bō̇lt)
Havre (Fr. pron., ȧv′r′)
Hecate (hĕk′ȧ tē)
Heldner (hĕld′nẽr)
Helsingfors (hĕl′sĭng fō̇rs′)
Henri (Fr. pron., äɴ′rē̇′;
Anglicized, hĕn′rī)
Herakles (hĕr′ȧ klēz)
Herkomer (hĕr′kō̇ mẽr)
Hesperides (hĕs pĕr′ĭ dēz)
Hildebrandt (hĭl′dẽ bränt)
Hillstrom (hĭl′strōm)
Hobbema (hŏb′ĕ mä)
Hodler (hŏd′ler)
Hohenschwangau
(hō′ĕn shvän′gow)
Holbein (hō̇l′bīn)
Honfleur (ôɴ′flûr′)
Hoogh, de (hōg)
Horatii (hō̇ rā′shĭ ī)
Houdon (o͞o′dôɴ′)
Hübner (hüp′nẽr)

Huesca (wās′kä)
Huguenot (hū′gẽ nŏt)

Iacovleff (ē ȧ kō̇f′lef)
Iannelli (ē ȧ nĕl′lē̇)
Ibsen (ĭb′sĕn; ĭp′sĕn)
Ihly (ē′lĭ)
Ingerle (ē̇n′ger lẽ)
Ingres (ăɴ′gr′)
Ishmael (ĭsh′mā̇ ĕl)
Islamic (ĭs lăm′ĭk)
Israels (ēs rä ĕls′)
Ivanov (ē̇ vä′nō̇f)
Izard (ĭz′ȧrd)

Jacque (zhäk)
Jairus (jā′ĭ rŭs; jā̇ ī′rŭs)
Jeanne D'Arc (zhän därk)
Jemne (yĕm′nẽ)
Joachim (yō′ä kĭm)
Johansen (yō hän′sen)
Joliffe (jō′lĭf)
Jongh, de (dẽ zhôɴ)
Jongkind (yŏng′kĭnt)
Josephson (yō′sĕf son)
Juel (jo͞ol)
Jugo-Slav (yo͞o′gō släv′)

Kaisersaal (kī′zẽr zäl)
Kandinsky (kȧn dĭn′skē̇)
Kari (kä′rē)
Kauffmann (kowf′mȧn)
Kaulbach (kowl′bäk)
Keyser, de (kī′zẽr)
Khnopff (knŏpf)
Knaths (nȧths)
Knaus (knous)
Kobke (kŏb′kẽ)
Koch (kō̇k)
Koehler (kẽ′lẽr)
Königsberg (kû′nĭks bĕrk)
Koran (kō̇ rän′; kō′răn)
Krehbiel (krā′bēl)
Krishna (krĭsh′nȧ)
Krohg (krōk)
Kröller (krẽl′ler)
Kronprinz Palatz
(krōn prĭntz pä′lȧts)
Kröyer (krẽy′ẽr)

La Cascade (lȧ kȧs′kȧd′)
Lachrymae (lăk′rĭ mē)
Lafrensen (lȧv′rĕn sĕn)
Laghouat (lȧ′go͞o′ȧt′)
La Maja (lä mä′hä)
La Marseillaise
(lȧ mȧr′sĕ′yâs′
Landseer (lănd′sēr)
Langlois (läɴ′glwä′)

Laren (lȧ′rẽn)
Larionoff (lä rē yô′nôv)
La Rochelle (lȧ rō̇′shĕl′)
Larsson (lär′sō̇n)
Laske (läs′kẽ)
Las Meniñas (las mā nē′ñȧs)
La Source (lȧ′so͞ors′)
La Touche (lȧ to͞osh)
La Tour (lȧ to͞or)
Laurencin (lô′răɴ′săɴ′)
Laurens (lō′räɴs′)
Lebrun, Vigée (lẽ brüɴ′)
Lefebvre (lẽ fĕv′r′)
Legros (lẽ′grō̇′)
Leibl (lī′b′l)
Leighton (lā′tŭn)
Leipzig (līp′sĭk)
Lely (lē′lĭ)
Le Matin (lẽ mä′tăɴ′)
Lenbach (lĕn′bäk)
L’Enfant (läɴ′fäɴ′)
Leonardo da Vinci (lā′ō̇ när′dō dä vē̇n′chē)
Le Sidaner (lẽ sē̇′dȧ′nẽr′)
Lessing (lĕs′ĭng)
Leutze (loit′sẽ)
Levertine (lĕv′ẽr tēn′)
Lhasa (läs′ä)
Lhermitte (lĕr′mē̇t′)
Lhôte (lōt)
Libermann (lē′bẽr mȧn)
Lie (lē)
Liebermann (lē′bẽr mȧn)
Liljefors (lĭl′yĕ fôrs′)
Lille (lēl)
Liludgren (lē′lụd gren)
Lofoten (lō̇ fō′tĕn)
Longchamps (lôɴ′shäɴ′)
Longpré (lôɴ′prā′)
Lorenzo (lō rĕn′thō)
Louvre (lo͞o′vr′)
Lovet-Lorski (lō′vĕt lōr′skē̇)
Lübeck (lü′bĕk)
Lucerne (lū sûrn′; Fr. pron., lü′s ĕrn′)
Lucretia (lū̇ krē′shĭ ȧ)
Ludwig (lo͞ot′vĭk)
Lysistrata (lī sĭs′tra tŭs)

Mackinac (măk′ĭ nô)
Maclise (măk lēs′)
MacMonnies (măk mŭn′ĭz)
Madras (mȧ drȧs′)
Madrazo (mȧ drä′thō)
Madrid (mȧ drĭd′; Sp. pron., mä drēth′)
Maeterlinck (Dutch pron., mä′tẽr lĭnk; Fr. pron., mȧ′tẽr′lăɴ′)
Mager (mä′gẽr)
Magne (mȧ′ny′)
Magyar (mŏd′yŏr; Hungarian pron., mŏd yŏr′)
Maillol (mā̇′yōl′)
Makart (mä′kärt)
Mancini (män chē′nē)
Manet (mȧ′nĕ′)
Mantega (män tā′gȧ)
Mantegna (mȧn tān′yȧ)
Maranetti (mä rä nĕt′tē)
Marceaux (mȧr′sō′)
Marchig (mär′chĭg)
Marcke (mär′kẽ)
Maris (mä′rĭs)
Marquesas (mär kā′sȧs)
Marseille (mȧr′sâ′y′)
Marstrand (mär′strȧn)
Massini (mäs sē′nē)
Matejko (mȧ tā′kō̇)
Matisse (mȧ′tĭs′)
Mauretania (mô′rē̇ tā′nĭ ȧ)
Mauve (mōv)
Mayan Andes (mä′yan ăn′dēz)
Mediterranean (mĕd′ĭ tẽr ā′nē̇ ăn)
Medusa (mē̇ dū′sȧ)
Meissonier (mĕ′sō̇n′yā′)
Menzel (mĕn′tsĕl)
Mercié (mĕr′syā′)
Mesdag (mĕs′däk)
Mestrovic (mĕs′trō vĭch)
Metzner (mĕtz′nẽr)
Meunier (mûn′yā′)
Michelangelo (mī′kĕl ăn′jē̇ lō; It. pron., mē′kĕl än′jā̇ lō)
Michetti (mē̇ kĕt′tē)
Miguel (mē̇ gĕl′)
Milan (mĭl′ăn or mĭl ăn′)
Millais (mĭ′lā′)
Milles (mĭl′lĕs)
Millet (mē′lĕ′)
Minerbi (mĭ nẽr′bĭ)
Monceaux (môɴ′sō′)
Monet (mō̇′nĕ′)
Monnickendam (mŏn′nĭk en dȧm)
Monticelli (mōn′tē̇ chĕl′lē)
Mont Sainte-Victoire (môɴ săɴt vēk′twär′)
Mora (mō′rä)
Morat (Fr. pron., mō̇′rȧ′)
Morbelli (mō̇r bĕl′lē)
Morelli (mō̇ rĕl′lē)
Morocco (mō̇ rŏk′ō)
Moscow (mŏs′kō)
Mücke (mük′ẽ)
Munch (mō̇nk)
Munich (mū′nĭk)

Munkácsy (mo͝on′kä chē̇)
Munthe (mo͞on′tẽ)
Murillo (mů rĭl′ō; Sp. pron.,
mo͞o rēl′yō)
Musée Décoratif
(mü′zā′ dā′kōr′ȧ′tēf′)

Nadelman (nȧ′dĕl mȧn)
Nazarene (năz ȧ rēn′)
Nielsen (nēl′sĕn)
Nieta (nē ā′tȧ)
Niké of Samothrace
(nī′kē săm′ō̇ thrās)
Ninfee (nĭn′fē)
Niobe (nī′ō̇ bē̇)
Nuremberg (nū′rĕm bûrg)

Odilon (ô′dē′yôɴ′)
Odyssey (ŏd′ĭ sĭ)
Oedipus (ĕd′ĭ pŭs)
Olympus (ō̇ lĭm′pŭs)
Omar Khayyam
(ō′mȧr kī yäm′)
Orangerie (ô′räɴzh′e rē′)
Orestes (ō̇ rĕs′tēz)
Ornans (ôr′näɴ′)
Ornana (ôr′nȧ′nȧ′)
Orpheus (ôr′fūs; ôr′fē̇ ŭs)
Orta (ôr′tä)
Oslo (ō̇′slo͞o)
Ostade (ō̇s tä′dĕ)
Oxbow (ŏx′bō)

Pacheco (pȧ chā′kō̇)
Paderewski (pȧ′dĕ rĕf′skē̇ or
pȧ′dĕ rĕs′skē̇)
Palais Royal (pȧ′lā̇′rwä′yäl′)
Paleolithic (pā′lē̇ ō̇ lĭth′ĭk)
Paolo (pä′ō̇ lō)
Parsifal (pär′sĭ fäl)
Pasha (pȧ shä′; pȧsh′ä)
Pegasus (pĕg′ȧ sŭs)
Peking (pē′kĭng)
Peloponnesus (pĕl′ō̇ pŏ nē′sŭs)
Pereda (pā̇ rā′dȧ)
Père Lachaise (pâr lȧ′shãz′)
Perseus pûr′sūs or pûr′sē̇ ŭs)
Petit Palais (pẽ′tē′ pȧ′lĕ′)
Petrograd (pyĕ′trŏ grät′)
Peyraud (pā′rō′)
Pforr (pfōr)
Phaëthon (fā′ē̇ thŏn)
Phidias (fĭd′ĭ ăs)
Picabia (pē̇′kȧ′byȧ′)
Picasso (pē̇ käs′sō̇)
Pièce de résistance
(pyĕs dẽ rā′zēs′täɴs′)
Piloty (pē̇ lō′tē̇)
Pincio (pĭn′chō̇)

Pisa (pē′sä; pē′zä)
Pissarro (pē′sȧ′rō′)
Place de la Concorde
(plȧs dẽ lȧ kôɴ′kôrd′)
Place de la Trinité
(plȧs dẽ lȧ trē̇′nē̇′tā′)
Place Pigalle (plȧs pē̇′gȧl′)
Plagemann (plä′gẽ mȧn)
Platzer (plät′zẽr)
Plaza de Toros (Span. pron.,
plä′thä dā tōr′os)
Plein air (plān′âr)
Polyphemus (pŏl ĭ fē′mŭs)
Pompeii (pŏm pā′yē)
Pont d'Arcole
(Fr. pron., pôɴ där′kōl′)
Pont d'Orleans
(pôɴ dôr′lā̇′äɴ′)
Pouissin (po͞o′săɴ′)
Pradilla (prä dēl′yä)
Prado (prä′thō)
Prague (prāg; Ger., Prag,
präk)
Praxiteles (prăk sĭt′ē̇ lēz)
Preller (prĕl′ẽr)
Prix de Rome (prē dẽ rôm)
Prokofiev (prō kō′fē ĕf)
Prompolini (prōm pō lē′nē)
Proteus (prō′tūs; prō′tē̇ ŭs)
Psyche (sī′kē̇)
Puvis de Chavannes
(pü′vē′ dẽ shȧ′vȧn′)
Pyrenees (pĭr′ē̇ nēz)

Querol (kā̇′rôl′)

Rabinowitch (rȧ bĭn′o vĭtch)
Raffaëlli (rȧ′fȧ′ĕ′lē′)
Raleigh (rô′lĭ; răl′ĭ)
Ramón (rä mōn′)
Raphael (răf′ā̇ ĕl; rä′fā̇ ĕl)
Récamier (rā′kȧm′yā′)
Redon (rẽ′dôɴ′)
Regnault (rĕn′yō′)
Reitzel (rīt′zĕl)
Rembrandt (rĕm′brănt; Dutch
pron., rĕm′bränt)
Remisoff (rĕm′ĭ sŏv)
Renaissance (rĕn ĕ säɴs′ or
rē nā′săns; Fr. pron.,
rẽ nĕ säɴs′)
Renoir (rẽ′nwär′)
Répin (rĕ′pĭn; Russ. pron.,
r'yĕ′pĭn)
Rethel (rā′tĕl)
Rheims (rēmz; Fr. pron.,
răɴs)
Rialto (rē äl′tō)

Ribera (rė bā′rä)
Rico (rē′kȯ)
Riefstahl (rēf′shtäl)
Rienzi (rĭ ĕn′zē)
Rijks (rĭks)
Rimsky-Korsakov
(rĭm′skė kôr′sȧ kȯf)
Rio de Janeiro
(rē′ō dā zhȧ nā′rō)
Rivera (rē vā′rȧ)
Riviera (rėv yâ′rä)
Robespierre (rȯ′bĕs pyâr′)
Rochelle (rȯ′shĕl′)
Rochussen (rō′kŭs sen)
Rodin (rȯ′dăɴ′)
Roerich (rē′rĭk)
Römer (rû′mẽr)
Romney (rŭm′nĭ)
Rosales (rȯ zā′lēz)
Rosen, Von (fȯn rō′zĕn)
Roslin (rŏz′lĭn)
Rossetti (rȯ sĕt′ė)
Rottmann (rȯt′mȧn)
Rouel (rwäl)
Rouen (rwäɴ)
Rousseau (ro͞o′sō′)
Roussel (ro͞o′sĕl′)
Rubaiyat (ro͞o bī yät′)
Rubens (ro͞o′bĕnz)
Rue du Bac (rü dü bäk)
Rue Guillaume-Tell
(rü gēl′yōm′ tĕl)
Ruiz (ro͞o ēth′)
Russolo (ro͞os′sō lō)
Ruysdael (rois′däl)
Ryabushkin (rē ȧ bo͞osh′kĭn)

Saarinen (sä′rĭ nĕn)
Sabine (sā′bīn)
Sahara (sȧ hä′rȧ)
Saharet (sȧ hä′rĕt)
Saint Gaudens (sȧnt gô′dĕnz)
St. Lazare (säɴ lȧ′zär′)
St. Moritz (sānt mō′rĭts)
St. Sulpice (säɴ sụl′pēs′)
Sala (sä′lȧ)
Salamis (săl′ȧ mĭs)
Salome (sȧ lō′mė)
Salon d’Automne
(sȧ′lọɴ′ dô′tôɴ′)
Salzburg (zälts′bo͝ork)
Sandzen (Fr. pron.,
säɴd′zăɴ′)
San Remo (sän rĕ′mō)
San Sebastián
(sän sȧ bäs′tyän′)
Sans Souci (säɴ so͞o′sē′)
Santa Croce (sän′tȧ krō′chȧ)

Santa Maria della Salute
(sän′tä mä rē′ä dėl′lȧ
sȧ lo͞o′tā)
Schadow (shä′dō)
Scheherazade (shĕ hā′rȧ zä′dĕ)
Scheimer (shī′mẽr)
Scheldt (shĕlt)
Schnorr (shnȯr)
Schreyer (shrī′ẽr)
Schultzberg (shụlts′berg)
Schumann (sho͞o′män)
Schuylkill (sko͞ol′kĭl)
Schwalbach (shwäl′bäk)
Schwartz (shvärts)
Schwind, von (fȯn shvĭnt)
Segantini (sā gän tē′nē)
Segovia (sā gō′vyä)
Seine (sân)
Seurat (sü′rȧ′)
Severini (sĕ vĕ rē′nē)
Seville (sė vĭl′)
Shanghai (shăng hä′ī)
Sibyl (sĭb′ĭl)
Siegfried (sēg′frēd; Ger.
pron., zēk′frēt)
Siena (syĕ′nä)
Signac (sēn′yäk′)
Simon (Fr. pron., sē′môɴ′)
Sinding (sĭn′ding)
Sluter (slụ′tẽr)
Sohn (zōn)
Sophocles (sŏf′ȯ klēz)
Sorbonne (sȯr′bŏn′)
Sorolla (sȯ rōl′yȧ)
Soudeykine (so͞o dā′kēn)
Soviet (sŏv ė ĕt′)
Staatsgalerie (shtäts′gȧ lȧ rē)
Steinbrück (shtīn′bruk)
Steinle (shtīn′lẽ)
Sten-Sture (shtĕn shto͞or′ẽ)
Stilke (stĭl′kẽ)
Stockholm (stŏk′hōlm; Swed.
pron., stŏk′hŏlm)
Stravinsky (strä vĭn′skė)
Strindberg (strĭnd′ber-y’)
Stuck (shto͝ok)
Stursa (sto͞or′zȧ)
Sudeykine (so͞o dā′kēn)
Swedenborgian
(swē′dĕn bôr′jĭ ăn)
Szukalski (sho͞o käl′skė)

Tahiti (tä′hė tė)
Taj Mahal (täj mȧ häl′)
Tamm (tạm)
Taos (tä′ȯs)
Tasso (tăs′ō; täs′sō)
Téméraire (tā̇′mā̇′râr′)

Teniers (tĕn′yẽrz; Fr. pron., tẽ′nyā′ or tẽ′nyâr′; Flem. pron., tĕ nērs′)
Thames (tĕmz)
Thaulow (tou′lô̇v)
Théâtre des Champs Élysées (tā ä′tr′ dă̇ shäɴ′ zā′lē′zā′)
Thel (thĕl)
Thielski (tēl′skē̇)
Thoma (tō′mä)
Thorwaldsen (tôr′wôld sĕn)
Thusnelda (to͞os nĕl′dȧ)
Tiepolo (tyā′pô̇ lō)
Tintoretto (tēn′tô̇ rĕt′tō)
Titian (tĭsh′ăn)
Tito (tē′tō)
Tolstoi (tŏl stoi′)
Toma (tō′mȧ)
Torrero (tō rā′rō)
Toteninsel (tō′tĕn ĭn zĕl)
Trentanove (trĕn tȧ nō′vă̇)
Troubetzkoy (tro͞o bĕts′koi)
Troyon (trwä′yôɴ′)
Trumbull (trŭm′bŭl)
Tschaikovsky (chī kôf′skē̇)
Turin (tū′rĭn; tū̇ rĭn′)
Tuxen (to͞oks′en)
Tyrol (tē̇ rōl′)

Uhde, von (fô̇n o͞o′dē)
Ulysses (ū̇ lĭs′ēz)
Utrillo (o͞o trĭl′lō)

Valencia (vȧ lĕn′shĭ ȧ)
Valkyrie (văl kĭr′ĭ)
Van Aasche (vän äsh′ē)
Van Bergen (vän bă̇rg′ēn)
Van Dyck (văn dīk)
Van Gogh (Dutch pron., vän gô̇g)
Värmland (vĕrm′länd)
Vasnetzoff (väs nĕt zŏv′)
Vasquez (väs′kāth)
Vaterland (fä′tẽr länt)
Vautier (vōt′yā′)
Vedder (vĕd′ẽr)
Veit (fīt)
Velasquez (vā läs′kāth or vā läth′kāth)
Venezianov (vĕ nĕtz′ē ȧ nŏf)

Venus de Milo (vē′nŭs dā mē′lō)
Verdun (vĕr′dŭɴ′)
Vereschagin (vyĕ′rĕ shä′gĭn)
Verhaert (vār′hă̇rt′)
Veronese (vā′rô̇ nā′sā)
Verrocchio (vĕr rô̇k′kyō)
Versailles (vĕr′sä′y′)
Vevey (vẽ′vā′)
Vibert (vē′bâr′)
Vienna (vē̇ ĕn′ȧ)
Villa Massimo (vē̇l′lȧ mȧs′sē mō)
Villegas (vē̇l yā′gäs)
Villerville (vē̇′lâr′vē̇l′)
Villon (Fr. pron., vē′yôɴ′)
Vingarna (vĭn′gär nä)
Virgil (vẽr′jĭl)
Visby (vēs′bü)
Vlaminck (vlȧ mēnk′)
Vogel (fō′gĕl)
Volga (vôl′gȧ)
Von Rosen (fô̇n rō′zen)
Vroubel (vro͞o′bel)

Wartburg (värt′bo͝org)
Weisenbruch (vī′zen bruk)
Weishaupt (vīs′howpt)
Wertheimer (vĕr′tī mẽr)
Wieczorek (vē chōr′ĕk)
Wiertz (vērts)
Wilhelmina (wĭl hĕl mē′nȧ)
Wilhelmson (vĭl′hĕlm son)
Wilimovsky (vē̇ lē̇ mŏf′skē̇)
Willumsen (vĭl′lum sen)
Wuermer (vẽr′mẽr)

Yogi (yō′gē)
Ypres (ē′pr′)

Zaragoza (thä′rȧ gō′thȧ)
Zari (zä′rē)
Ziem (zē̇′ăɴ′)
Zillig (tsē̇l′lĭg)
Zorn (tsô̇rn)
Zubiaurre (tho͞o be är′rā)
Zügel (tsu̧′gel)
Zuloaga (so͞o′lô̇ ä′gä)
Zumaya (tho͞o mī′ȧ)
Zurich (zo͞o′rĭk; Ger., Zürich, tsü′rĭk)

INDEX

MODERN ART

V

Abbey, Edwin, 322, 331; *Quest of the Holy Grail* (fresco), 332; *Galahad the Deliverer,* one of the series, 332
Abraham Lincoln, Barnard, 671
Abraham Lincoln, St. Gaudens, 412
Absinthe, Anglada, 607
Absinthe Drinker, Jacovkeff, 641
Achenbach, Andreas, 39
Adams Memorial, St. Gaudens, 412
Adoration, Sindig, 394
After the Fiesta, Anglada, 607
Agni Yoga, Roerich, 722
Alexander, John W., 336-340; *Apotheosis of Pittsburgh,* 337; portrait of Walt Whitman, 338; *Pot of Basil,* 338
Alice, Chase, 578
Alma-Tadema, 245
Alone, Israels, 78
Aman-Jean, 574
American Federation of Arts, 719
American Institute of Architects, 678
Amor Caritas, St. Gaudens, 413
Angarola, Anthony, 629, *Compassion,* 629
Angelus, The, Millet, 208
Anglada, 606; *Toreador,* 606; *Absinthe,* 607; *After the Fiesta,* 607
Anisfeld, Boris, 638; *Flowers and Woman,* 639
Annunciation, Burne-Jones, 287
Annunciation, Rossetti, 281
Another Marguerite, Sorolla, 540
Archer, Anna, 99
Archer, Michael, 99
Archipenko, 658
Aronson, 393
Art, American, 300-342; Indian, 301; the expression of its period, 1, 2
Ascent of the Mountains of Purgatory, Watts, 256
Augustus Saint Gaudens, Zorn, 538
Authorities of My Home Village, Zubiaurre, 569
Autumn Leaves, Millais, 276

Baer brothers, 629
Bahnc, Salcia, 630; portrait of C. J. Bulliet, 630
Bakst, Leon, 636
Balcony, Manet, 446
Balla, 602; *Faggot Cutter,* 602
Balzac, Rodin, 520
Barbizon, school of painting, 175-214
Barnard, George Gray, 668-671; *I Feel Two Natures Struggling Within Me,* 668; *Brotherhood of Man,* 668; *Burden of Life, The,* 671; *Work and Brotherhood,* 671; *Abraham Lincoln,* 671
Bartlett, Frederick Clay, 631
Bartlett, Paul, 417
Basket of Apples, Cézanne, 464
Bastien-LePage, 575
Bathers, The, Bouguereau, 149-150
Battersea Bridge, Whistler, 518
Baudry, 160
Baumann, Gustav, 717
Beardsley, Aubrey, illustrator, 292
Beaux, Cecilia, 590
Beheading of John the Baptist, Puvis, 503
Behind the Scenes, Knaus, 44
Bel-Geddes, Norman, 690
Belling, Rudolf, 657
Bellows, George, 700; *Fisherman's Family,* 701; *Eternal Crucifixion,* 702
Bells, The, Nielsen, 100
Bells of Huesca, Casado, 130
Benczur, Julius, 25
Benedito, *Group of My Friends, A,* 131; 569
Benson, Frank, *My Daughter,* 581
Bergh, Richard, 85, 105
Berghers of Calais, Rodin, 522
Bernini, 380
Besnard, Paul Albert, 555-557; murals, 555, 556; *Cup of Tea After the Bath,* 555; *Flowers and Turtle Doves,* 556
Bierstadt, Albert, 347
Bistolfi, 400; *Garibaldi,* 400; *Spirit of the Snowy Alps,* 400
Black Hawk, Taft, 419
Blake, William, 251-257; "Songs of Innocence," poems, 253; *Spiritual Form of Admiral Nelson, The,* 253; *Satan Smiting Job,* 254; *Job* series, 254; *Pity,* 256; *Ascent of the Mountains of Purgatory,* 256

Blakelock, Ralph, 364-366; *Silvery Moon-Light,* 366
Blashfield, Edwin, 326, 327, 328; *Classic Wisconsin,* 328
Blechen, Karl, 40
Blessed Damozel, The, 282, 284
Bloch, Carl, 97
Blommér, B. J., 76
Blummer, Nils, 84
Boberg, Anna, 91
Bocchi, Amadeo, 17, 571, 713
Böcklin, Arnold, 18-20; *Regions of Joy,* 20; *Isle of Death,* 20
Bonheur, Rosa, *Horse Fair,* 193, 236
Bonington, 219, 220
Bosboom, Johannes, 75
Botke, Jessie Arms, 710; *Geese,* 711
Bouchard monument, Querol, 401
Boughton, 247
Bouguereau, William, 149; *Bathers, The,* 149-150
Bourdelle, Antoine, *Virgin of Alsace,* 647; *Herakles,* 647
Boy Christ Speaking to the Elders, Hoffmann, 28
Boy with a Sword, Manet, 446
Bramley, *Hopeless Dawn,* 242
Brancusi, 664
Brangwyn, Frank, 322, 705
Brass, Italico, 57
Brcin, John David, 657
Breakfast on the Grass, Manet, 447
Breton, Jules, *Song of the Lark,* 211-212
Bridgman, Frederick A., 374
Bringing in the Newborn Calf, Millet, 211
Bronze Age, Rodin, 519, 520
Brotherhood of Christ Crucified, Zuloaga, 135
Brotherhood of Man, Barnard, 668
Brown, Ford Madox, 264, 272-275; *Christ Washing the Feet of Peter,* 272; *Work,* 273; *Last of England, The,* 273; *Lear and Cordelia,* 274; *Elijah and the Widow's Son,* 274
Brozíc, Vaclav, 25
Brülov, Karl, 57, *Fall of Pompeii, The,* 57
Buehr, Karl Albert, 717
Bulliet, C. J., portrait, by Bahnc, 630
Burden of Life, Barnard, 671
Burial of the Sardine, The, Goya, 118
Burliuk, 642
Burne-Jones, Edward, 284-293; *Annunciation,* 287; *Depths of the Sea,* 287; *Sea Nymph,* 288; *Paola and Francesca,* 288; *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid,* 288; *Golden Stairs, The,* 288; windows, 291
Burroughs, Bryson, 716
Bush-Brown, *Horace Mann,* 417

Caduti, 658
Cameron, Hugh, 241
Campriani, Alceste, 12
Canova, 380-384; *Three Graces,* 381; *Venus Victorious,* 381
Caprices, The, a series of etchings by Goya, 121
Captive Mother, Sindig, 394
Caractacus Led in Triumph Through the Streets of Rome, Watts, a series of frescoes, 296-297
Cararsa, Anglada y. *See* Anglada
Cardoza, Sousa, 599
Carlsen, Emil, *Draught of Fishes,* 588
Carmencita, the Spanish Dancer, Sargent, 548
Carnation Lily, Lily Rose, Sargent, 551
Carpeaux, Jean B., 392-393; *John the Baptist,* 392; *Fountain of the Observatory,* 393
Carrière, Eugène, 161, 166-169
Carroll, John, 714
Carte, Anton, 707
Casado, 130; *Bells of Huesca,* 130
Cassatt, Mary, 454; *Mother Playing with Her Child,* 454, 583
Cazin, Jean Charles, 213; *Peter in the Garden,* 213; *Christ at Gethsemane,* 213; *Nativity, The,* 213; *Hagar and Ishmael,* 213; *Expulsion from Paradise,* 214
Ceracchi, 402
Cézanne, Paul, 430, 436, 460-471; *Basket of Apples,* 464; *Mont Sainte Victoire,* 464
Chabas, Paul, 575; *September Morn,* 575
Chase, William, 578; *Alice,* 578; *North River Shad,* 580
Chavannes, Puvis de. *See* Puvis
Chirico, Giacomo, 12
Choosing the Model, Fortuny, 126
Christ at Gethsemane, Cazin, 213
Christ Before Pilate, Munkácsy, 25
Christ Reviled by the Soldiers, Manet, 447
Christ Washing the Feet of Peter, Brown, 272
Chromo, 351-352
Church, Frederick E., 349; 352; *Ægean Sea,* 352
Ciardi, Emma and Beppe, 16, 569
Cimabue, 494
Clarkson, Ralph, 590

Clausen, 241; *Girl at the Gate,* 241
Cole, Thomas, 347, 348
Cole, Timothy, 348
Compassion, Angarola, 629
Composition Five, Jonson, 602
Concordance, D'Ottori, 602
Constable, John, 175; *Haywain, The,* 175-176; 220-226
Copley, John Singleton, 303-306; *Boy with a Squirrel,* 303; *Death of Chatham,* 305
Cornelius, 27, 28, 31, 33
Corot, Jean Baptiste Camille, 177, 179, 182-190; *Dance of the Nymphs,* 182, 189; *Lake, Morning,* 190
Costigan, John E., 714
Cottet, Simon, 574
Courbet, Gustave, 72, 161-166; *Deer Covert,* 164; *Return from Market,* 164; *Stone Breakers, The,* 164; *Wave, The,* 165; *Funeral at Ornan,* 165
Coutens, 71
Cox, Kenyon, 326; *Marriage of the Atlantic and the Pacific,* 327
Crawford, Thomas, 405-406; *Washington,* 405
Crome, 219
Crucifixion, Von Stuck, 622
Cubism, 597
Culebra Cut, Lie, 587
Cup of Tea After the Bath, Besnard, 555

Dabo, Leon, 588
Dahl, Hans, 103
Daingerfield, Elliott, 363
Dalbono, Eduardo, 12
Dalou, 391
Dance, The, Matisse, 612
Dance at the Spring, Picabia, 598
Dance of Death, The, a series of wood engravings, by Rethel, 38; *Death as the Assassin,* and *Death the Friend of Man,* two of the series, 39
Dance of the Nymphs, Corot, 182, 189
Dancer, Mestrovic, 654
Daniel Webster, Powers, 405
Dannat, William, 375
Dante's Dream, Rossetti, 280
Dasburg, Robert, 716
Daubigny, Charles, 190-191, 435
David, Jacques Louis, 142-148; *Oath of the Horatii,* 144
Davies, Arthur B., *Mirror of Illusions,* 704
Davis, Charles H., 375
Day, Epstein, 653
Day, Thorwaldsen, 385
Death and the Woodcutter, Millet, 202
Death and the Young Sculptor, French, 415
Decoration Arts Exposition, 684
Deer Covert, Courbet, 164
Defregger, Franz von, 22
Degas, Hilaire, G. E., 450
Delacroix, Eugene, 154-157
Delaroche, 72
Depths of the Sea, Burne-Jones, 287
Derain, Andre, 610
Descent from the Cross, Faistauer, 634
Design, influence of modern on home, 676-697
Detaille, Édouard, 157-158
Diaz, Narcisse, 192
Dicksee, Frank, 244, 402
Diem, P. C., 631
Disciples at the Tomb, Tanner, 707
Distinguished Member of the Humane Society, A, Landseer, 236
Dock Hand, Meunier, 397
Dornbush, Adrian J., 631
D'Ottori, Gherardo, 602; *Concordance,* 602
Dougherty, Paul, 348, 588
Doughty, Thomas, 347
Dream Fancy, Sindig, 394
Drury, Alfred, 401
Dubois, Paul, 392; *Joan of Arc,* 392
Duchamp-Villon, 597; *Nude Descending the Stairs,* 597; *King and Queen Surrounded by Nudes,* 598
Dupré, Jules, 192
Durand, Asher Brown, 349; *Imaginary Landscape,* 349
Durand-Ruel, 436
Düsseldorf, art centre, 34, 35, 36
Duveneck, Frank 577

Earth, Jonson, 603
East, Alfred, 250
Echague, Ortez, 131, 569; *My Daughter in the Argentine Country,* 569
Elijah and the Widow's Son, Brown, 274
Elipe, Luis, 569
Epstein, Jacob, 614, 650-653; *Resurrection,* 651; *Day,* 653
Ervine, Wilson, 588
Etching, process of, 122-123; character of Goya's, 121; *The Caprices,* a series by Goya, 121; American cheap steelbacked, 350-351
Eternal Crucifixion, Bellows, 702
Eugene, Prince, 91
Eve of Her Wedding, The, Mancini, 16

Eve of St. Agnes, Millais, 276
Ewell, James Cady, 668
Expressionism, 622
Expulsion from Paradise, Cazin, 214

Faggi, 664
Faggot Cutter, Balla, 602
Faistauer, Antone, 634-635; *Descent from the Cross,* 634
Fall of Pompeii, The, Brülov, 57
Farewell Repast, Simon, 574
Fauvism, 490, 603
Favretto, 12
Feder, Adolph, 642
Ferguson, Miss, 614
Feschin, Nickolai, 636
Finding of Jesus in the Temple, Hunt, 269
Fisherman's Family, Bellows, 701
Fisherman's Family, Puvis, 503
Fjaestadt, 96, 568; *Silent Winter,* 568
Flowers and Turtle Doves, Besnard, 556
Flowers and Woman, Anisfeld, 639
Fog Warning, Homer, 371
Fortress of the Blue Horse, Mark, 625
Fountain, The, La Touche, 455, 575
Fountain of Life, Mears, 415
Fountain of the Observatory, Carpeaux, 393
Fountain of Time, Taft, 419
Four Types of Women, Sacoratti, 571
Frazee, John, 404
French, Daniel Chester, 414-417; *Republic,* 414; *Death and the Young Sculptor,* 415
Fresco painting, 19th century German experiments with, 27; *History of Joseph in Egypt* in the Casa Bartholdi, Rome, 28; by Abbey, Boston Public Library, 332 (*Quest of the Holy Grail*)
Fromentin, 157
Forsberg, 84
Fortuny, Mariano, 124-127; *Choosing the Model,* 126; *Spanish Marriage, The,* 126
Fuller, George, 317-318; *Trial of the Salem Witches,* 317
Funeral at Ornan, Courbet, 165
Furniture, 681
Futurism, 600

Gainsborough, 219
Garden of the Hesperides, Turner, 232
Garibaldi, Bistolfi, 400
Gaspard, Leon, 635, 636
Gauguin, Paul, 483-490
Geese, Botke, 711
General Sherman, St. Gaudens, 410
General Thomas, Ward, 406
Genre, 63-64
Gérard, Francois, 148
Géricault, Theodore, 148; *Raft of the Medusa,* 148
Gérôme, 157; *Grief of the Pasha, The,* 157
Gil, Benlliure y, 130; *Vision in the Colosseum,* 130
Gilbert, Alfred, 401
Gill, Colin, 566; *Life,* 566
Giotto, 494
Girl at the Gate, Clausen, 241
Gleaners, The, Millet, 202, 205
Golden Stairs, The, Burne-Jones, 288
Golden Wedding, The, Knaus, 45
Goncharova, 642
Gorbatoff, Constantin, 642
Goya, Francisco, 117-124; *Burial of the Sardine, The,* 118; tapestries of court life, 118; mural in church of San Francisco, Madrid, 118; character of his etchings, 121; *Caprices, The,* a series of etchings, 121; *War,* 124
Graham, Peter, 240
Grant, Frederick, M., 717
Great Lakes, Taft, 419
Great Relief, The, Willumsen, 661
Greek Girls Playing Ball, Leighton, 246
Greek Slave, Powers, 405
Greenman, Frances Cranmer, 585, 714; *Patty,* 714
Greenough, Horatio, 405
Grief of the Pasha, The, Gérôme, 157
Grigoriev, Boris, Russian Villagers, 639
Gros, Antoine Jean, 152
Group of My Friends, A, Benedito, 131
Grover, Oliver Dennett, *June Morning, Lake Orta,* 587
Gudiachvili, 642
Guerin, Jules, 340
Guitar Player, The, Picasso, 296
Guitarist, The, Picasso, 608
Gulf Stream, Homer, 371
Gurlitt, 41, 43
Guthrie, James, 244

Haàg, Charles, 666
Hacker, 247
Hagar and Ishmael, Cazin, 213
Hall, 247
Hallsthammer, Karl Anderson, 668
Hammershöy, 97
Hand of God, Rodin, 523
Hannibal Crossing the Alps, Turner, 230

Hansen, Constantin, 97
Harding, Chester, 315-316
Harpignies, Henri, 194-197
Harrison, Alexander, 374
Harrison, Birge, 374
Hartman, C. Bertram, 714
Hassam, Childe, 455-457
Hawthorne, Charles, 583
Haytime and Harvest, Lhermitte, 212
Haywain, The, Constable, 177
Healy, G. P. A., 316-317
Heldner, Knute, 710; *Passing of the Indian*, 710
Hemicycle of Law Givers, fresco, Watts, 297
Henri, Robert, 580; *Herself*, 580
Henry VIII, 218
Herakles, Bourdelle, 647
Herkomer, Hubert, 248
Herself, Henri, 580
Herter, Albert, 341
High Life, Landseer, 238
Hill, Thomas, 354
Hilltop, Johannsen, 585
History of Joseph in Egypt, German fresco, painted by Cornelius, Overbeck, Veit and Schadow, 28
Hodler, Ferdinand, 572, 625-627; *Truth*, 627; *Woodsmen*, 627; *Night*, 627
Hoffman, 28
Holbein, Hans, 218
Home, ideal, 680
Homer, Winslow, 369; *Gulf Stream*, 371; *Fog Warning*, 371-372
Hope, Watts, 294
Hopeless Dawn, Bramley, 242
Horace Mann, Bush-Brown, 417
Hornby, Lester, 566
Hornell, E. A., 242
Horse Fair, Bonheur, 193
Houdon, 402
Hubbell, Henry, 717
Hunt, Holman, 261-264, 266; *Light of the World, The*, 266-267; *Scape-Goat*, 268; *Finding of Jesus in the Temple*, 269; *Shadow of the Cross*, 269; *Triumph of the Innocents*, 269-270; *Miracle of Sacred Fire in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem*, 270
Hyatt, Anna, 668

Ianelli, Alfonso, 668
I Feel Two Natures Struggling Within Me, Barnard, 668
Ihly, Daniel, 572
Impression—Sunset, Monet, 424
Impressionism, meaning of, 422, 423-427
Indian, The, Manship, 666
Indian Hunter, Ward, 406
Ingerle, Rudolph, 716
Ingres, Jean D. A., 152-153; *Le Source*, 152-153; *Œdipus and the Sphinx*, 152; *Maid of Orleans at Rheims*, 153
Inman, Henry, 316
Inness, George, 358-363; *Home of the Heron*, 360
Iron Worker, Meunier, 397
Irvine, Wilson, 716
Isle of Death, The, Böcklin, 20
Israels, Josef, 78-79; *Alone*, 78
Ivanov, Alexander, 57

Jacovleff, *Absinthe Drinker*, 641; *Sea Weed Gatherers*, 642
Jacque, Charles, 194
James I, 218
Jansson, Eugene, 632
Jemne, Elsa Lauerbach, 341; *Primitive Indians*, 710
Joan of Arc, Dubois, 392
Job series, Blake, 254
Johansen, M. Jean, *Hilltop*, 585
Johansen, Mr. and Mrs. John C., 713
John, Augustus, *Toilers, The*, 704; *Smiling Woman*, 705
John the Baptist, Carpeaux, 392
John the Baptist, Rodin, 520
Jonah and the Whale, Ryder, 367
Jones, Robert Edmond, 690
Jongkind, J. B., 75
Jonson, Raymond, 602; *Composition Five*, 602; *Earth*, 603
Juel, Jens, 97
June Morning, Lake Orta, Grover, 587

Kandinsky, 620
Kari, Zorn, 536
Kauffmann, Angelica, 583
Kaulbach, Wilhelm, 33, 34
Keith, William, 361
Kent, Rockwell, 714
Keyser, Narcisse de, 72
Khnopff, Fernand, 72
King and Queen Surrounded by Nudes, Duchamp-Villon, 598
King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, Burne-Jones, 288
Kiss, The, Rodin, 522
Klinger, Max, 55, 396
Knaths, Carl Otto, 717
Knaus, Ludwig, 44; *Behind the Scenes*, 44; *Golden Wedding, The*, 45
Knight, Laura, 563
Knight's Hall in Christian VII's pal-

ace of Amalienborg, Willumsen, 632
Kobke, 97
Kohler, Wisconsin, modern industrial village, 678
Korbel, Mario, 668
Krehbiel, Albert, 341
Krishna, Roerich, 722
Krog, Christian, 103
Kroyer, P. S., 99
Kruger, Nils, 84
Kuhn, Walt, 713

Lady Macbeth (Ellen Terry), Sargent, 550
LaFarge, John, 329, windows, 329
Lake, Morning, Corot, 190
Landscape, American, 345-376
Landseer, Sir Edwin, 236, *A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society*, 236; *Last Mourner, The*, 236; *High Life*, 238; *Low Life*, 238; *War*, 238
Lapping of the Waves, Zorn, 535
Larianoff, 642
Larsson, Carl, 93-94
Laske, *St. Francis Preaching to the Birds*, 634
Last Judgment Day, The, Watts, 298
Last Mourner, The, Landseer, 236
Last of England, The, Brown, 273
Last of the Fighting Temeraire, Turner, 232
La Thangue, *Man with the Scythe*, 241, 242
La Touche, Gaston la, 455; *Fountain, The*, 455, 575
Laurencin, Marie de, 642; *Pastoral Fantasy*, 643
Lavery, Sir John, 565
Lawson, Ernest, 590
Lear and Cordelia, Brown, 274
LeBrun, Vigee, 683
Lefebvre, Jules, 158; *Truth*, 158
Lehm, William, 657
Leibl, Wilhelm, 53
Leighton, Sir Frederick, 246; *Sea Gave Up the Dead, The*, 246; *Greek Girls Playing Ball*, 246
Le Marseillaise, Rude, 391
Le Matin, Corot. See *Dance of the Nymphs*
Lenbach, Franz von, 51-53
Le Source, Ingres, 153
Lessings, Carl Friedrich, 40
Leutze, *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, 315
Lhermitte, Leon, 212, *Haytime and Harvest*, 212
L'Hote, 599
Lie, Jonas, *Culebra Cut*, 587
Liebermann, Max, 46
Life, Gill, 566
Light, Max, 46
Light of the World, The, Hunt, 266-267
Liljefors, Bruno, 85-87
Lincoln, Abraham. See *Abraham Lincoln*
Lion of Lucerne, Thorwaldsen, 387
Little Girl at the Piano, Simon, 575
Little Masters, The, 65
Lorenzo and Isabella, Millais, 275
Lorraine, Claude, 229
Lost Atlantis, Roerich, 722
Lost Pleiade, Rogers, 408
Love and Death, Watts, 298
Love and Life, Watts, 298
Lovet-Lorski, Boris, 664; *Resurgam*, 665; *My Arrow*, 665; *Mask, The*, 666
Low Life, Landseer, 238
Ludwig I, King, art patron, 30, 31

McFee, Henry Lee, 716
Macwhirter, 241
Madrazo, Jose, 124
Maid of Orleans at Rheims, Ingres, 153
Maillol, Aristide, 649
Makart, Hans, 23-25
Mammon, Watts, 299
Man Awakening to Nature. See *Bronze Age*
Man with a Hoe, The, Millet, 211
Man with the Scythe, La Thangue, 241, 242
Mancini, 15-16; *The Eve of Her Wedding*, 16
Manet, Olympia, 138; 444-448; *Spaniard Playing the Guitar*, 446; *Breakfast on the Grass*, 446, 447; *Balcony*, 446; *Boy with a Sword*, 446; *Christ Reviled by the Soldiers*, 447
Manship, Paul, 666; *Indian, The*, 666
Marble, Nadelmann, 662
Marceaux, 391
Marchig, Giannino, 17, 571
Maris, Jacob and Matthew, 76
Mark, Franz, *Fortress of the Blue Horse*, 625
Marstrand, William, 97
Martin, Henri, 442-443
Martin, Homer D., 354-355; *Harp of the Winds*, 355
Mary's hastening to the sepulcher, Tanner, 708
Mask, The, Lovet-Lorski, 666

Matisse, Henri, 599, 600, 610-612; *Woman in Madras, A,* 611; *Woman Looking at Aquarium,* 611; *Spirit of the Nasturtium,* 612; *Dance, The,* 612; 615
Mauve, Anton, 76
Max, Gabriel, 45; *Light,* 46
Mears, Helen Farnsworth, 415-417; *Fountain of Life,* 415
Meissonier, Ernest, 157-158
Melville, Arthur, 244
Menzel, Adolf, 39, 48, 49, 430
Mercié, 391
Mesdag, 75
Mestrovic, Ivan, 653-656; *Moses,* 654; *Dancer,* 654; *Widows, The,* 654
Metzner, 657
Meunier, Constantin, 68, 204, 396-400; *Miners,* 396; *Iron Worker,* 397; *Dock Hand,* 397; *Puddler,* 397
Michetti, Paolo, 11-12; *Springtime and Love,* 11
Milkmaid, The, Millet, 201
Millais, John Edward, 261-264; *Lorenzo and Isabella,* 275; *Autumn Leaves,* 276; *Vale of Rest,* 276; *Eve of St. Agnes,* 276
Milles, Carl, 660
Millet, Jean Francois, 197-211; *Winnower, The,* 201; *Milkmaid, The,* 201; *Death and the Woodcutter,* 202; *Gleaners, The,* 202, 205; *Woman with the Lamp,* 204; *Angelus,* 208; *Wood Sawyers, The,* 209; *Man with a Hoe, The,* 211; *Bringing in the Newborn Calf,* 211
Minerbi, 658
Miners, Meunier, 396
Miracle of Sacred Fire in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, Hunt, 270
Mirror of Illusions, Davies, 704
Mohammedan, influence on Spanish art, 116
Monet, *Impression—Sunset,* 424, 426, 431, 437, 438, 439, 441-442; *Thames at London* series, 439
Monnickendam, 568; *Occupants of a Theatre Loge,* 569
Mont Sainte Victoire, Cézanne, 464
Monticelli, 431; *Music,* 432
Moonlight Hebron, Tanner, 708
Moore, Albert, 245
Mora, Luis F., 716
Moran, Edward, 353
Moran, Peter, 353
Moran, Thomas, 353; *Grand Canon of the Yellowstone,* 353; *Chasm of the Colorado River,* 353
Morbelli, A., 571
Morelli, Domenico, 8-11
Morland, George, 219
Morris, William, 282, 284, 290
Moscow Art Theatre, 691
Moses, Mestrovic, 654
Mother Earth, Sindig, 394
Mother and Daughter, Zorn, 536
Mother Playing with Her Child, Cassatt, 454
Motion pictures, 697
Muenthe, Ludwig, 103
Müller Museum, The Hague, 482
Munch, Edvard, 105-107
Munich, art centre, 30, 31
Munkácsy, Michael, 25; *Christ Before Pilate,* 25, 318
Mural painters, American, Abbey, Edwin, 331; Alexander, John W., 336; Blashfield, Edwin, 326; Cox, Kenyon, 326; Herter, Albert, 341; Jemne, Elsa L., 341; Krehbiel, Albert, 341; La Farge, John, 329; Norton, John, 341; Oakley, Violet, 333; Sargent, John S., 336; Simmons, Edward, 331; Thayer, Abbott, 324; Vedder, Elihu, 322
Murals, by Goya in church of San Francisco, Madrid, 118; by Delacroix in public buildings in Paris, 156; American, 320-342
Murphy, J. Francis, 376
Music, Monticelli, 432
My Arrow, Lovet-Lorski, 665
My Daughter, Benson, 581
My Daughter in the Argentine Country, Echague, 569
My Uncle Daniel's Family, Zuloaga, 137

Nadelmann, Elie, 662; *Marble,* 662
Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon, Orchardson, 240
Nash, Paul, 614
Nativity, The, Cazin, 213
Nevinson, 614
Newton, Gilbert, 239
Nielsen, Einar, 100; *Bells, The,* 100
Nielsen, Kay, 100-102
Night, Hodler, 627
Night, Thorwaldsen, 385
Ninfee, Tito, 571
Nocturne, A, Whistler, 515
Nordstrom, Karl, 84
Normann, 103
North River Shad, Chase, 580
Norton, John, 341
Nourse, Elizabeth, 583
Nude Descending the Stairs, Duchamp-Villon, 597

Nydia, Rogers, 408
Nymph of the Schulkill, Rush, 404

Oakley, Violet, 322; Murals in Pennsylvania State House, 333-336
Oath of the Horatii, David, 144
Occupants of a Theatre Loge, Monnickendam, 569
Œdipus and the Sphinx, Ingres, 152
Olympia, Manet, 138
Orchardson, William Quiller, 239-240; *Napoleon on Board of the Bellerophon,* 240
Orpen, William, 563
Overbeck, 27, 28

Pacheco, Maximo, 627
Painting, 19th century, Italian, 6-17; Swiss, 18-20; Austrian, 21-25; Hungarian, 25; German, 26-55; Russian, 56-60; Romanticism, Belgium, 66-74; Holland, 75-79; Scandinavian, 81-108; Spanish, 113-138; French Romantic, 141-172
Pantheon, Paris, 501
Paola and Francesca, Burne-Jones, 288
Paris, sculpture in, 171-172; 389-391
Pastoral Fantasy, *Laurencin,* 643
Patterson, James, 241
Patty, Greenman, 714
Peace, Puvis, 500
Peter in the Garden, Cazin, 213
Peters, Everet, 76
Picabia, *Dance at the Spring,* 598
Picasso, Pablo, 296; *Guitar Player, The,* 296; 599, 600; *Guitarist,* 608; 713
Pilgrim, Ward, 406
Piloty, Karl, 22
Pissarro, Lucien, 428, 442, 612
Pity, Blake, 256
Plagemann, Karl, 84
Platzer, Johann, 23
"Plein air," painters, 435, 437
Pointalism, 428
Polasek, Albin, 583
Post-Impressionism, 594
Post-Impressionists, 430
Powers, Hiram, 405; *Greek Slave,* 405; *Daniel Webster,* 405
Poynter, 246; *Visit to Æsculapius, A,* 246
Pradilla, Francisco, 127-129; *Surrender of Granada,* 127; *Queen Joanna the Mad,* 129
Preller, Friedrich, 39
Pre-Raphaelites, 260-299
Princess of the Porcelain Country, Whistler, 512, 513
Proctor, Mrs. Dodd, 614
Progress of the Cosmos, fresco, Watts, 297
Prokovieff, 638
Prompolini, 602
Puddler, Meunier, 397
Punishment of Luxury, Segantini, 15
Pushman, Hovsep, 716
Puvis, 322, 493-501; *Sacred Grove,* 496; murals, 495, 500, 501; *Peace,* 500; *War,* 500; *St. Genevieve's Childhood,* 501; *St. Genevieve's Watch over Paris,* 502; *Fisherman's Family,* 503; *Beheading of John the Baptist,* 503; murals in Sorbonne, Paris, 506-507
Pyle, Howard, 333

Queen Joanna the Mad, Pradilla, 129
Querol, Augustine, 401; *Bouchard* monument, 401

Rabinowitch, Isaac, 691
Raffaelli, J. F., 442-443
Raft of the Medusa, Géricault, 148
Ranger, Henry W., 363
Raphael, Ingres compared with, 153
Realism, meaning of, 422; 560-591
Redfield, Edward, 588
Regions of Joy, Böcklin, 20
Regnault, 160
Reinhardt, Max, 690
Reitzel, Marques, 590
Rembrandt, 462
Remisoff, Nickolai, 642
Renoir, Auguste, 448-450
Répin, Ilya, 59-60; *Return from Siberia, The,* 59; 639
Republic, The, French, 414
Resurgam, Lovet-Lorski, 665
Resurrection, Epstein, 651
Rethel, Alfred, 36, 38; *Dance of Death,* series of wood engravings, 38; *Death as the Assassin,* and *Death the Friend of Man,* two of the series, 39
Return from Market, Courbet, 164
Return from Siberia, The, Répin, 59
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 218
Ricketts, 245
Rico, Martin, 129
Ritchel, William, 588
Riviera, Bernardo, 627
Rochussen, Charles, 75
Rodin, Auguste, 518-524; *Man Awakening to Nature* or *Bronze Age,* 519, 520; *John the Baptist,* 520; *Victor Hugo,* 520; Balzac, 520;

Berghers of Calais, 522; *Kiss, The,* 522; *Hand of God,* 523
Roerich, Professor Nicholas, 720; *Krishna,* 722; *Lost Atlantis,* 722; *Agni Yoga,* 722
Rogers, John, 408-409
Rogers, Randolph, 408; *Nydia,* 408; *Lost Pleiade,* 408
Rolshoven, Julius, 716
Romanticism; Belgium, Holland and Scandinavia, 63-108; French, 141-172
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 261-264; *Dante's Dream,* 280; *Annunciation,* 281; *Blessed Damozel,* 282, 284, 290
Rousseau, Henri Julien, 604
Rousseau, Theodore, 179, 181
Rude, F., *Le Marseillaise,* 391
Ruiz, Martinez, 569
Rush, William, 404; *Nymph of the Schulkill,* 404
Russian Villagers, Grigoriev, 639
Rutter, Frank, 443
Ryder, Albert P., 364-369; *Jonah and the Whale,* 367
Ryder, Chauncey, 376

Saccoratti, Felice, *Four Types of Women,* 571
Sacred Grove, Puvis, 496
St. Francis Preaching to the Birds, Laske, 634
St. Gaudens, Augustus, 412-413; *General Sherman,* 410; *Abraham Lincoln,* 412; *Adams Memorial,* 412; *Amor Caritas,* 413
St. Genevieve's Childhood, Puvis, 501
St. Genevieve's Watch over Paris, Puvis, 502
St. George Overcomes the Dragon, fresco, Watts, 297
Salome, Von Stuck, 624
Sandzen, Birger, 716
Sargent, John Singer, 322, 547; *Carmencita, the Spanish Dancer,* 548; *Lady Macbeth* (Ellen Terry), 550; *Carnation Lily, Lily Rose,* 551; *World Religions,* murals, 552
Satan Smiting Job, Blake, 254
Scape-Goat, Hunt, 268
Schadow, Wilhelm, 27, 28, 34
Schmidt, Johann, 23
Schreyer, Adolph, 43
Schofield, Elmer, 588
Schultzberg, 95
Schwalbach, Carl, 624
Schwartz, William, 708; *Talmudists,* 708
Schwind, Moritz von, 21
Sea Weed Gatherers, Jacovleff, 642
Scottish Royal Academy, Edinburgh, 239
Sculpture, 379-419
Sea Gave Up the Dead, The, Leighton, 246
Sea Nymph, Burne-Jones, 288
Secret of the Innermost, Watts, 298
Sedarstrom, 84
Segantini, 14-15; *Punishment of Luxury,* 15
September Morn, Chabas, 575
Seurat, Georges, 428, 470; *Sunday Afternoon on the Grand Jatte Island,* 471
Seven Witches of Segovia, Zuloaga, 135
Shadow of the Cross, Hunt, 269
Shakespeare, Ward, 406
Shannon, J. J., 244
Shaw, Byam, 248; *Truth,* 248
Sidenier, Henri Le, 455
Signac, Paul, 454, 603
Silent Winter, Fjaestadt, 568
Simmons, Edward, 331
Simon, Lucien, 574; *Little Girl at the Piano,* 575; *Cottet,* 574; *Farewell Repast,* 574
Sims, Charles, 566, 713
Sinding, Stephan, 394-396; *Dream Fancy,* 394; *Adoration,* 394; *Mother Earth,* 394; *Captive Mother,* 394
Sinding, Otto, 103
Sir Galahad, Watts, 297
Sisley, 428, 442
Sluyter, Willy, 569
Smiling Woman, John, 705
Society for Wandering Exhibitions, The, 59
Society of Mural Painters, 329
Solitude of the Soul, Taft, 419
Song of the Lark, Breton, 211-212
"Songs of Innocence," poems, by Blake, 253
Sorensen, Henrich, 107
Sorolla, Joaquin, 538-546; War of 1808, 539; *Another Marguerite,* 540; *Columbus,* 542
Soudeykine, 642
Spaniard Playing the Guitar, Manet, 446
Spanish Marriage, The, 126
Spirit of the Nasturtium, Matisse, 612
Spiritual Form of Admiral Nelson, The, Blake, 253
Spirit of the Snowy Alps, Bistolfi, 400
Springtime and Love, Michetti, 11
Steger, Milly, 657
Sterne, Maurice, 713

Stevens, Alfred, 66-68
Stockholm, 82-84
Stone Breakers, The, Courbet, 164
Storrs, John, 671
Story, W. W., 406
Stuart, Gilbert, 310; *Atheneum* head, 310
Stuck, Franz von, 55
Stursa, 657
Sully, Thomas, 315-316; *Boy with the Hat with the Torn Brim,* 316
Sunday Afternoon on the Grande Jatte Island, Seurat, 471
Surrender of Granada, Pradilla, 127
Symonds, Gardiner, 588; *Winter Sun,* 588
Szulkalski, Stanley, 664; *Birth,* 664

Taft, Lorado, 404, 418-419; *Fountain of Time,* 419; *Great Lakes,* 419; *Black Hawk,* 419; *Solitude of the Soul,* 419
Tamm, Franz, 23
Tanner, Henry O., 707; *Disciples at the Tomb,* 707; *Mary's hastening to the sepulcher,* 708; *Moon-Light Hebron,* 708
Tapestries, by Goya, 118
Tarbell, Edmund, 581
Tellander, Frederick, 588
Terry, Ellen. See *Lady Macbeth*
Thames at London series, Monet, 439
Thaulow, Fritz, 105
Thayer, Abbott, 324; *Caritas,* 324
Theatre, design, 690
Theatre Guild, New York, 692
Thoma, Hans, 55
Thorwaldsen, *Three Graces,* 385; *Night,* 385; *Day,* 385; *Lion of Lucerne,* 387
Tito, Ettore, 16
Three Graces, Canova, 381
Three Graces, Thorwaldsen, 385
Tiepolo, frescoes, 495
Tito, Ettore, 571; *Ninfee,* 571
Toilers, The, John, 704
Toreador, Anglada, 606
Triumph of the Innocents, Hunt, 269-270
Troubetskoy, Paul, 393
Troyon, Constant, 193, 194
Truth, Hodler, 627
Truth, Lefebvre, 158
Truth, Shaw, 248
Trumbull, John, 311; *Battle of Bunker Hill,* 312, 313; *Surrender of Cornwallis,* 312; *Signing of the Declaration of Independence,* 312, 313; *Surrender of Burgoyne,* 312, 313; *Resignation of Washington,* 312; *Alexander Hamilton,* 313
Turner, J. M. W., 175, 226, *Hannibal Crossing the Alps,* 230; *Garden of the Hesperides,* 232; *Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus,* 232; *Last of the Fighting Temeraire,* 232
Tuxen, Laurits, 99

Uhde, Fritz von, 28, *Christ in the Peasant Home,* 28-30, 55
Ulric, Buck, 711
Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus, Turner, 232
Utrillo, Maurice, 610

Vale of Rest, Millais, 276
Van Aasche, 71
Van Dyck, Anthony, 218
Van Gogh, Vincent, 472; *Garden at Arles,* 477; *Sunflowers,* 481
Van Marcke, Emile, 193
Vasnetzoff, 393
Vautier, Benjamin, 18
Vedder, Elihu, 322; *Cumæan Sibyl,* 323; *Europa,* 323; *Fortuna,* 323; *Soul Between Doubt and Faith,* 323
Veit, 27, 28
Venezianov, 56
Venice, 234
Venus Victorious, Canova, 381
Verboeckhoven, Eugene, 72
Vereshchagin, Vasili, 57-59
Virgin of Alsace, Bourdelle, 647
Victor Hugo, Rodin, 520
Villegas, Jose, 129
Vision in the Colosseum, Gil, 130
Visit to Æsculapius, A, Poynter, 246
Von Stuck, Franz, 622; *Crucifixion,* 622; *Salome,* 624

Walden, Lionel, 588
Walker, 247
Walker, Stuart, 690
War, Goya, 124
War, Landseer, 238
War, Puvis, 500
War monuments, 658
War of 1808, Sorolla, 539
Ward, John Quincy Adams, 406; *Indian Hunter,* 406; *Shakespeare,* 406; *Pilgrim,* 406; *General Thomas,* 406
Washington, Crawford, 405
Washington, D. C., 319, 320
Watts, George Frederick, 293-299; *Hope,* 294; *Caractacus Led in Triumph Through the Streets of Rome,* a series of frescoes, 296-

297; *St. George Overcomes the Dragon,* a fresco, 297; *Progress of the Cosmos,* a fresco, 297; *Hemicycle of Law Givers,* 297, a fresco, 297; *Sir Galahad,* 297; *Love and Life,* 298; *Love and Death,* 298; *Secret of the Innermost,* 298; *Last Judgment Day, The,* 298; *Mammon,* 299
Waugh, Frederick, 588
Wauer, William, 657
Wave, The, Courbet, 165
Weeks, Edwin, 374
Weir, J. Alden, 376
Weisenbruch, J. W., 75
Weishaupt, Victor, 55
West, Benjamin, 306; *Magdalen Anointing the Feet of Christ,* 308; *Death of Admiral Nelson,* 308
Whistler, James Abbott MacNeil, 175, 507-518; *Mother, The,* 509, 512, 517; *Princess of the Porcelain Country,* 512, 513; *Nocturne, A,* 515; *Battersea Bridge,* 518
Widows, The, Mestrovic, 654
Wieczorek, Max, 717
Wiertz, Anton, 71-72
Wiggins, Guy, 588, 716
Wilhelmson, Carl, 93
Wilkie, 239
Willumsen, J. B., 632; Knight's Hall, etc., 632
Willumsen, J. F., *Great Relief, The,* 93, 661
Winnower, The, Millet, 201
Winter Sun, Symonds, 588
Woman in Madras, A, Matisse, 611
Woman Looking at Aquarium, Matisse, 611
Woman with the Lamp, Millet, 204
Wood Sawyers, The, Millet, 209
Woodbury, Charles, 588
Woodsmen, Hodler, 627
Work, Brown, 273
Work and Brotherhood, Barnard, 671
World Religions, murals by Sargent, 552
Wuermer, Carl, 717
Wyant, Alexander, 355-358

Zettler, Emil, 668
Zorn, Anders, 85, 527-538; etchings, 528, 532, 534; *Lapping of the Waves,* 535; *Mother and Daughter,* 536; *Kari,* 536; *Augustus Saint Gaudens,* 538
Zubiaurre, Ramon, 131; *Authorities of My Home Village,* 569
Zubiaurre, Valentin, 131, 569
Zügel, Heinrich, 53
Zuloaga, Ignacio, 133-138; *Seven Witches of Segovia,* 135; *Brotherhood of Christ Crucified,* 135; *My Uncle Daniel's Family,* 137